JANUARY 1956

COMMENTARY

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Herbert Wechsler	Milton Himmelfarb	Benjamin Kaplan
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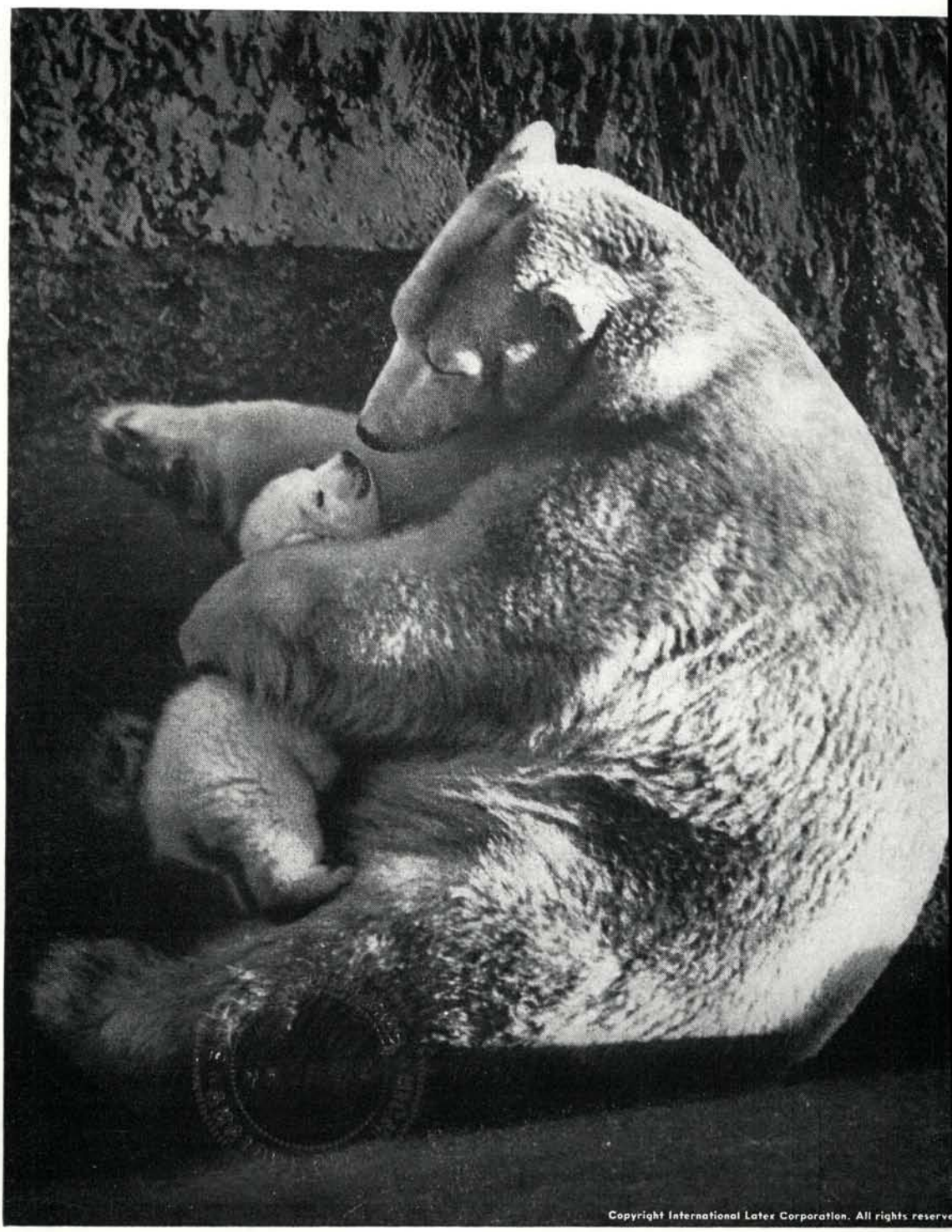

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

From Preacher Back to Teacher *Emanuel Rackman*

The synagogue was once a house of prayer, today it is an institution; the rabbi was once a scholar-saint, today he is a member of a profession. Can the values implicit in the traditional patterns be conserved, asks a distinguished Orthodox rabbi and author.

Is Reduction of Armaments Possible? *O. H. Brandon*

Disarmament is conceded to be an impossible goal under present circumstances, so all efforts have been directed at effecting a *reduction* of armaments, with what present success and future prospects, a Washington correspondent describes.

The Perennial Spinoza *Felix Weltsch*

Spinoza's lasting relevance is the main point which emerges from this essay addressed to the general reader, on the occasion of the three-hundredth anniversary of the philosopher's excommunication from the Jewish community. By a noted thinker of the Hebrew University.

The Sociology of David Riesman *Dennis H. Wrong*

David Riesman's sociological theories and cultural criticism have captured the public attention to an unprecedented degree, but sociologists themselves tend to show reserve. Dennis H. Wrong, one of the sociologists, tries to draw a balance.

The Significance of the Dead Sea Scrolls *Theodor H. Gaster*

As scholars delve deeper into the Dead Sea Scrolls – which have been termed the most important find ever in the field of Biblical archaeology – it becomes possible to attempt an appraisal of their lasting significance. A distinguished Semiticist assesses the question in connection with recently published works on the scrolls.

Arabian Awakening *Ray Alan*

What does the present-day ferment in the Arab world promise in the way of social and political progress? A report from a veteran observer of the Near Eastern scene.

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COMMENTARY

THE NEW AMERICAN FAMILY

Causes and Consequences of the Baby Boom

WILLIAM PETERSEN

IN 1933, a group of social scientists who had assembled at the request of President Hoover offered a composite work, *Recent Social Trends in the United States,* to the depression-ridden American public. In retrospect, perhaps the most remarkable contribution to this work was the forecast by Warren Thompson and P. K. Whelpton of the country's future population growth. In 1940, the Bureau of the Census found that its actual count of the population of the United States, before being corrected for under-enumeration, was less accurate than the estimate these two demographers had made almost a decade before!

Today, demographers look back with nostalgia to this incident. For, ever since the end of the war, the American birth rate has undergone a metamorphosis which has left them only slightly less bewildered than the rest of the nation. Whereas it was once expected that the population would stabilize itself at about the 175 million mark, it seems now that by 1975 there will be 220 million Americans.

While the extraordinary accuracy of the 1933 prediction was based on moderately difficult statistical manipulations, it was not merely the result of technical agility. Demographers had also developed a plausible set of hypotheses to explain what had been happening to the population of the Western world during the past several centuries, and these gave some theoretical substance to their suppositions as to what would happen in the future. This was the theory of the demographic cycle.

At the beginning of the modern age, European fertility and mortality were both high. Many babies were born, but most of these died before they themselves could become parents, so that the population grew slowly. Modernization brought an increase in the food supply, an improvement in public sanitation, and the discovery of specific cures for one after another of the important diseases. The death rate fell, and since fathers con-

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PERHAPS the most important single fact about the postwar American society, WILLIAM PETERSEN indicates, has been the sudden dizzy climb of the birth rate, which has taken the whole country, and especially the demographers, by surprise, with as yet incalculable consequences for our economy, family style, system of public education, and indeed every aspect of American life. Mr. Petersen is assistant professor of sociology at the University of California and author of the recently published *Planned Migration: The Social Determinants of the Dutch-Canadian Movement* (University of California Press). He contributed the much discussed "Is America Still the Land of Opportunity?" (November 1953) and, most recently, a study of the intellectual background of American immigration law, "The 'Scientific' Basis of Our Immigration Policy" (July 1955).

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tinued to beget as many sons as before, Europe's population increased very rapidly. Its cities filled up, and some sixty million Europeans overflowed into the Western Hemisphere and Australasia. Then, during the 19th century, fertility itself fell, and by the interwar period a family of one or two children was becoming the norm in all Western countries.

When the demographers made their remarkable forecasts, what they did was to extrapolate separately these downward trends in mortality and fertility rates, and apply them to a population gradually changing in its age structure. During the 1930's, the population of Western countries continued to grow only because an abnormally large proportion still was—temporarily—in the age group capable of bearing children. The population of the United States was, in the common and ominous phrase, in "incipient decline," and some expected this decline to become actual within a few decades. If the effort of parents to raise their standard of living, to avoid sacrifices in money, time, and worry, had made the third and fourth child a thing of the past, then why not also eventually the first child, which costs its parents the most? A widely used college textbook on the family was subtitled, "From Institution to Companionship." As Professor Carle Zimmerman of Harvard put it, "Unless some unforeseen renaissance occurs, the family system will continue headlong its present trend toward nihilism." Spengler's decline of the West was spelled out in literal terms.

The temporary effect of the depression accelerated the long-term decline in fertility, and the result was the lowest birth rates in American history. It was typical of the apocalyptic mood of the 1930's that these rates were not only taken as representative of the underlying trend, but were extrapolated to their disastrous culmination.

However one analyzed the trend, it certainly seemed in the 1930's that the fall in the American birth rate had not yet run its course. The small family had started in the cities, and the nation was becoming increasingly urbanized. Or: the norm of one or two children had developed first in the middle class, whose standards of behavior were gradually spreading through the rest of the social structure. Or: the small family had begun among those with the readiest access to contraceptives, and these were becoming more generally available to the whole of the population. Everything seemed to indicate that the larger families still typical of farmers and unskilled workers would soon become only a memory. The postwar baby boom, when it came, was totally unexpected, and to this day no one pretends to be able to explain it very satisfactorily.

DEMOGRAPHERS believed at first that the sharp increase in the birth rate was due merely, or primarily, to a bunching of the births postponed during the depression.

It was soon clear, however, that the baby boom represented a genuine reversal of the previous trend: the average number of children per American family, on the decrease since the beginning of the 19th century, has been getting larger for the past ten years. The number of third and fourth children was still rising in 1950, the last year for which such details are now available. While a part of the baby boom represented a temporary spurt occasioned by the large number of postwar marriages and the soldiers' return to their wives, a sizable proportion followed from the *desire* of the average American parents for more children.

In 1954, a record 4.6 million births took place, and during the decade ending in that year the boom in births had added 36.75 million babies to the American population. During these same ten years, moreover, infant mortality in the United States declined by about a third, so that the net effect of this astounding rise in fertility was greater than it would have been before the war.

By now, those who maintain that the postwar rise in fertility is only a temporary interruption in the long-term decline have become a bit defensive. As Professor Frank Notestein of Princeton put it in a recent article in the *Journal of the American Statistical Association:*

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"We are now in the position of speaking of a secular decline in fertility in spite of a fifteen-year period of rising birth rates. Our critics are asking how many years it takes to make a trend, and implying that demographers form an elite corps of double-distilled false prophets—that is, prophets who, being proved wrong, insist on staying that way."

After the recent débâcle, demographers no longer place much faith in mere statistical extrapolations. The important thing is not the statistical trend itself, which may be temporary and misleading, but the vaguer, broad social changes underlying it. Professor Notestein believes that the forces in American society that led to the small-family system must reassert their dominance, if not today then tomorrow. I would like to suggest that, on the contrary, the larger American family is developing a new institutional framework in which it can be more than a temporary aberration from the theoretical long-run trend.

WHAT changes have taken place in the American pattern of life that might help stabilize the present family of, say, three children? Several trends can be observed that seem suggestive:

(1) There is first, and most obviously, the transformation from the depression decade to the postwar boom. The buoyancy of the American economy has taken the advocates of full employment by surprise: Henry Wallace's slogan of "Sixty Million Jobs" is as politically anachronistic as its author. That the expected unemployment failed to develop does not mean, of course, that the present boom will continue; it means only that economists' forecasts are as fallible as demographers'. But even if the worst should come to pass and the United States should go through another major depression, the effect of this on the birth rate could not be predicted with any assurance. While it is true that, to some degree, parents choose between having a child and alternative ways of spending the money it would cost, a parent's role cannot be adequately contained within the simplified confines of Economic Man. The depression of the 1930's helped reduce the birth rate, but only because it acted in conjunction with other forces. The fact that the wealthiest couples typically had the smallest families, and that men on work relief had the largest, should warn us against a narrowly economic interpretation of fertility trends.

Actually, the causal relation works more clearly in the opposite direction. With an economy at the American level of technology, the principal economic danger is not a lack of goods but rather a lack of investment opportunities. By a curious paradox, the larger American family, though it entails a monetary sacrifice on the part of the individual parent, tends to balance this out in social terms; for the several million new citizens each year establish a demand for new homes, factories, and other capital equipment. In the United States today, an analysis that relates a static population to the resources available to it is not only inexact but states a relation close to the contrary of the actual effect of population growth on economic abundance.

(2) The most significant increases in fertility have been among those social groups that had previously shown the greatest decline—urban as against rural, professional or managerial as against farm or unskilled workers, college-educated as against grammar school only. Birth control has become what its advocates always claimed it to be, the control of births, not merely their prevention. If the ready access to contraceptives and the willingness to use them continue to spread through new strata of the American public, one cannot any longer assume that this will mean the automatic reduction of family size toward an ultimate childless couple. It has often been remarked that the American working class has no ideological independence: every worker is a businessman *manqué*. There is enough truth in this aphorism to have warranted the recurrent observation that the example of the small middle-class family was an important influence in reducing the fertility of other social classes. Today, however, the middle class sets a different example. The fertility of the classes with

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the largest families is still declining, and that of the classes with the smallest pre-war families is rising, so that these two are now both approaching a national norm of, let us say, something like a three-child family. The inner momentum of the trend is no longer downward, but towards stabilization.

(3) The "new look" in family size has some of the irrationality of any change in style, but it has also been motivated by the deepest aspirations of the American middle class. With a certain exaggeration, the United States can be termed the country of upward mobility. The behavior patterns of the typical American, to the extent that such a person exists, can probably be best defined in terms of the hopes and expectations excited by the "American promise" of a happier life. In the past, middle-class parents regarded it as their duty to offer the maximum advantages to a very small number of children; and this value was certainly an important reason for the spread of the small-family system. Today, however, the psychologists' dictum that the single child is more likely to be neurotic has been spread through women's magazines to become a commonplace of middle-class lore. Whether this is true or not is beside the point; the theory, even if spurious, has been widely enough accepted to affect present attitudes and behavior. If one has children at all, one must—for their sake—have at least two, and preferably three. The fact that the new trend in family size has been based on a reinterpretation of the parents' duty, rather than on an attempt to reject it, indicates a greater likelihood of permanence.

(4) The small family of the recent past was, one might say, "built" into the small city apartment, which made an additional child an expensive and bothersome undertaking. Postwar building has been principally of a new type which lacks even the words to describe it. The old census classification of "rural non-farm" is clearly inappropriate, as is also the more usual term of "suburban," with its connotations of above-average wealth. Sociologists have coined neologisms like "urban fringe" or "rurban" to denote this new phenomenon, but these have not yet become general. Whatever one calls it, the New Suburb is setting the pattern of American life; the three- or four-bedroom homes are designed for children. During the ten years from 1940 to 1950, the population of the urban fringe grew three and a half times faster than the central portions of metropolitan districts, and this differential growth has probably accelerated since then.

The typical suburb of the 1920's was the upper-class dormitory of a large city—Long Island or Westchester for New York, the North Shore for Chicago. Clustered as close to these as possible were middle-class settlements, invariably named "Garden Park Manor" or something as monstrously genteel. Today, suburban living is not restricted to the real or the would-be wealthy. The miles on miles of identical mass-produced dwellings hold lower-middle-class and working-class families even when they are new; and after they age a bit, they will become the lower-class tenements of tomorrow.

WHAT is the character of the family in these new surroundings? We cannot get much guidance from most works on family sociology, almost all of which have been written against the background of the rural-urban shift and its assumed implications. A minority of American sociologists, as represented by Professor Zimmerman of Harvard, steadfastly defend the traditionalist values—and size—of the old farm family. Most of the others have come, usually more or less reluctantly, to accept the small family characteristic of America's larger cities as appropriate to a modern democratic society. But the actual American family seems to be evolving toward a third type, which is a compromise between the other two in terms of size but in other respects is a new institution.

In the New Suburb, hardly anyone rents a house; and home ownership, which increased by one-half between 1940 and 1950, has always been correlated with large families. In the New Suburb, the home is apparently becoming the focus of a more meaningful family life, so that it may not be so

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pertinent any longer to speak of the family's loss of function. If the wife works, as she often does, it is not as a rule in order to establish a career independent of her role as wife and mother, but in order to supplement her husband's salary or wage. If the man is usually away at work during the day, he spends evenings and weekends with his family; the do-it-yourself craze that has spread through American suburbia is a way of bringing the continuous extension and decoration of homes under the heading of "fun." Parents no longer educate their children directly, but they are enormously concerned with finding a "good school" or trying to establish one through a Parent-Teacher Association. When details of this kind are added up, the sum is a milieu in which a childless couple feels out of place.

THESE arguments to the effect that a middle-sized family is becoming the American norm are frankly speculative. But about the effects of the postwar baby boom we can be much more certain. Under any circumstances, the high birth rate will continue during the next generation, even if a family of one or two children again becomes the norm; the rate of population increase will remain high because of all of the future parents now being born. More than 96 per cent of those born during the 1940's will survive to the age of twenty-one, which is now the median age at marriage for women. By the current pattern, these women will have half the number of children they will bear before they are twenty-six. With the age at marriage so low, generations have become very short; the style in family size must reverse itself rather quickly if the postwar baby boom is not to become the beginning of a cumulative increase.

In any case, no matter what happens to the birth rate, 36 million babies have been born during the past decade. Barring a national calamity on the scale of an atomic war, the vast majority of these will grow to maturity. As they move up into adult life, they will disrupt, one after the other, institutions built to accommodate more modest numbers.

The public school system, already strained by the extension of the average school period, is bursting. And a college education is now on its way to becoming the norm: in 1954, the total student body in the colleges increased by one-tenth over the preceding year—and this in spite of the fact that the entering freshmen, born in 1937, represented the smallest cohort of seventeen-year-olds that this country will see in many decades. The number of boys and girls of college age will grow enormously in the next years, and the proportion of these that will want to matriculate will apparently also continue to increase. One estimate puts the college population of the country in 1975 at about 10 million: the consequences are incalculable.

The postwar revival of the birth rate will directly affect the labor market only when the "boom babies" start to reach working age; and some of its other effects on the national economy have also been postponed. Since capital investments are made less in response to current conditions than to expectations of the future, entrepreneurs have been more influenced by expert opinion than by the actual growth of the population. In 1939, in what became a very famous address, Professor Alvin Hansen of Harvard predicted that the population of the United States would increase by about five to six million over the following decade; the actual increase was almost four times that. In 1946, the Bureau of the Census forecast an increase of 4.6 million over the next five years; the actual growth was double that. It is only during the last few years that population forecasts have become more reasonable—and that businessmen are coming to discount all such forecasts as a reasonable basis for new investment. As a result of this lag, the $40 billion per year that the United States is now investing in capital goods may not be enough to expand its plant fast enough to furnish the growing population with the increasing living standard that Americans demand as their right.

That is at least what an unorthodox economist like Peter Drucker tells us; and he makes a good case for his point of view. In

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spite of its extraordinarily rapid growth in population, the United States faces a labor shortage. Young men of twenty-one, now entering the labor market, were born in 1934, which means that they constitute a very small group compared to the rest of the population. More generally, the working population is small relative to those in non-productive age groups, and this disproportion will increase. Over the next decade, the number of persons under twenty will increase by about 16 million and those over sixty-five by about six million, while the core of the labor force —men between twenty-five and forty-five— will *decrease* by about two million. Each working person will therefore have to support a larger number of children and aged than in the recent past.

In the abstract, the working day could be extended, but hardly in the real American society. The proportion of the total population drawn into the labor force could be increased, but the trend in the other direction is likely to continue: the few oldsters kept on their jobs will not make up for the larger numbers of women at home taking care of their babies and the adolescents induced to go to college. Real income could be reduced by an inflation, but this solution to one difficulty could very easily become a more serious problem. The one way out of the dilemma posed by the imbalance in the population structure is to equip factories with every labor-saving machine and process known to American technology, and to invent more such. In a recent article in the *Harvard Business Review*, Mr. Drucker has pointed out that corporations are not yet attuned to this overriding demand for faster capitalization, and he admonished business managers to stop making decisions in terms of pre-war conditions. His advice will certainly be taken, for during the next ten years the labor shortage will push every plant superintendent to increase productivity to its maximum.

To the extent that this difficulty is met, however, the problem of adjusting the economy in the following decade will be that much more difficult. In the middle 1960's, the boom babies will begin to seek jobs in unprecedented numbers. They will demand these openings of an economy that has just spent ten years eliminating every dispensable job—of factories equipped with electric eyes, of stores designed for the maximum amount of self-service. What will happen then we cannot know, but we can be sure that that world, only ten years off, will be quite different from the one in which we are living. If the industrial plant and the full labor force are put to work, one can think of only two conceivable uses for their gargantuan product—war, or the industrialization of the world. And if they are not put to producing all they can, this will lead either to mass unemployment on a new scale or to an unprecedented amount of leisure time for all.

These are the seas through which we shall sail, with whatever courage we can muster from the knowledge that our nautical instruments are all faulty.

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WORLD COMMUNISM SHIFTS ITS LINE

Making Room for Mao and Tito

FRANZ BORKENAU

IT IS a safe rule, in inquiring as to the motive for any turn in Soviet policy that does not strike one as self-evident, to refer to the dissensions among the top Soviet leadership. In their light I believe that the purely aggressive and disruptive motivations of the present "co-existence" campaign can be exposed. Nor is it likely that any but aggressive intentions should lie behind a line which went into force at the very moment of Nikita Khrushchev's accession to power. Khrushchev has always been a "left" extremist inside the Russian Communist party, and "co-existence" bears many marks of his personal influence. The story of the series of compromises by which he rose to power, in addition to clarifying Soviet foreign policy, ought to reveal much about the internal stresses to which the present directorate of world Communism is subject.

BERIA'S fall, even more than the death of Stalin, marked a decisive change in the structure of Soviet leadership. Had the instruments of autocratic rule—particularly the secret police—remained intact, the "collective leadership" installed in the Kremlin after Stalin's demise would have but marked the transition from one personal dictatorship to another. The secret police of the Soviet Union, forged originally to guarantee the party's exclusive rule, had been shaped by Stalin to guarantee his personal control of the party as well as the state. Beria was the man through whom he did this, and who in the end came to embody the police regime, and when Stalin turned against him in the last year or so of his life, the police as an instrument of Stalinist rule became unreliable—which the doubtful circumstances of Stalin's own end proved. Beria's downfall less than a year later meant much more than the elimination of an aspirant to Stalin's role. The police arm as such, and especially its political core, the Office of State Security (now the KGB), received a blow from which it will not easily recover. Practically its whole higher staff was destroyed, and its powers—especially control over armaments production—were so diminished as to render it impotent in the continuing struggle for power. For many months State Security remained without a head, and the man finally given the post, Lieutenant General Serov, was almost certainly a Khrushchev tool. There is reason to think Khrushchev would now like to restore the power of the police in order to use it for himself, though he well knows that a revived secret police might eventually prove a threat to him, too, and would in any event draw down the hostility of the other party bosses and of the army leaders, all of whom have much to fear from a revival of police rule in the USSR.

WITH Soviet policy once more in a state of flux, the need to penetrate the motives and forces that now determine it becomes greater than ever. FRANZ BORKENAU, a distinguished regular contributor, has earned a world-wide reputation for his perspicacity in anticipating Soviet events; thus he wrote that Stalin's life was in danger seven weeks before news came of the dictator's death, and called attention in these pages to Khrushchev's importance months before the latter became a headline name. Dr. Borkenau, who now lives in Switzerland, was active in left-wing German politics during the 20's, went to England in 1934, and after the war lived for a time in Italy. He is the author of several books that have been published in this country, among them *The Spanish Cockpit, World Communism,* and most recently, *European Communism.* His last previous appearance in these pages was with "Toynbee's Judgment of the Jews" in May 1955.

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The Stalinist regime rested on three pillars: party, police, and army. Stalin ruled as head of the party, but the party could rule only because it was faithfully served by the police. The army, precisely because it was potentially the strongest of these three sources of power, was excluded from politics and kept in a state of dependency. The decapitation of the State Security Office weakened the party indirectly and automatically brought the army into the political foreground as the sole effective arbiter of conflicts within the Politburo. On three crucial occasions in the recent past has the army been drawn directly into politics: Stalin's death; Beria's arrest—which was carried out by the army; and the Khrushchev-Malenkov conflict. Each time the army's action depended on agreement among its top leaders, which was never easy to arrive at, since, like the party, it is ridden by cliques and factions; yet on all three occasions the marshals and generals were able to reach agreement on a major issue. After Stalin's death they agreed to let control of state and party be divided between Malenkov and Khrushchev, in order to keep any single individual from monopolizing power. Then they agreed on the necessity of Beria's elimination and the protection of the party against a Bonapartist coup in order to safeguard the interests of the Russian nation and empire. And, finally, they agreed on the necessity of supporting Khrushchev against Malenkov (which reversed their decision of March 1953). The last marked a turning point in Soviet history: for the first time the issue of party leadership was settled with the help, or even intervention, of a non-party force. The far-reaching importance of this fact should not be obscured by recognition of the genuine devotion to the cause of Communism of the group of marshals and generals that now wields effective (as distinct from formal) control over the Red Army.

The Red Army was not, however, the only outside force that made itself felt in the Kremlin at the moment of Malenkov's demotion. Three months before, Khrushchev had traveled to Peking with Bulganin and Mikoyan, and the decisions they arrived at there with Mao are now only gradually coming to light. Mikoyan's presence at this conference and the absence of Malenkov and Molotov would seem to indicate that the present constellation of Soviet leaders was then emerging—and that Mao's endorsement of it was deemed necessary. Again, what had until then seemed unthinkable happened: the Kremlin asked for Peking's approval. And it paid a price for it—of which only part, the surrender of Russia's last Manchurian base and the repudiation of Kao-kang, the leader of the Moscow faction in the Chinese Politburo, is known as yet.

To dispose of Malenkov, Khrushchev had to put up with Mikoyan, a staunch moderate intent upon commercial and economic, as against political and party, ends—and a man probably more astute than Malenkov. This compromise was no doubt partly forced on Khrushchev by pressure at home; that is, Malenkov's humiliation had not meant total defeat for the moderate wing of the Russian Communist party, whose backers, mainly the managers of big Soviet industry, were not to be discounted so easily. Their man in the Politburo is Mikoyan. Yet it could not have been concern solely over the loyalty of the managers that motivated Khrushchev's acceptance of him; this is shown by the fact that right after Malenkov's demotion Mikoyan was relieved of his economic tasks, where he could have been of greatest service to the managerial interests, and assigned to policy-making alone, chiefly in the international sphere. There, until a short time ago, he seemed to be devoting himself to the USSR's relations with other Communist countries. It is very likely that Mikoyan owes his survival as a Soviet leader to Mao's influence, as a condition for the latter's cooperation with the Kremlin in its foreign policy. Mao would regard Mikoyan as a check on Khrushchev's pathological excitability and incurable extremism—and Mao must also want to keep the internal divisions in Moscow's Politburo alive, on the principle of *divide et impera.*

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The compromises with the army, with the Politburo moderates, and with Mao are not the only ones, however, that Khrushchev has made in his rise to the position of *primus inter pares* in the Kremlin. He has also compromised with Tito, for it seems that the latter was able to secure the exclusion of his arch-foe, Molotov, from the USSR's negotiations with all non-Russian Communist powers as the price of his reconciliation with Moscow and cooperation with its foreign policy. And it appears that Tito's voice was joined with Mao's in demanding that Mikoyan retain his place in the supreme councils of Soviet power.

The effectiveness of such pressure from the outside reveals the extent to which the power of the Russian Communist party has declined in recent years in relation both to other forces inside the USSR and to other forces in world Communism. Obviously, Khrushchev would like to restore Russian Communism to its old supremacy, and also to its old militancy, but serious obstacles continue to stand in his way. He himself has reached his present eminence with the backing of a combination of different interests, a *combinazione* in the best Italian tradition though not in the best Russian and Bolshevik one. For the group that now rules in the USSR, with Khrushchev as its spokesman, represents that policy of "unprincipled blocs" which both Lenin and Stalin inveighed against. What matters most to Khrushchev, however, is to get on top and stay there, at almost any price, and once on top, to expand his power unceasingly as Stalin did in his time. Khrushchev's political personality is defined by this strategy and its tactics—which means that his power is still shaky.

Having risen to the top with the support of a combination of conflicting interests, Khrushchev cannot pursue his personal aims directly or openly. The contrast between these aims and the actual policy of the Kremlin today explains much about the current political situation in the USSR.

Khrushchev has always stood for strict Communist orthodoxy inside the party, and for rapid progress towards "full" Communism inside the country. The anti-religious campaign he promoted a while ago was characteristic of the first. The bottom fell out of the campaign owing to the resistance of the people themselves, which was most strongly voiced through the army, and an official retreat from aggressive atheism was one of the preconditions for Khrushchev's elevation to his present position in the Politburo. And for all the evidence that he and his ideologues would still like to carry on a little more priest-baiting, this restraint in anti-religious propaganda is obvious today on the Russian scene.

Khrushchev displays much less restraint, however, in such matters as domestic economic policy. His very rise was to the tune of reiterated calls for a return to priority for capital as against consumer production. Though purporting to aim simply at the increase of wheat production, his campaign to bring the virgin lands of Kazakstan under cultivation is really intended to increase the weight of the state farms in relation to the peasant cooperatives. Nothing identifies Khrushchev in the public mind so much as his call, in 1951, for the replacement of villages by "agro-towns" where the ties of rural life would be broken and the peasants would live as landless proletarians in rented rooms under the supervision of foremen-monitors. This complete elimination of whatever is left of peasant independence in Soviet Russia is what Khrushchev has in mind when he urges the building of "full" Communism. The Russian party congress this coming February should tell us something about the actual extent to which he has been able to push ahead with super-industrialization and his new agrarian revolution, but it is already obvious that he has had to rein himself in considerably as regards the latter, probably out of fear of that same universal opposition he met in 1951.

Given the relative standstill in domestic and party affairs compelled by Khrushchev's

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compromises with political backers who happen at the same time to be his ideological opponents, Soviet policy has of late concentrated overwhelmingly on diplomatic and other kinds of activity abroad. It has been the practice of almost all dictators and aspirants to dictatorship to seek in foreign adventure compensation for ambitions they cannot yet fully gratify at home, or for setbacks in other fields. In foreign affairs Khrushchev must heed the views of the Red Army and of Mao and Tito just as much as in domestic ones, but whereas really independent action at home in the USSR would bring him into head-on collision with interests as strong as his own, he is able in the international field to cooperate more sincerely with new non-Russian Communist powers like China and Yugoslavia. This is the one fundamental fact that must be kept in mind about the "co-existence" campaign.

This line corresponds with Khrushchev's real inclinations as little as does any other aspect of present Soviet policy. He has never bothered to conceal his utter hostility to the West. Only recently, on his visit to India, he let himself go in a tirade full of sanguinary threats against the whole non-Communist world. He never lets us forget his old association with Zhdanov's faction, which wanted to push ahead without delay from victory over Hitler to world revolution. In view of his temperamental aggressiveness and obvious mental instability, Khrushchev's adoption of a line as oblique as that of "co-existence" strikes one as all the more remarkable.

Actually, it is not so remarkable. The "co-existence" line derives from certain tactical methods devised by Lenin and then elaborated by Stalin. In the past these methods tended to be identified with the right wing inside the Russian Communist party. It was Mao, not a Russian, who first set out to combine them with policies associated with the left wing, and this combination—to whose realization Tito and "Titoism" have been indispensable—is what is really new about "co-existence."

It reflects the grossest kind of ignorance that political leaders in Western Europe and America, as well as in the "colored" countries, should regard "co-existence" as something really new and expressive of a genuine change in the Communist mentality. Back in 1920 Lenin began to talk about "co-existence," sometimes using that very word, and sometimes not; until recently Khrushchev and his propagandists were in the habit of pointing this fact out.

For Lenin, "co-existence" meant two things: first, the existence side by side in a state of non-belligerency of a single "socialist" country with many "capitalist" ones; second, the presence in many countries of both Socialist and Communist parties. Given to frank speaking, Lenin never failed to stress the temporary nature of such "co-existence," which had to culminate, he tirelessly insisted, in the "final" struggle for world revolution. Khrushchev and the Soviet press, though quoting Lenin frequently of late, have cited *none* of the passages in which he emphasized the temporary nature of "co-existence" and the inevitability of a final, violent showdown. Over a period of eight months I myself repeatedly called attention, in my work as a journalist, to this systematic falsification of Lenin's meaning, pointing out that it alone was enough to indicate the dishonesty of the whole "co-existence" line.

In the end, *Pravda* came out with an official statement admitting that Lenin had indeed always defined "co-existence" as a temporary and transitional stage leading up to the "final battle." But the statement went on to say that Lenin had erred here, since the "final battle" had now become unnecessary in view of the likelihood that one country after another would go over to Communism of its own volition. This was the first time in Soviet history that any doctrine enunciated by Lenin had been expressly repudiated. But it was by no means the first time a doctrine of Lenin's had been *implicitly* repudiated, and in almost every previous instance it had been the same doctrine, that of the inevitability of violent world revolution, and always

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in the name of something that amounted to the same thing as "co-existence," whether or not that term was actually used. And each time it was accepted more or less widely in the non-Communist world as the sign of a genuine change of heart on the part of Bolshevism, and each time the United or Popular Front or Anti-Fascist bloc turned out to be a mere maneuver and trap.

Lenin himself had specifically provided for maneuvers and traps in his *"Left" Communism, an Infantile Disorder* (1920), which enjoys, if anything, more authority as a manual of tactics for Communists right now than ever in the past. Since the time of the book's appearance, however, the tactic of the "strategic retreat" that it defines has evolved considerably, with the factors of deception and infiltration increasing in effectiveness as the Communist leaders learned to employ them with greater skill.

When the "co-existence" or strategic-retreat line was first tried out, in the United Front period of the 20's, the element of deception and concealment was so weak that a child could see through it. Moreover, the leaders of Communism themselves were somewhat confused at the time as to how much the new line meant a real retreat, and how much a new kind of offensive, and this produced a certain amount of dissension among them. With the Popular Front in the 30's the element of deception was vastly enhanced and improved, which increased the effectiveness of the Communists' infiltrative and disruptive tactics among their credulous allies in the "fight" against fascism. All the Communist parties had by then learned how to produce the convincing impression of a change of heart, and their leaders had become so hardened in Bolshevik methods that almost none of them failed to recognize the whole elaborate maneuver for what it was.

With the Anti-Fascist bloc during the war against Hitler, both deception and infiltration—or rather, this time, flanking aggression—reached dimensions of effectiveness that seemed unsurpassable. Some Communist parties, like that of Yugoslavia, were able, while denying the very fact of their own existence, to make successful armed bids for power. Collaboration and synchronization of activity among Communist parties in different countries reached a new pitch of perfection, as did that also between Soviet diplomats and Communist agents in the decision-making bodies of the Western powers. It might be thought that the subsequent uncovering of all these machinations and maneuvers has so disabused people in the West about the genuineness of any Communist profession of peaceful intentions as to make the success of a repetition of the strategic-retreat tactic unthinkable. Not at all, to judge from the reception of today's "co-existence" line.

But what is more to our present point is to see how the faithful Communist has learned not to argue against retreats and "rotten" compromises now that the whole movement knows how enormously successful these can be against "allies." This growth of insight within the Communist leadership into Lenin's tactical doctrines is what has induced even such an inveterate extremist and militant as Khrushchev to adopt the tactic of apparent retreat.

Almost decisive step in the evolution of this tactic was made by Mao, from 1936 on. Thenceforth, for a variety of reasons, Chinese influence on the development of more daring forms of "attack by strategic retreat" became increasingly important.

In the 20's the Chinese Reds had mechanically reproduced the tactics of the German Communist party of that time in their dealings with Chiang Kai-shek, and as a result had suffered a catastrophic defeat. The phase of left extremism that followed for them lasted longer than in Europe, but in 1936, when Mao began to make serious use of the Popular Front tactic against that same Chiang Kai-shek who had visited such destruction upon his predecessors ten years before, he combined apparently extreme conciliatoriness with the direct use of force in a very daring manner. Over the decade 1937-1947, the Communists and the Kuomintang maintained a common "national front"

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against the Japanese, but all the while continued to wage civil war against each other. The result was to clear and ease the way for Mao's final triumph in 1948—and make him the outstanding Communist expert in ways of combining tactical flexibility with ruthless and steadfast pursuit of aggressive aims.

Mao's penchant for flexibility was one more reason why he found it easy to come to an agreement with Khrushchev at Peking in October 1954. If there were any differences between the two, it is unlikely that these had to do with the Communist line against the West. On the other hand, the Peking negotiations did advertise to the world China's rise to equal status with Russia in the Communist movement, and this brought to a head certain problems inside that movement which had been brewing for a decade.

If Moscow can at the moment no longer claim exclusive control of the Communist movement throughout the world, it is in large part due to the way in which the rigidity of Stalinist methods of control—which were identified with Russian leadership—prevented the full exploitation of the opportunities for Communist expansion provided by Yalta and Potsdam. Stalinist centralism brought on Tito's revolt, and it has now become apparent to Moscow that most of the other mistakes due to Stalinist rigidity cannot be undone without undoing that revolt. And it is the "maturing" of world Communism—no empty term in the mouths of the Soviet leaders—that has made it possible for them to effect a new change of line in order to accommodate the recognition of these facts.

"Maturing" means, quite simply, the growing capacity of the various Communist parties to understand and employ the element of deception. The greater this capacity, the easier it becomes for the Communist movement to surround itself with outer circles of fellow-travelers, sympathizers, friends, and benevolently disposed bystanders of all descriptions, without endangering the integrity of its own inner core. If the "co-existence" line is to be the way to world conquest, this mass of blinded and half-blinded auxiliaries is indispensable. There are many countries and political movements susceptible in greater or lesser measure to Communist infiltration and eventual control that would recoil right now and refuse to cooperate if they realized the true intentions of the Communists. It is in order to perfect the screening of these intentions that reconciliation with Tito has become so fundamental to Moscow.

This reconciliation was made possible by the elimination or subordination of such personal enemies of Tito in Moscow as Stalin, Beria, Malenkov, and even Molotov; and also by the Peking agreement, which showed that the Kremlin was ready to keep in the fold Communist leaders who demanded to be treated as equals of the Russians. After all, Moscow was aware that Tito remained a convinced Communist, if not a Stalinist, even though he insisted on a free hand at home in Yugoslavia and the retention of those contacts with the West that had proven valuable to him so far. Because Tito remains a Communist, he remains convinced of the desirability of the Communist conquest of the world, and even of its imminence. This is why he insisted at the Belgrade meeting on Khrushchev's certification of his good standing as a Marxist-Leninist revolutionary, which made him what he had not been before: one of the *leaders* of international Communism. And he also insisted, but with less success, on a major share in the control of Russia's satellites in Eastern Europe as well as a large voice in Communist policy everywhere else, especially Asia. Condominium with Tito in Eastern Europe is a bitter pill for the Kremlin to swallow, but it has benefited by his intervention in almost every other sphere of international politics.

Since the Belgrade accord, and even for some time before that, Yugoslav diplomacy has worked for Moscow, invariably backing the USSR on whatever happens to be the key issue of the given moment—which, at the time of writing, is German reunification; Belgrade is backing Moscow's refusal to discuss it. Nor is diplomatic cooperation the

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most important aspect of the present accord between the two. A rather outspoken article by one Vlahovic, a member of the Yugoslav foreign office, appearing in the May 1955 number of the Belgrade (not Moscow) *Kommunist,* has revealed its more fundamental meaning.

DESPITE the honeyed talk about a "third force" then, as now, issuing from Belgrade, Vlahovic's article proclaims the fundamental unity of the Communist world: ". . . the proletarian revolutions that started with the October one found their continuation in the Chinese and Yugoslav revolutions." In other words, the present regimes of Russia, China, and Yugoslavia are all enlisted in the same cause. Vlahovic goes on to say that these three powers will jointly lead the rest of the world to "socialism."

At the same time, says Vlahovic, an ever vaster "socialist camp" is developing that takes in governments and political movements now outside the Communist orbit. The most important member of that camp, apart from the aforementioned "Big Three," is India. But India's social and economic structure is certainly not socialist, nor does its government claim that it is. Thus "socialist," in Vlahovic's usage, turns out to be a term applied solely to those countries and movements which the Communist powers expect to be able to recruit as auxiliaries in the struggle against the "capitalist bloc." That they have some reason to entertain such expectations with regard to India is shown by Nehru's cooperation with Tito, Khrushchev, and Bulganin in all the recent journeying to and fro between India, Moscow, and Belgrade.

Vlahovic's article is also marked by fierce hostility towards the Second International, which he tries to disguise by coupling it with the Cominform among organizations "outmoded by present conditions." But his only real aim in criticizing the Cominform is to declare by implication Yugoslavia's claim to a voice in the management of the East European satellites, whereas his hostility towards the Second International is complete. In attacking the international organization of the democratic socialists he calls on the left-wing opposition within it to join forces with a new grouping of left socialists to be found in Asia, Latin America, and "elsewhere"—but "primarily in the . . . socialist movement in Yugoslavia." In other words, he hopes to see the Second International split wide open, and the present leaders of the democratic socialist parties, all of whom are loyal to the West, replaced by fellow-travelers or neutralists.

In the diplomatic sphere, Tito presses openly for the disruption of NATO, the unification of Germany under Communist rule, the installation of Popular Front governments in France and Italy, and the formation of an anti-Western bloc in Asia. At the same time, he works for the disruption of every political force, official and unofficial, that might offer resistance to Communist penetration. Why indeed, in view of all this, should a militant left Communist like Khrushchev find much to object to in Tito at present?

NONETHELESS, things within the Communist movement, and especially in the upper echelons of Soviet power, are not quite as simple as all that, and never were. There is, for instance, the Red Army, some of whose marshals and generals might be expected to object to such a complete subordination of military force to political maneuvering in the strategic perspective of world Communism.

The subordination of military action to political disruption is, however, an old Bolshevik principle that was applied extensively as early as during the civil war in Russia. It should be remembered that Lenin seized power in October 1917 with a minimum of violence owing to the total political disintegration of his adversaries. Armed force played a larger part in the Red victory in China, but at bottom was used only to administer the finishing touches to the political disintegration of the country in general and of the Kuomintang in particular. And in taking over the satellites, Communist suc-

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cess in pulling the wool over the eyes of Western statesmen by a concerted policy of misinformation turned out to be far more important than any action by partisans or the Red Army. In Greece, where the Communists were unable to sow confusion by distortion and misinformation, their advance came to a halt despite a strong Red-led guerrilla movement.

It is possible that some of the Red Army leaders do not feel the Bolshevik tradition of advance by disruption, disintegration, and the sowing of confusion to be a completely binding one. If so, the presence of the hydrogen bomb must by now have given them pause. No amount of martial enthusiasm can induce one to overlook the fact that the use of the H-bomb in actual warfare would be self-defeating. Today any war that would not be insane and suicidal must be a limited, local one, preferably fought by guerrilla and partisan methods. This only confirms the original Bolshevik conception of what war in the cause of Communism should be like: the handmaid as it were, and the auxiliary of politics. Thus the H-bomb has achieved the apotheosis of the Hegelian-Marxist dialectic as applied to political strife.

Because both sides have hydrogen bombs, danger of a major war has today been reduced practically to the vanishing point. But this does not prevent the bomb from affording Communist propagandists a valuable instrument with which to strike terror into the heart of the ordinary citizen in the West—and not only the ordinary citizen. No wonder Soviet leaders, both civil and military, have over the last months repeatedly conjured up the horrors to be anticipated from the use of the hydrogen bomb. It diverts attention from the real threat that lies in the disruptive intentions of the "co-existence" campaign.

THE Soviet leaders are also in something of a hurry, and not only in order to see the final victory of Communism in their own lifetimes. "Co-existence" must produce some real successes soon if Khrushchev is to cope with the resistance to it in his own camp. In that resistance, Russian national resentment of the internationalization of the leadership of the Communist movement is joined to old-fashioned Communist suspicion of excessive political flexibility and the Red Army's distaste for a kind of politics that relegates its most modern weapons to the role of propaganda scarecrows. Molotov speaks for this opposition in the Politburo, but lacking as he does a powerful *apparat* or personal political machine, he would not count for much without the provisional support of certain leftist Red Army marshals—whose growing political influence is the price Khrushchev has to pay for their help in Beria's liquidation—and without the threat offered by Peking and Belgrade to Russian hegemony in world Communism.

The marshals' group that supports Molotov in partial opposition to Khrushchev first came to notice during the latter phase of the war, when Stalin brought forward three of them—Vasilievsky, Koniev, and Govorov—to counter Zhukov's growing popularity. More or less Stalin's creatures, they were close to Zhdanov, then leader of the left extremist faction in the Politburo, but survived his fall in 1948, to be honored in 1953 by being named among the intended victims of the Moscow "doctors' plot." Apparently, Stalin planned to make use of these marshals in a great new purge aimed at Beria, Malenkov, and Zhukov. It is therefore not surprising that later on they had a large hand in Beria's downfall and Malenkov's subordination. Zhukov's willingness to cooperate with them in return for personal advancement does not, in retrospect, speak well for his political acumen when compared with theirs. Whatever the reason, it is these marshals who control the Red Army today, and not he. (The role of Govorov, their political leader, who died in 1955, appears to have been filled by Marshal Chuikov, now commander-in-chief of the Russian forces in East Germany.)

The Stalinist marshals disliked Beria and Malenkov not only personally, but for their policies, too, which were altogether at variance with those now being pursued under

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Khrushchev. Beria may have actually contemplated a major withdrawal from the advanced positions won by Stalin's diplomatic victories in Eastern Europe. Malenkov, though he certainly did not contemplate anything of that sort, did strive for a "breathing space," to be devoted to the reduction of social tensions inside the USSR. This could hardly have suited the marshals. But if Malenkov was reluctant to engage Soviet power in any major effort in Europe, it was also because he wanted, like Stalin, to keep China and Yugoslavia subordinated, as of old, to Russia inside the Communist movement—and the marshals could not have objected to that. When Khrushchev took over, this line was immediately reversed. The "peace movement" tactic, which Malenkov had used in an effort to buy time, now became one more weapon in the campaign for a rapid disruption of the Western defense front, and at the same time Moscow took a softer line than Malenkov's towards Mao and Tito.

The leftist marshals voiced their dissatisfaction with the new turn rather openly on the occasion of the tenth anniversary (May 1955) of the victory over Hitler. Vasilievsky, Koniev, Chuikov, and Rotmistrov all made belligerent speeches that threatened to compromise in one way or another the official "coexistence" campaign, then at its height. Nor was this the only sign of opposition.

Molotov, who has never made a secret of his dislike for the Peking and Belgrade agreements, in the negotiations for which he did not participate, and who was exposed to any number of official and unofficial slights at the time, has not only remained in office but had his way against the more cautious tendencies in the Kremlin at the Geneva Conference. Army support can alone explain this. At the same time some of Khrushchev's more bellicose utterances may be attributed to his own desire to placate the marshals, who do not seem as yet to have thrown their full support to either Molotov or himself. It is rather as though they wanted to keep a balance between the two, to prevent Molotov from launching the USSR on a policy of sterile isolationism, and Khrushchev from further jeopardizing Russian supremacy within international Communism and compromising Bolshevik orthodoxy by too much maneuvering.

If this interpretation is correct, then the leftist marshals have achieved some major successes in influencing Russian policy towards Peking and Belgrade. Khrushchev's "co-existence" line may be faring well in Europe and Asia (owing largely to the obtuseness of Western leaders), but the same cannot be said of his policies within the Communist movement. Despite a number of formal concessions to Tito—such as the rehabilitation of satellite Communists punished on charges of Titoism—he has still not obtained the influence he wants in the satellite countries. Recent reshuffling of party leadership in Budapest and Bucharest has only strengthened Rakosi and Gheorghiu-Dej, respectively, both of them old enemies of Tito. The Bulgarian leaders, after long consultations in Moscow, returned home without orders for a shakeup in their own ranks. The Albanian Communist leaders, despite their almost open defiance of the Belgrade agreement, remain in place. Things reached the point where Tito received visits from Ambassador Murphy and Secretary of State Dulles in a move to exert pressure on Moscow—but without effect so far.

What is even more serious is that the Peking agreements now seem to be in jeopardy. The Russian press, after stressing joint Russian-Chinese hegemony in the Communist movement for more than a year, has suddenly reverted to the old Stalinist practice of exalting Soviet leadership alone. This almost certainly means a major victory for Molotov over Khrushchev, but what went on behind the scenes to make this possible remains in darkness still.

What is definite is that Red China has now embarked on a great revolutionary adventure. Not enough attention was paid in the European and American press to Mao's recent proclamation of full "agrarian collectivization" within five years and full socialized

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industrialization within ten (the meaning of "cooperativization" in present Chinese usage covers practically the same things that Stalin had in mind with his first Five Year Plan). Mao's hitherto relatively mild inner-party regime is now giving way to rule by terror, and the "class struggle in the village" has been officially unleashed. The risks such a line involves in China, a country on the brink of famine even in years of normal harvest, are incalculable. The reasons for this sudden turn on the part of the Chinese leaders remain uncertain, but what is not are the alternatives with which it faces them. Either Red China will collapse under the strain, or else she will come out of the ordeal with party control of the country vastly tightened and industrial production increased —hence in a much stronger position vis-à-vis Russia. What also appears likely is that China will for the next five years and perhaps even longer be too fully occupied at home to undertake any major action either in the cold war or in her relations with Moscow. The latter, for its part, must make the most of this interlude in order to strengthen its own position against the eventuality of a China grown much more powerful.

Is this the reason why Khrushchev and Bulganin traveled to India and Burma? Is this why Molotov seems to be able at the moment to induce the Politburo to reject the Chinese claim to equality in the leadership of world Communism? And, finally, is Moscow's accord with Mao and Tito, as formalized at Peking and Belgrade, being repudiated under the pressure of Great Russian nationalism? And will this not mean the weakening of the "co-existence" campaign, to which Mao's and Tito's cooperation is so essential?

WHETHER or not we can answer all these questions satisfactorily, the analysis presented above of the current situation inside the Communist world should make it clear why the West cannot afford to regard Khrushchev and Bulganin as less dangerous to itself than Molotov. The latter did not act against orders at Geneva, as some observers have naively supposed; he himself had obviously had a part in the framing of the brief that he took with him there. That this brief helped enlighten Western statesmen about the hazards to their cause of "co-existence" was all to the good, but they will not have achieved real clarity until they recognize that Molotov's truculence is not the Soviet world's main threat to the West. Far from it.

None of the men who now lead the Communist movement, inside and outside the USSR, intends anything but the total destruction of Western society. None of these men is amenable to "reason." The Beria faction, which might have been, was destroyed precisely because of that. Malenkov, who wanted a "pause," was demoted precisely because he wanted a real pause, if not a real reconciliation with the non-Communist world. Khrushchev leads those Communist factions which are now united in the desire for an all-out political offensive against the West. There is actually no one in power on the other side of the Iron Curtain with whom it would be possible to come to an agreement for a general *détente,* and it is pointless and vain therefore to go on seeking such an agreement—just as pointless and vain as trying to avert the non-existent danger of a major war. All the West can do, and needs to do, is steadfastly resist Communist attempts to disintegrate or disrupt it politically. As long, however, as Western statesmen go on speculating about when Molotov will be expelled from the Politburo —which, they fondly think, will make "serious" negotiations with Moscow once more possible—that resistance will continue to be inadequate. Indeed the day of Molotov's fall would mean the end of serious dissension within the Communist camp—and the beginning of much greater troubles for the West.

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THE JEWISH REVIVAL IN AMERICA: II

Its Religious Side

NATHAN GLAZER

LAST month we described the various pressures and patterns that have led to larger and larger numbers of American Jews joining religious institutions. More Jewish children today attend Jewish religious school, more Jewish adults today are members of synagogues. At various points, we were brought to the brink of a discussion of the problem of religious sentiments and beliefs where we would have had to ask why parents have sent their children to religious schools, and why they themselves have joined synagogues. Is it only because they have attained middle-class status and live in milieux where such things seem proper? And is it also because religious institutions have gained such authority, with the gradual weakening of secular and skeptical and naturalistic attitudes, that people no longer feel able to resist them?

Perhaps this is the whole story, but I think not. Religion involves a realm of feelings and sentiments difficult to systematize and present clearly. Yet any effort to ground a discussion of religious feeling on evidence gathered by sociological and social-psychological methods will not get us far. The Gallup Poll, for example, reports that 96 per cent of the American people believe in God. But does that tell us anything important about the religious life of the American people? Even if we were to use a more subtle method of social and psychological investigation, and follow up this first question by asking what the respondent meant by God, we would not get much further. Most people are not theologians, most people have not thought about what they mean, and this second stage of our investigation would only leave us with a mass of confused data in which we could discern the various influences of the Catholic catechism, fundamentalist Protestantism, liberal religion, and the agnosticism of earlier years.

At this point we should be forced to proceed to a third stage and, ignoring what people think they believe, and even their explanations of what they believe, try to understand them on the basis of what they actually say and how they actually behave. We might then come up with a statement of what Americans believe which they would not recognize and which they might attack, but which, nevertheless, could be true.

And similarly with American Jews. If we were to limit ourselves to what they think they believe, we would have, on the one hand, watered-down clichés of liberal religion, and on the other, a kind of confusion in which loyalty to the Jewish people was identified with the Jewish religion. (Actually, Judaism itself mixes these categories; yet there are obvious distinctions.) If we were to ask American Jews about their religious beliefs, we should find prominent the feeling that religion ought to keep in step with science, psychotherapy, and liberal politics; the notion that religion is important for Jewish self-respect—a kind of adjunct to the work of the defense agencies engaged in fighting anti-Semitism; and the idea that

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THIS is the second of two articles on the present revival of Judaism and Jewish communal feeling in this country. The first, published last month, dealt with the sociological aspects of the revival. Now NATHAN GLAZER treats of its religious aspect. Both essays are based on a series of lectures delivered by the author last spring at the University of Chicago under the auspices of the Walgreen Foundation. Mr. Glazer, a former associate editor of COMMENTARY, is a sociologist specializing, among other things, in the field of American Jewish life. He collaborated with David Riesman and Reuel Denney in the writing of *The Lonely Crowd*.

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Judaism is important in keeping the Jewish people alive and together—a kind of adjunct to the work of the Zionist groups.

This would be the result of an extensive, well-conducted survey of the religion of American Jews. We should find almost nothing that could be described as traditional Jewish piety. Only an infinitesimal proportion of Jews would, if asked what their religious beliefs were, respond with Maimonides' thirteen principles of faith, or any other kind of declaration of belief in the authority of Torah, God's providence, Israel's election, and the coming of the Messiah. American Jews, if they believe in anything, believe in the instrumental efficacy of religion. Judaism is good for the Jew, they feel; it keeps him mentally healthy and adjusted, and keeps the Jewish people together. Any thought that it is good in itself, that it embodies valuable truths, and that—God forbid—these truths should be propagated among non-Jews is foreign to the majority of Jews in this country.

WHAT, one may ask, is the significance of the fact that most American Jews would be incapable of giving a coherent statement of the main beliefs of the Jewish religion, and tend to call "Judaism" whatever views they happen to hold today? After all, formal theological beliefs have never been greatly emphasized in Judaism; even in its great ages they have been quite unimportant for the ordinary Jew. For him the issue was not creed and conviction: piety and faith were expressed in acts, in the performance of hundreds of commandments. There are observers of the Jewish religious scene in America who feel that, in the light of this bent of the Jewish religion, it would be an unfortunate sign of Christian influence if Jews were now to start insisting on tenets and doctrine.

However, traditional Jewish piety as expressed in the observance of ritual is dead or close to dead in America. The traditionally observant Jew is almost as much a curiosity in many Jewish communities as in the community outside. And in view of the general acculturation of Jews to American patterns in so many spheres of life and thought, one might legitimately expect a degree of religious acculturation, too, with the abandonment of the traditional forms of religious life and feeling resulting in a greater emphasis being placed on those many elements of Judaism which parallel Christianity. The traditional Jewish beliefs about God, man, and the world are not very different from those later developed in Christianity. Both believe in the meaningfulness of history, the reward of virtue and the punishment of sin, life—of some sort—after death, the providence of God, and so on, though, of course, the emphases vary greatly.

Even the Christian concept of the spiritual life, different as it is from the Jewish idea of expressing piety and faith through performance, is not foreign to Judaism. The pattern of religious life under Christianity involves the searching for God or faith; the feeling or the failing to feel some more than human presence; visitation by deep religious experiences of one sort or another. In the past, Jews as well as Christians have had this kind of experience and have recorded it.

But any honest observer of the contemporary scene must admit that the fading of traditional Jewish piety has not meant its replacement by more "Christian" forms of religious life, even though some of these have considerable sanction in the Jewish past. I think I do not exaggerate when I say there is nothing in American Jewish literature—and many rabbis have written their autobiographies—that might possibly find a place in any anthology of religious experience. I once asked one of our leading authorities on American Jewish history whether he knew of any autobiography, published or in manuscript, by rabbi or layman, that described in detail a spiritual or religious experience—whether a conversion or a loss of faith. He could think only of the autobiography of a Jew who had been converted to Christianity! Admittedly, he spoke on the spur of the moment. His answer nevertheless reflects a striking characteristic of American Jewish literature—that it contains almost nothing that, by ordinary methods of classi-

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fication, one would call religious experience. In the biographies of American Jews, and of rabbis too, one will find passions engaged by the problems of Zionism, by politics and reform movements, by the conflict of different organizations within Jewish life—but the category of spiritual experience, as ordinarily defined, is absent.

Cannot one say that all religion has been radically shaken in the modern world, and that Judaism is involved in this crisis? This is true, as far as it goes, but it seems to me that Judaism is even more vulnerable to the unsettling influence of modernity than Christianity. Judaism emphasizes acts, rituals, habits, a way of life. Christianity, in contrast, places more emphasis on beliefs and doctrines. Judaism in its popular form, in the version in which it was taught to the East European Jews who were the fathers and grandfathers of the great majority of American Jews, tended to obscure distinctions between greater and lesser commandments, to ignore doctrine even more than Talmudic Judaism did, and to obscure the meaning of ritual. In effect, it taught a fairly rigid set of rituals to cover one's entire life. This rigidity permitted no defense in depth, so to speak. Once one had found—as so many immigrants did—that it was more convenient to work on Saturday, or to shave, or to abandon traditional dress, one had no body of doctrine to fall back upon which could explain to one what remained *really* important in Judaism—indeed, the question was whether anything was really "more important" than the rituals established by God's word. Under these circumstances, an entire way of life disintegrated. Contemporary Jews are more dependent for an understanding of their own faith on the public-relations agencies of Jewish life—which explain that Judaism believes in democracy, the brotherhood of man, and so on—than on their own memories.

Christianity is more fortunate. Since its emphasis is so strongly on beliefs, one can abandon some of them and concentrate one's polemical and dialectical resources on the defense of a few fundamental points. On what can Judaism concentrate? As a matter of fact, one will find that major efforts of the Orthodox group in defense of traditional Jewish religion are now devoted to such matters as the height of the barrier between men and women in the synagogue—which is exactly in line with the kind of concerns discussed by the Jewish sages in the Talmud. How to make such a religion viable in the modern world is indeed a problem.

LOOKING about at the life of ordinary Jews, one wonders what of that traditional Jewish education which, directly or indirectly, has affected so many American Jews remains for them to draw upon. One wonders if the Jewish tradition, or what is left of it, retains in any way more than a formal hold on American Jews.

One element of the Jewish tradition, it is widely believed, still persists to guide Jewish behavior: the concern for social justice. It is true that Jews in this country are predominantly liberal in their political and social outlook. They support organizations defending civil liberties, they are against the segregation of Negroes, they hold what are generally considered enlightened positions in American politics. However, I do not see any direct link with Jewish tradition in all this. American Jews do not derive their political attitudes from Jewish tradition, but from the political positions which the Jews, as an underprivileged element in both Germany and Russia, took in order to advance their own political and social emancipation. The German Jewish immigrants of the middle of the 19th century were naturally, for the most part, liberals and republicans, for it was these elements in Germany who promised to strike off the last shackles of medieval restraint from Jews. In Russia, the Jews were so badly off that the liberal position did not offer them much, and many of them added to their anti-Czarism a commitment to some kind of socialism.

When they came to this country, they brought with them the political attitudes they had adopted in Europe. German Jews in the 19th century generally became Re-

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publicans; East European Jews were at first socialists and later Democrats.

I find it hard to see the direct influence of the Jewish religious tradition in these attitudes. The Orthodox elements, among whom this tradition was strongest, were generally indifferent to politics. The Reform Jews, in their search for a relevant modern ethical content for Judaism, emphasized the concern of some of the prophets for social problems. But they mainly used this element of Jewish tradition to attack the emphasis on ritual among the Orthodox, rather than to guide their own behavior. In the 20's, it is true, there was an active Social Action committee in the Reform Jewish rabbinical group which, together with the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ and the National Catholic Welfare Conference, often acted, and with some effect, in defense of striking workers and their rights. And more recently, both the Reform and the Conservative groups have taken measures to set up social justice commissions. This activity, to my mind, is a reflection in large measure of the decline of secular Jewish political movements. The religious groups, as we have seen, try to spread themselves increasingly over all the activities and interests of American Jews. Just as they run nursery schools and old people's groups, they take up social problems. Since Jews are liberal and progressive, and since indeed one can find precedents for these attitudes in Jewish religious tradition, it seems appropriate to express the social attitudes of the Jews through the religious groups. Yet it remains a fact that 19th-century socialism has had more to do with the political opinions of the American Jews than the teachings of the Hebrew prophets.

If the social attitudes of the Jews are not a part of the heritage of the Jewish religion still alive for American Jews, what else is there? What in the feelings and sentiments of Jews can we see as reflecting their ancestral religion?

We must begin with something that has not happened; this negative something is the strongest and, potentially, most significant religious reality among American Jews: the Jews have not stopped being Jews. I do not now speak of the fact that they are sociologically defined as Jews; this is of small significance from the point of view of Jewish religion. I speak rather of the fact that they still *choose* to be Jews, that they do not cast off the yoke or burden of the Jewish heritage. Despite the concreteness of the words "yoke" and "burden," what I have in mind is something very abstract. It is not that most Jews in this country submit themselves to the Law; they do not. Nor can they tell you what the Jewish heritage is. But they do know there is such a heritage, they do know it may demand something of them, and to that demand, insofar as it is brought to them and has any meaning for them, they will not answer no. The significance of the fact that they have not cast off the yoke is that they are prepared to be Jews. Not to be the Jews their grandfathers were; the medieval world is shattered and Orthodox Judaism is only a museum object as far as the overwhelming majority of American Jews is concerned. But they are prepared to be some kind of Jews, they are capable of being moved and reached, and of transcending the pedestrian life that so many of them live in company with other Americans.

In my view, it is because of this negative characteristic, this refusal to become non-Jews, that we see today a flourishing of Jewish religious institutions. It is true that these institutions do not evoke or engage any deep religious impulses. Yet they are successful only because American Jews are ready to be Jews, are willing to be inducted into Jewish life.

We see the reality of this readiness in the fact that, to every generation of recent times, a different part of the Jewish past has become meaningful. At the same time, to be sure, other parts of that tradition, great chunks without which it seemed it must die, were rejected. And yet at no point has everything been rejected; a kind of shifting balance has been maintained whereby each generation could relate itself meaningfully to

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some part of the Jewish past. It has been the course of events that has dictated which part of the Jewish past should become more prominent at any given moment—at one time, and for some Jews, philanthropy; at another time, and for other Jews, Zionism or Yiddish-speaking socialism; or, as today, institutional religion. The son of the Reform Jewish philanthropist who gives up the last Jewish connections of his father may surprise us by becoming what his father never was, a Zionist. The son of the Yiddish-speaking socialist who abandoned his father's movement may join the temple. In this way, each generation shoulders a minimal part of the yoke.

There are even more complex patterns than this in the maintenance of the minimal relation to Judaism, and I will mention one. There are American Jews who have been given a good traditional education, and who, following the pattern of the 20's or 30's, have broken with all religious observance. They do not attend the synagogue, they do not observe the dietary laws, they do not mark the Jewish holidays, and they do not believe in the existence of God. When this kind of Jew has children, however, he will decide that they should have some sort of Jewish education.

Such a man is not succumbing to suburban middle-class pressures; he can resist them as easily as can the classic village atheist. He may tell himself—and believe—that the children should know what it means to be a Jew, for willy-nilly they will be considered Jews and they must know how to cope with anti-Semitism. But one sees at work here that obscure process whereby a minimal relation to Judaism is established. The mental calculus seems to be as follows: since I myself have had a good traditional education, I can afford to be an agnostic or atheist. My child won't get such an education, but he should at least get a taste of the Jewish religion.

Philanthropy, Zionism, Jewish organizational life, attachment to Yiddish, an interest in Hasidism, a love of Hebrew, formal religious affiliation, a liking for Jewish jokes and Jewish food—none of these has, on the surface, any particularly religious meaning. Each of them reflects the concerns of the moment. The Protestant social gospel, the needs of Jews in other parts of the world, varied philosophical movements, a tendency to take pride in one's origins—each finds an echo in American Judaism. It is easy to overlook any common element in the different forms of Judaism of the different generations, and see only the reflection of movements in society and thought at large. Yet what binds all these shifting manifestations of Judaism and Jewishness together is, I repeat, the common refusal to throw off the yoke.

The insistence of the Jews on remaining Jews, which may take the religiously indifferent forms of liking Yiddish jokes, supporting Israel, raising money for North African Jews, and preferring certain kinds of food, thus has a potentially religious meaning. It means that the Jewish religious tradition is not just a subject for scholars, but is capable now and then of finding expression in life. And even if it finds no expression in one generation or another, the commitment to remain related to it still exists. Dead in one, two, or three generations, it may come to life in the fourth.

Or indeed, it may not. Perhaps it is only an act of piety to preserve the relatedness to tradition. Perhaps nothing can come out of it any more, and all that remains for Jews is to act as the custodians of a museum. This is possible, too.

I SHOULD not like to leave the matter here, however, but consider—most inadequately—how it is possible for something like the Jewish tradition to become alive again. My point can perhaps best be made by way of a lengthy detour through one of the most exotic manifestations of American Jewish religious life.

My discussion has up to now been concentrated on what is, historically speaking, new—Reform, Conservatism, the new suburban communities—in American Jewish life. What is old—Orthodoxy, the life of the ghettos of the big cities—has played little

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part in this discussion, even though in the past a majority of American Jews led this life.

Today it is in decay. The areas of "first settlement" are, in all but the largest cities, deserted. The synagogues which were once churches are now churches again, or boarded up. Negroes and Puerto Ricans now run through the corridors of settlement houses and schools in which a whole generation of Jewish businessmen and professionals were educated. But in the largest city, New York, perhaps two or three hundred thousand Jews still live in such neighborhoods.

Up until a few years ago, I would have said that there was nothing to be learned about Judaism in America from these neighborhoods. The Orthodoxy of the areas of first settlement, as we saw, had almost no lasting hold on the children. As they grew up and married, they would move away—if their parents had not already moved away. If, fifteen years ago, we had been asked to predict the future of the Lower East Side in New York and of Williamsburg in Brooklyn, we would have indicated the further decline of the Jewish population and its eventual replacement by Negroes or some new immigrant group. This is what had already happened to the neighborhoods of first Jewish settlement in smaller Jewish communities like Cincinnati.

However, something quite unpredictable happened. In one of these areas of first settlement, there was a revival of an Orthodoxy of the most extreme sort that won over many of the children of the less extreme Orthodox—and even went beyond them.

In Williamsburg, in Brooklyn, in a small area containing about 20,000 people, three-quarters of them Jews, an Orthodox revival took place which, while it will never affect any but the most Orthodox fringes of American Jewry, still has something to tell us about the other variants of Jewish religious life in America.

In the middle and late 30's, the well-to-do of Williamsburg were moving out, and the half-dozen large synagogues, along with many small ones, were steadily losing members and support. A well-known and extremely Orthodox yeshiva, an all-day Jewish school for boys, and various other institutions of Orthodoxy remained. George Kranzler, writing about what happened in Williamsburg in an unpublished thesis (in the library of Columbia University), which I follow in my account, points out that this neighborhood, undesirable to live in from almost every point of view, was attractive to Orthodox Jews because it permitted them to live a fully Jewish life as no other area did. They were willing to put up with decrepit and verminous apartments, even though many could afford better elsewhere. The less Orthodox who improved their condition moved out; the more Orthodox moved in. From the late 30's on, these latter included a larger and larger proportion of refugees from Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other countries overrun by Hitler. Soon the "natives" of Williamsburg, who had prided themselves on their Orthodoxy and considered themselves the most Orthodox element in American life, found themselves outflanked by even more Orthodox elements from Europe.*

But this was only the beginning. As Hitler moved into Eastern Europe, he reached the areas around the Carpathian mountains where those European Jews least touched by Westernization and Western influences lived. Here Hasidism was still strong. Many of these Jews were dragged off to extermination camps. After the war, the survivors gathered in the DP camps to study the Talmud again and re-establish their communities around their surviving *rebbes*. In the late 40's, a few Hasidic *rebbes* who had settled, with some followers, in Williamsburg, were joined by *rebbes* of much greater fame and with many more supporters. The Williamsburg norm of Orthodoxy was confirmed and heightened by this influx. They established kindergartens and all-day schools for boys and girls, and acquired large buildings

*See also Walter Goodman's "The Hasidim Come to Williamsburg" in COMMENTARY for March 1955.—ED.

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to use for their residences and synagogues.

If we had here simply a situation in which a particularly backward and archaic group of Jews, uprooted by war, had successfully re-established, in a small area, their old life, there would be little more to say. We know what happens to such ethnic enclaves: the children go to public school and one generation, or at most two, is enough to make ordinary Americans of them, except for those really exceptional groups, like the Mennonites and the Amish, that are capable of resisting the larger environment.

But there is more to this particular story, and it is its most interesting part. First, Mr. Kranzler asserts, the children of this extremely Orthodox element in Williamsburg remain loyal to Orthodoxy in proportions far greater than ever before. One can understand this when one realizes that almost none of them go to public school. And secondly, which is more remarkable, the Williamsburg Hasidim have made new disciples. It is true they did not settle among Conservative or Reform or indifferent Jews; and we are not dealing with a modern religious miracle. As we saw, the Jews of Williamsburg were already Orthodox, and very Orthodox. These young, observant Jews would attend the services of a Hasidic *rebbe,* drawn by curiosity, and be swept up by the singing and dancing, moved by the personality of the *rebbe,* and impressed by the devotion of his followers; many would become followers themselves.

Now is it proper to call this "conversion"? Do we have here the kind of spiritual experience which, as I remarked at the beginning, has been so lacking in Jewish life? I think we do—yet the mode of this spiritual experience is very Jewish and not at all Christian. I think it is fair to say that the experience of religious conversion, in Christian usage, requires that one feel in some way called, touched, or influenced by a more than earthly world. This moment, akin to that of a revelation, has as a consequence the acceptance of a creed, dogma, or set of beliefs—after this moment one believes that God exists, or that he saves, or that he watches over men, or that he rewards virtue and punishes sin. Now at no point do the first-hand experiences reported in Kranzler's account coincide with this kind of conversion. There is no reaching out for another world—there is rather the example of joy in a holy community given by the Hasidim. There is no acceptance of a doctrine as a consequence of this experience. There is only the imposition on oneself of more of the commandments, some of which had already been followed by these Orthodox youth. The commandments may then change their character: they are no longer meaningless demands, but have become the symbolic expression of an inner state of joy or grace.

Now this experience—which we may sum up as the example of a holy or saintly yet joyful life, leading one to accept more of the yoke of the Torah—to my mind is the paradigm of Jewish religious motion, just as a conversion is the paradigm of Christian religious motion. Jewish religious revivals do not involve bringing God directly to people whose hearts are cold, but rather take the form of presenting living examples. This was the case with Hasidism in its early stages, with the Mussar movement of Israel Salanter in 19th-century Lithuania, and it is the case with these Hasidic *rebbes* in Williamsburg.

It is not God, directly, found after an inner search, that changes man, but it is the *example* of the good and holy man and, even more significantly, the example of the good and holy community, and it is to suggest the significance of example in Jewish religious life that I have told this story. (A second reason I have told it is because it teaches us that, no matter how searching our analysis, events may surprise us.)

But what can we say now of the ordinary Jews attending Reform temples and Conservative and Orthodox synagogues, to whom the Hasidic sects are almost as foreign as the Holy Rollers? This paradigm of Jewish religious motion we have described in Williamsburg may, I believe, though in an extremely attenuated form, it is true, be seen in operation among other American Jews

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insofar as they are in any way touched by religion. Consider the Conservative movement. It speaks of the necessity of maintaining some of the practices of Orthodox Judaism, it urges the use of Hebrew, it speaks of the fellowship that should bind together the worldwide community of Jews. No creed can even begin to emerge from these principles. Instead of depending on the attraction of a philosophy, which may convince people by reason or by giving them answers, it depends on the example of a Jewish life.

This is why Hebrew is so important to Conservative Judaism. What is the good, it has been asked, of taking children away for a summer to a Hebrew-speaking camp so they can learn to say "Please pass the butter" in Hebrew? It makes one no more of a believer to know how to speak in Hebrew than in English. What is happening, however, is that the Conservative Jewish leaders, like the Hasidic *rebbes,* are trying to provide an example of a Jewish life so that it will not be necessary to argue and put out apologetic literature—it will only be necessary to say, "Be a good Jew," and give an example of what it is to be a good Jew. In the same way, the Reform movement, once so concerned to formulate a creed, is now indifferent to that problem, but rather asks itself: what example of a Jewish life should we present, what rituals should we urge for the home, how much Hebrew should we require a Jew to know, what kind of ethical behavior should being a Jew impose on one?

Here we are, of course, very far from the Hasidim of Williamsburg, who need not ponder about what kind of Jewish life to live (though even they have certain problems in this respect). They are guided by tradition, and by leaders whose word is law. Among other Jews—and this includes Orthodox as well as Conservative and Reform Jews—the problem is the creation of a meaningful Jewish life whose power can make itself felt over those many Jews who remain, and wish to remain, open to the influence of an example. If Judaism is to become in America more than a set of religious institutions supported by a variety of social pressures, it will be by virtue of examples of Jewish lives that in some way are meaningful, that in some way permit one to be a Jew. It would be ridiculous to set up qualifications for these examples, to say they may spring up in this or that grouping in American Jewish religious life, and not in the other. What can fulfill a human life cannot be known in advance. All we can know, from the history of Judaism, is that the abstract demand to seek faith, to find God, tends to find no answer among Jews; and that concrete examples of a Jewish life must be given before religion has impact on their lives. Once again, honesty requires one to say that it is likely that no satisfactory example can be given in the modern world; it is possible that those moments in Jewish history when the Jews were truly a people of priests and a holy nation required circumstances that can never be repeated.

IN THE Talmud, on occasion the voice of God interrupts or joins the discussions of the sages. With that customary Jewish circumspectness in speaking of God, it is not, in the text, the voice of God that is heard, but the echo of the voice—not the *kol* but the *bat kol*—for after the end of the age of prophecy, it was no longer possible to hear the voice of God directly. I have suggested that we are quite a few stages past that. Certainly, we shall not hear the voice or the echo, or even perhaps the echo of the echo. But something is still left. What is left is a relation to a tradition in which, from all one can tell, the echo once sounded, and there was a readiness to listen. What will come of it I do not know.

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THE DREYFUS AFFAIR FIFTY YEARS LATER

The Captain Who Became a Case

JAMES GROSSMAN

AT THE beginning of the First World War, Henry James wrote of France: ". . . she takes charge of those interests of man which most dispose him . . . to find and to make the earth a friendlier, an easier, and especially a more various sojourn." Yet the France of which James wrote with so much love was the Third Republic, whose political history was often unpleasant and sordid, full of cheap scandals. One president, Jules Grévy, had to resign because his son-in-law had sold appointments to the Legion of Honor. Another, Félix Faure, died in the presidential palace in the arms of his mistress. Over a hundred members of the National Assembly were bribed when the Panama Company made its last effort to raise more money for its hopeless venture, a sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Panama. Just before his public eulogy of France, James had expressed his private disgust with the Caillaux case ("what a family and what a trial"), in which the finance minister's wife, after murdering a journalist who had vilified her husband and herself, was triumphantly acquitted.

While we are quick to see the Third Republic as the embodiment of everything that is unattractive in the bourgeoisie, we are slow to recognize how closely bourgeois vices are related to republican virtues, how the shabby or flamboyant actor in one scene is the hero of another. The Dreyfus Affair is full of such instances; the heroes of many of its finest moments are, if not quite the villains, the dubious characters in other episodes. Labori, who was Mme Caillaux's lawyer at her noisy trial in 1914, had defended Zola in the most dangerous days of the Dreyfus Case and had been shot at and wounded while acting as one of Dreyfus's lawyers at the second court-martial. Clemenceau, who published *J'Accuse,* Zola's fearless assertion of the truth about the Dreyfus Case, had a decade before been helped financially in his newspaper ventures by the worst of the Panamanians, the Jewish corruptionist and blackmailer, Cornelius Herz; when Baron Reinach, first Herz's employer and then his victim, tried just before killing himself to stop the revelations of the Panama scandal, it was Clemenceau who went with him on his last round of visits to Herz and others, appealing for the suppression of the truth. Loubet, the president who pardoned Dreyfus, had been one of the "Panama" ministers, at least to the extent of trying to delay the investigation. Where there was not a personal identity, there was a literal family relationship between vice and virtue: Scheurer-Kestner, the first politician to champion Dreyfus, had a corrupt "Panama" deputy for a son-in-law, and Joseph Reinach was the nephew and son-in-law of Baron Reinach, which is probably why anti-Dreyfusards said that he was the head of the "Jewish Syndicate" that was supposedly spending a fortune to free Dreyfus.

THE Dreyfus Case again—and still again. The facts are becoming clearer with the remove of time, as the latest book on the Affair, which JAMES GROSSMAN here discusses, makes evident. Mr. Grossman's New York law practice has not prevented him from winning distinction as a writer. He is the author of *James Fenimore Cooper,* in the American Men of Letters series, and of many magazine articles and reviews (*Kenyon Review, Partisan Review,* the *Nation,* among others). His last previous appearance in these pages was with "Lord Jowitt and the Case of Alger Hiss" in December 1953. Mr. Grossman was born in New York City and holds degrees from the College and the Law School of Columbia University.

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NICHOLAS HALASZ, in his excellent and moving history of the Dreyfus Affair,* has somewhat minimized the role played by anti-Semitism in the inception of the Affair. In part, this is a problem of proportion. Such a madness overtook France in 1898 and 1899 that if what happened at the beginning of the case in 1894 is to be rendered in scale, it must be made to seem sane, as indeed it superficially was.

There was after all a spy who had delivered documents to Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché in Paris. The spy had been brazen enough to set forth the documents in an itemized list—the famous *bordereau*—that French counterespionage had stolen. From the nature of the documents it was a reasonable inference that the spy was on the General Staff; there was a possibility that he was one of the new appointees, for they had access to many departments; he might even be the same man as the "Scoundrel D—," a minor spy mentioned in a letter from Schwartzkoppen to his colleague, the Italian attaché. But when in studying a list of officers the name Alfred Dreyfus was reached, and just from his Jewish name it was decided that the spy was found, the first step in madness had been taken.

It turned out that there was some resemblance between the handwriting in the *bordereau* and Dreyfus's. Although some handwriting experts refused to identify Dreyfus as the author, others, assured there was independent proof he was the spy, made the identification. It had been mad to suppose the spy was a well-to-do Jewish officer, in no need of the relatively small sums that selling documents brought, and with, in Theodor Herzl's words, "an almost pathological hunger for honor." But the mad hypothesis, simply by being persisted in, had created evidence in its support.

At the court-martial the shaky evidence of the handwriting was bolstered by the positive if unsubstantiated statement of Major Henry, an intelligence officer. He swore that he had been reliably informed by one he could not name that Dreyfus was a spy. Unknown to the defense, the judges received from the minister of war the "Scoundrel D—" letter and other documents not related to Dreyfus, together with a written argument by the minister that they proved Dreyfus's guilt. The judges were probably unaware that they were seriously violating the defendant's most elementary right, the right to know the evidence against him so that he might answer it. Lay judges are tempted to go outside the record, to find the facts free from the bedeviling of the lawyers. To these officers who served as judges it must have appeared eminently sensible to be doubly relieved of the responsibility of judging—on the one hand, by the intelligence officer whose duty it was to know the facts, on the other by their superior's expression of his opinion.

The trial had been secret, so secret that Dreyfus's lawyer was not allowed to tell even his client's family what the evidence was. This was a reasonable precaution if a quarrel with Germany was to be avoided. It had the effect as well of making the verdict of guilty acceptable to the world, for, as no one knew what it was based on, no one could say a word against it. In place of facts, newspapers were filled with rumors which all pointed to a horrible guilt that made the sentence, life imprisonment on Devil's Island, seem mild.

In March 1896 counterespionage brought to the new head of Intelligence, Lieutenant Colonel Picquart, an oddly worded express letter—the *petit bleu*. It was written to a French officer, Major Esterhazy, by the German military attaché. A look at Esterhazy's record showed him to be a suspicious character, a battalion commander who gambled in the stock market, engaged in shady operations, and was in debt. In June a French agent in Berlin reported that a battalion commander had been selling military documents to the Germans. At almost this very time Esterhazy betrayed himself. He applied for an assignment on the General

*_Captain Dreyfus—the Story of a Mass Hysteria_ (Simon and Schuster, 274 pp., $3.50).

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Staff, and his letters were referred to Picquart. A familiarity about the writing made Picquart send for the *bordereau*. It was at once obvious to him that the handwriting in the *bordereau* and in Esterhazy's letters was identical.

Picquart examined the Dreyfus file. To his surprise, the evidence in the secret dossier did not incriminate Dreyfus and, since the *bordereau* was not by Dreyfus, there was no evidence left against him. From the fact that there was no evidence against Dreyfus, Picquart came to a conclusion that seems absurdly simple to us, that perhaps seemed absurdly simple to him, but that in fact is one of the admirable achievements of the human mind—he decided that Dreyfus was innocent. Picquart was anti-Semitic, disliked Dreyfus, had been an official observer at the court-martial, and had believed him guilty. But he respected a fact, and no prejudice could stand in the way of its logical operation. Many men of genuinely liberal beliefs were helped to the truth about Dreyfus by their prejudices. Picquart is one of the few men who came to the truth in spite of his prejudice, and once he came to it he never swerved from it.

General Gonse, to whom Picquart reported his discovery, was annoyed by it. The Dreyfus case, he said, was closed and could not be reopened merely because the Jew was innocent. The truth, for a good soldier, was what his superiors said it was. This doctrine of military convenience was to be echoed in France by the anti-Dreyfusards in the more elegant form of a doctrine of judicial convenience, *chose jugée*—once a matter has been finally adjudicated, it cannot be litigated again. In either form, the doctrine that the punishment of an innocent man had to continue was abominable to Picquart. He was too good a soldier to go over his superiors' heads and tell his secret, but too good a man to keep his secret wholly to himself. He wrote out an account to be used if he died, and told his lawyer about it.

After Picquart's discovery that nothing in the Dreyfus file pointed to Dreyfus, Major Henry undertook to remedy the fault by forgery. In helping his own spies give seemingly important information to the Germans and in thwarting German spies, Henry had apparently acquired considerable experience in faking documents. Forgery for him was probably what lying is for ordinary men. Fragments of innocent letters from the Italian to the German military attaché were put together with interpolations to create a guilty correspondence about the employment of Dreyfus. There were now in Dreyfus's file (and known to the chief of staff and the War Department) documents clearly incriminating Dreyfus by name as a spy. Their lack of plausibility was a small price to pay for their complete clarity; in the arena of political discussion into which the Dreyfus case was moving, it was simple proof pointing unmistakably at Dreyfus that was wanted. How well Henry understood the literary needs of his business is shown by his forgeries against Picquart. Creating these for a small professional audience, Henry forged letters that were vague and incomprehensible but which suggested that Picquart, who had been sent to Tunisia to be kept out of the way, was carrying on some sort of conspiracy with the Dreyfus defenders. The most brilliant stroke against Picquart was to erase the name Esterhazy from the *petit bleu* and write it in again in a different hand, so that it would look as if first addressed to someone else but altered to make Esterhazy seem the addressee.

With the forged file in such good shape, the *bordereau* was no longer necessary, and got in the way of the case against Dreyfus when a Paris newspaper published a photograph of it. Though it could not be suppressed, Henry surrounded it with mystery by inventing this story: the *bordereau* that had been received at the German embassy set forth the price of each item, and had been sent on to the Kaiser, who sent it back to the embassy with an annotation made in his own hand: "This scoundrel of a Dreyfus is becoming very demanding. . . ." After the French stole the *bordereau* from the embassy they were forced to return it to avoid war, but photographs had been taken of it; also,

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Esterhazy had made a copy, the *bordereau* used at the trial, which left out the prices and the annotation. By this story both the seeming guilt of Esterhazy and the unwillingness to discuss the *bordereau* used at the trial were explained away. The annotated *bordereau* was so dangerous that no one could expect to see it published, or even its existence clearly affirmed. Men swore that they knew others who had seen the memorandum, but no responsible person, I believe, ever swore to seeing it himself.

While rumors circulated about the annotated *bordereau,* Dreyfus's brother Mathieu, by distributing copies of the real *bordereau,* learned from unimpeachable sources that the handwriting was Esterhazy's, and in November 1897 publicly accused him of being the spy.

There was if anything too much evidence against the disreputable, impecunious Esterhazy. He had written the *bordereau* in his own undisguised hand; he had gone off on maneuvers just when the author of the *bordereau* said *he* was going (so that he was clearly the author and not a mere copyist); a member of an old Hungarian family, he did not regard himself as a Frenchman but hated the French extravagantly and wrote extravagantly to his mistress of his hatred. In his dishonesty, his desire to get money by any means, his own sense of his foreignness, his hatred of the French, he was almost everything anti-Semites thought a Jew was, except that he was not a Jew. He was tried by court-martial and unanimously acquitted.

IMMEDIATELY, Zola wrote *J'Accuse,* a bitter attack by name on those in high places who had first had Dreyfus unjustly convicted and then for more than three years had defended their work "by the most absurd and culpable machinations," suppressing decisive proof of Dreyfus's innocence, using lying and fraudulent reports, conducting a vile campaign in the press, and now knowingly acquitting a guilty man in order to cover up the violations of law by which an innocent one had been condemned.

There is a saying that justice should be done though the heavens fall. This is usually an unlikely contingency, but Zola treated it as an absolute necessity; if there was to be justice the heavens had to fall. "Dreyfus cannot be vindicated unless the whole General Staff is indicted. . . ." The outside world hailed Zola's high moral stand, but most Frenchmen, despite the large sale of *J'Accuse,* disagreed. They took their stand decisively for the General Staff and against justice. Riots broke out in many cities, Jewish stores were looted. Zola was convicted of the crime of libel, and in Clemenceau's opinion this was fortunate, for the crowds in the courtroom were full of such hatred that had there been an acquittal Zola and his friends would not have come out alive. The premier of France proclaimed to an enthusiastic Chamber that the Jews had brought down on themselves a century of intolerance.

In the next cabinet the new minister of war, Cavaignac, like all of his predecessors, believed in Dreyfus's guilt but, unlike them, was certain that the facts should be brought into the light of day so that the Jewish "syndicate" supporting Dreyfus would be forever silenced. Interestingly, every bit of proof cited by Cavaignac had been discovered after Dreyfus's conviction. More important, Picquart, who had been arrested after testifying at Esterhazy's trial and dismissed from the service after testifying for Zola, wrote to the premier that of the three documents cited, two did not relate to Dreyfus and the one that did was a forgery. The minister of war had Picquart arrested again and then had the questioned document, the letter from the Italian to the German military attaché, examined. When held up to the light, the fragments showed that they came from two different kinds of paper. Henry, unable to explain this discrepancy, broke down and confessed orally that it was a forgery. The next day, August 31, 1898, he killed himself in military prison, leaving a note asserting his innocence. The words he used, however, as Hazlitt said of another celebrated criminal's defense, "prove that he was guilty of the act, as much as they prove that he was unconscious of the *crime.*"

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The minister of war and the chief of staff resigned. For the moment most of the anti-Dreyfusards were shaken. But they soon rallied to assert that Henry had been compelled to forge either in order to offset Picquart's forgery of the *petit bleu,* or because he could not use the annotated *bordereau* and had to use a moral equivalent. They were too late. The government had already entertained an appeal from the Dreyfus family and sent it to the Court of Cassation for its consideration. The Dreyfus case was at last in a civilian court.

While the court was holding hearings, Esterhazy in London gave out the first of several versions of his spying: at the suggestion of a French Chief of Intelligence now dead, he had sold unimportant documents and garbled information to the Germans to mislead them and to learn their secrets. Counterspying at the instance of a dead man has become a classic explanation on behalf of spies.

In June 1899 the court set aside the judgment against Dreyfus, finding that the "Scoundrel D—" in the papers illegally submitted to the court-martial was not Dreyfus and that Esterhazy had written the *bordereau.* This might have ended the case, but a new court-martial was ordered, for Dreyfus insisted, as his lawyer put it, that he was entitled to have his honor returned to him by his brothers-in-arms who had deprived him of it. When this request was made, Dreyfus in his Guiana prison had heard very little of the world-famous Affair that bore his name and that was tearing France apart. For years his wife had not been allowed to mention it in her letters to him. He did not know that when President Félix Faure, an anti-Dreyfusard, had died and the mildly Dreyfusard Loubet had been elected, so unpopular was any supporter of Dreyfus that crowds had greeted the new president with cries of "Panama! Resign!" and a *coup d'état* had been attempted which high army officers had at first considered joining. Dreyfus's faith in his brother officers has something of the pathos of the hero in Charlie Chaplin's *Great Dictator,* who had been in an insane asylum while his country went mad in its own way and who, on his release, knows no better than to turn to the fascist police for protection against oppression.

Much odder than Dreyfus's understandable ignorance was the Dreyfusards' own expectation, after they had educated the country to think of Dreyfus's innocence as a synonym for the army's guilt, that a court composed of army officers would acquit him. In September 1899 the court-martial, held at Rennes, found Dreyfus guilty of high treason, but with extenuating circumstances.

Dreyfus appealed to the Court of Military Appeal, which could review only the legal procedure and would not consider the sufficiency of the evidence. Before he could appeal to the Court of Cassation and obtain a review of the whole case, he would have to discover new evidence. The government immediately offered him a pardon. He accepted, withdrawing his pending appeal, but asserting his innocence and reserving his right to appeal to the Court of Cassation when he found new evidence, To anti-Dreyfusards and unfortunately to some Dreyfusards, too, accepting a pardon meant admitting guilt.

In the next year the government voted a general amnesty for everyone else involved in the case, treating the innocent like the guilty and letting the guilty escape. The amnesty might not have been voted if Dreyfus had not accepted the pardon, so the stricter Dreyfusards felt that Dreyfus had betrayed the Dreyfus case. It is to the bitterness of this period that we owe the harsh things that Dreyfus's supporters have said against him which it is still fashionable to repeat. To Clemenceau, he was the one man who did not understand the Dreyfus case; to Léon Blum, if he hadn't been Dreyfus he wouldn't even have been a Dreyfusard; to Labori, he was no longer "a man bearing the common bondage of humanity. . . ."

He had been the Dreyfus case so long that it seemed a fault in him to want to be something else, himself. Imprisoned on Devil's Island, double-chained as he had been once for more than forty nights, he

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had been a perfect symbol of injustice; this moral grandeur he had thrown away merely to be free.

Of course, he had no choice; he had to lose his stature as a symbol and become again a man. There would have been a morbidity in seeking further imprisonment by refusing the pardon. Like the strict Dreyfusards, we still ask unfairly of the victim of injustice that he become a martyr and seek injustice as his lot. The supposedly stupid Dreyfus understood his position clearly; when, after the Affair was over, the president of the League of the Rights of Man spoke to him of his historic role, he answered; "No, no. I was only an artillery officer prevented by a tragic error from following my career. Dreyfus, the figurehead of justice, was not I. He was created by you."

DREYFUS became as well the figurehead of a great political change in which he took no part. The "Dreyfusian Revolution" is the name given to the anti-clerical and related legislation of the early years of our century—the separation of church and state, the suppression of the religious orders, the furthering of state control over education. In its effort to make the army loyal to the Republic, the first thoroughly Dreyfusard Ministry of War resorted to spying. Reports on the loyalty of officers were gathered by local Masonic lodges and forwarded to Captain Mollin in the War Department, son-in-law of the distinguished Dreyfusard Anatole France.

It was this Ministry of War that, by examining its files and discovering still more forgeries by Henry, helped Dreyfus in 1903 win the right to appeal to the Court of Cassation. As Dreyfus was already a free man, the legal proceedings went slowly and attracted little attention. In July 1906 the court set aside the judgment of the Rennes court-martial, finding that there was no credible evidence against Dreyfus and no need for another trial. Dreyfus and Picquart were reinstated as army officers, and Picquart became minister of war in the Clemenceau cabinet. Clemenceau had meant to improve military courts, but a series of violent strikes accompanied by mutinies made it seem inadvisable to undertake radical reforms. His government became convinced, as the anti-Dreyfusards had been, that the need for order outweighed the need for justice.

It seemed good sense for the Court of Cassation to end the Affair rather than order a new court-martial, which might have resulted in another conviction and another appeal. Rebecca West and Hannah Arendt, both passionately devoted to justice through law, have claimed that, although Dreyfus was obviously innocent, the court's decision was illegal. To most believers in Dreyfus's innocence, however, it has seemed that if the court strained its jurisdiction in order to end the Affair, this is at the most a technicality not affecting the justice of the decision.

In the course of the Affair, when the anti-Dreyfusards were still triumphant, it had been *their* claim that the proceedings had been substantially just and that the objections to them were technicalities. They had condoned the illegal submission of papers to the first court-martial; documents that turned out to be forgeries still expressed, they claimed, the essential truth that Dreyfus was a spy. They had gone on to assert what had actually been relied on but what responsible men had not dared to say: that his being Jewish was itself evidence of his spying. As *Civiltà Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits in Rome put it, "The Jew was created by God to serve as a spy wherever treason is in preparation." The final step was to find that Dreyfus was guilty whether or not he had been a spy. The nationalist newspaper *Gaulois* said, "Even if he did not commit the treason for which he was twice condemned, does he not remain, in the eyes of all, the initial cause of the terrible social and political disorganization which we now witness?"

With this final step, as so often happens in the world of practical affairs, we are in the dream world of Kafka—in those legal proceedings of *The Trial* which start by assuming that K. is guilty and are never concerned with what he is guilty of; in the world of *The Castle*, where to be the victim of injustice is a grave sin. Kafka's subject, of

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course, is much larger than the Dreyfus case or any satire on the administration of justice: his concern is with that frame-up in the very nature of things which makes us all guilty, all sinful. But the Jewish novelist will help us understand this much about the Affair: anti-Semites deal in truths about all men as if they were truths only about Jews; anti-Semitism which has not a grain of truth about Jews as Jews is plausible because it has a universe of truth about everyone.

THE destruction of six million Jews has made it difficult for us to feel again the indignant horror which men once felt about the effort to destroy Alfred Dreyfus. We are impressed today not by the fact that the effort was made, but that it failed. We are perhaps too easily won over to Hannah Arendt's gloomy thesis in her brilliant *Origins of Totalitarianism*: that this vast concern with justice for one individual belonged to the 19th century, to the dying world of the rights of man; the mobs, the anti-Semitic leagues, the attempted *coup d'état,* were portents of the 20th century, of the totalitarian world struggling to be born.

And yet, although only one man's freedom was involved, there is an aspect of the Dreyfus case which seriously challenges that practical optimism we find so convenient in our daily lives. While we cheerfully admit the chances of error, we do not base our ordinary calculations on the prevalence of evil. If we knew nothing of the facts, we would think it much more likely that one officer was a traitor than that half a dozen would deliberately invent or avail themselves of lies, frauds, and forgeries to conceal his innocence. The Dreyfus case has a scale of willful wrong which it is frightening to find in civilized judicial proceedings. The Affair shows, I believe, just where our arithmetic of evil goes astray: we are right in believing that in ordinary affairs men are not likely to be wicked on a large scale for wickedness' sake; we are wrong in not realizing how wicked and how cooperative in their wickedness they can be in the name of some higher good—in this case, the good of the army, the good of the law, the good of France.

When men argue guilt and innocence hotly, particularly in cases that arouse political passions, the Dreyfus case is cited as an instance of how evidence can make an innocent man seem guilty. Actually, the evidence against Dreyfus was not strong; it could not withstand scrutiny. The great struggle was to discover what the evidence was and to get the case before a civilian court where it would be examined impartially. It is one of Mr. Halasz's virtues, in his remarkable condensation of the whole complex and lengthy history of the case, that he presents it above all as a triumph of reason.

This is not to say that it was a mild reasonableness that won or could win. It is a paradox of public struggles for enlightenment that they have to be carried on with a passion so intense, an enthusiasm for perfect victory so doctrinaire as to approach the borders of unreason itself. The victory that the passion and enthusiasm of the Dreyfusards helped bring about was a triumph, not of public opinion, but of institutions that could withstand the public. Juries, the most democratic of our legal institutions, were against the man. Dreyfus was freed by a small group of professional judges, an independent judiciary. But before these judges could act the right to appeal had to be granted Dreyfus by the government, that is, by the politicians. Professional politicians, however slow and hesitant in their support, were more for Dreyfus than were their constituents. This support, as the Dreyfusian Revolution shows, was motivated by political and to some extent by selfish interests. The Dreyfus case was bedeviled by politics as, say, the Sacco-Vanzetti case never was; but, as has often been observed, it was Dreyfus who was freed. There is something glorious in men like Picquart and in an attack like Zola's. Yet perhaps the most comforting aspect of the Affair today is not the role of the glorious, who may never come again, but the realization of how much Dreyfus owed to some of the despised, shabby politicians of the Third Republic, to the inglorious who are always with us.

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TWO POEMS

HARVEY SHAPIRO

Feast of the Ram's Horn

As SEVENTH sign, the antique heavens show
A pair of scales. And Jews, no less
antique,
Hear the ram-rod summons beat their heels,
Until they stand together in mock show
As if they meant to recognize a king.

For they are come again to this good turning:
That from the mountain where their leader
goes,
In ten days' time they greet the Law
descending.
And these are ancient stories from a book
That circulates, and for them has no ending.

All stand as witness to the great event.
Ezra, their scribe, before the water gate
Takes up the book, and the people rise.
And those who weep upon the word are bid
To hold their peace, because the day is holy.

Feast of the ram's horn. Let the player rise.
And may the sound of that bent instrument,
In the seventh month, before the seventh
gate,
Speak for all the living and the dead;
And tell creation it is memorized.

Let Isaac be remembered in the ram
That when the great horn sounds and all are
come,
These who now are gathered as one man
Shall be gathered again. And set the bright
scale
In the skies, until that judgment's done.

From a Sermon on the Five Afflictions *(Derush Naeh)*

SOUL, the wanderer, fetch it out
And make it sing in holiness
And hop in God's hand all the day,
And preen itself in loveliness.
Five afflictions are the way.

Because the soul is living wick
And flames in its vitality,
Deny yourself both food and drink.
Imitate mortality.
Soul will shake itself, and flee.

Because the soul is unity,
Within the coupling dark lie still.
Let body in its agony
Cry to have itself fulfilled.
Soul will know itself unwilled.

The soul is spirit, and spirit shines
As pennies do in a cupped hand.
But the hand, if washed, can shine so too.
Keep precious water from your skin
And spirit will not stay within.

The soul is an unchanging thing.
It cannot weight itself with grit.
But body, when anointed,
Puts on a like purity.
Slime yourself, and soul will flee.

Soul, like wind, is lifted up,
Like waves, and like the sea spray.
Let a man go barefoot, and he must
In his heaviness, draw dust.
And soul, unhoused, is on its way.

Soul, the wanderer, fetch it out
And make it sing in holiness
And hop in God's hand all the day,
And preen itself in loveliness.
Five afflictions are the way.

HARVEY SHAPIRO, who has appeared before in COMMENTARY, has recently had a volume of poems on Jewish themes published by the Cummington Press.

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NATIONALISM, REVOLUTION, AND FANTASY IN EGYPT

Behind the Arms Deal with Czechoslovakia

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

IN THE checkered history of the Egyptian nationalist revolution inaugurated by the army coup of July 23, 1952, the autumn of 1955 stands out as a time when the regime clarified some of its long-term aspirations. Until then the military Junta had given the appearance of functioning in a hand-to-mouth fashion. It had indeed got rid of the hated "British occupation" (at the cost of signing a treaty whose value is considered doubtful by the well informed), and it had intrigued, rather unsuccessfully, for preeminence in the Sudan. But long-range political and economic planning seemed to be conspicuously absent. This is no longer so; the period between September and December 1955 saw some significant developments which make up a distinctive pattern.

Internally, some not very important facets of conservatism have been attacked, as in a decree aimed at the jurisdiction of the Sharia (Islamic) courts. Externally, this action was characteristically matched by a reinforcement of pan-Islamic radio demagogy to North and East Africa, thus leaving no doubt that the Junta intends to couple secular reformism at home with calculated exploitation of religious solidarity abroad.*

The arms deal with the USSR and Czechoslovakia—first publicly announced by Colonel Nasser in a stirring broadcast on September 27, in which he poured copious abuse upon the three Western powers—fell in the middle of this propaganda campaign, the apparent purpose of which was to project Egypt as a power intent on liberating North and East Africa (and perhaps West Africa too) from the shackles of foreign control. Although the campaign centered on the Sudan, where things had not been going too well from the Egyptian viewpoint, it picked up other topics as it rolled along, until there was scarcely a territory in Africa that did not appear to stand in need of liberation from some sort of peril. North Africa was specifically mentioned by Colonel Nasser in his September 27 broadcast as a source of conflict with France, "our Arab feelings" not permitting the Egyptian government to preserve an ignominious silence (as the price of French

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THE dismay aroused in Western capitals by the announcement last fall of the Egyptian-Soviet arms deal has been succeeded by a mood of optimistic resignation—Nasser will after all not take Egypt behind the Iron Curtain. But are we continuing to underrate the freedom of commitment and maneuver possessed by an extremist nationalist movement under the leadership of ambitious army officers? GEORGE LICHTHEIM, who elucidates the complexities of Egypt's situation today, is a regular commentator on Middle Eastern subjects. He contributed "Soviet Expansion into the Middle East" to our issue of November 1955 and "Changing Alignments in the Middle East" in October.

*A Cairo radio broadcast to the Sudan on September 14 made play not only with the customary pan-Arab argument stressing the historic role of the Arabs in the Northern Sudan, but expressly underlined the importance of Islam in linking the two countries; it directed its diatribes against Western propagandists who—not content with harping on the record of Arab slave traders in Sudanese history—sought to weaken the religious link by trying "to keep the people ignorant of the greatness of Islam and the important role it has played in Africa." By contrast a broadcast in Swahili, beamed at East Africa on August 14, contented itself with describing the nefarious role of Europeans and Indians in Kenya, now faced with a rising tide of national feeling among "the people of mixed Arab-African or pure African origin." In broadcasting to British West Africa, on the other hand, the Islamic tune was well to the fore, Egypt being represented as the center of modern Islam, as well as the slayer of "imperialism."

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arms deliveries, then suspended) while North African champions of liberty languished in prison; this particular scruple has since been overcome, French deliveries having been resumed and Cairo radio fulminations correspondingly losing some of their earlier shrillness. But British East Africa, particularly Kenya, also came in for its share of attention, and there were significant references to the parlous state of Nigeria, on the West African coast (thousands of miles from Egypt), where British rule since the 19th century had, it appeared, flourished on the ruins of some once famous Moslem emirates; so Cairo radio said, on August 17.*

The arms deal with the Soviet bloc and the concurrent propaganda blasts at Israel thus underscored a theme with which the Egyptian public had already been made familiar by months of strident campaigning against British and French influence. Since the Bandung conference last April, at which Egypt was represented by Nasser himself, this propagandist cold war against the West had been gathering strength, until some observers thought they could detect evidence of an informal arrangement allotting to Egypt the role of arch-foe of "imperialism" in Africa. Doubt centered on the question whether Cairo saw itself as the African counterpart of neutralist India or of—China! In this respect there probably were (and are) differences among the Junta; but it is at any rate noteworthy that the issue could be regarded as being genuinely in doubt in a sense in which India's neutrality never has been. That an Egyptian government which had just been offered (and had refused) membership in a Western-sponsored Middle East defense pact should appear to be wavering between neutralism *à la* Nehru and belligerent anti-Westernism *à la* Mao certainly disclosed something rather remarkable about the character of Egyptian nationalism, as did also the concurrent wave of blood-curdling threats against Israel. The latter could indeed be partly explained as a reaction against the Baghdad Pact alliance of the West with Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan—an arrangement painful to Egyptian self-esteem which appeared to call for a redoubled burst of pan-Arab fanaticism, to embarrass the hated Iraqi competitors. It was not so easy to account for the mounting wave of anti-Westernism—especially at a moment when the regime was about to launch on its biggest politico-economic operation to date: the construction of the High Dam at Aswan.

THE announcement of the High Dam project was another major development of the post-Bandung period in Egyptian politics. It dovetailed neatly into the Soviet government's current attempt to impress public opinion in Asia and Africa with offers of technical and economic aid, since it was launched to the accompaniment of hints that the Russians had offered to carry most of the estimated cost. But its chief significance was more narrowly political: the Junta thereby focused national attention upon a scheme which (unlike its megalomaniac propaganda campaigns in Africa and the Middle East) does have some relevance to Egypt's real problems. There is little doubt that Nasser and his colleagues are determined to build the High Dam, whatever the cost, and to get the money from any source willing and able to supply it. The expense being variously estimated at from 600 million to one billion dollars, it appeared at first sight unlikely that the USSR could seriously be thinking of undertaking the work (especially if repayment was to be made, as reported, over thirty years and mainly in the form of cotton deliveries); and indeed the first semi-official hints of Soviet participation had hardly leaked out than Western correspondents in Cairo were hurriedly assured that the government was unwilling to deepen the breach caused by the Czech arms' purchase, and would prefer the money to come from the World Bank.

*Cairo currently broadcasts in more African dialects than the BBC, and these emissions include programs specially aimed at Kenya, in which the Mau Mau savageries are extolled as a model of the tactics to be employed by Africans against the British.

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Behind this apparent vacillation was the certain knowledge that Russian funds would come accompanied by Russian technicians, a development unwelcome to at least some members of the Junta. On the other hand, a World Bank loan—whether or not accompanied by direct U.S. grants—might involve guarantees of peaceful behavior on the part of Egypt—guarantees which the regime cannot and will not supply, largely because the Egyptian mob has now been conditioned to regard all such undertakings as evidence of servile bondage to the imperialist West. There is a genuine political dilemma here, quite apart from any financial and technical difficulties inevitably bound up with so huge an undertaking (building the world's largest dam in one of the world's poorest countries, with perhaps a billion dollars of borrowed money spent on irrigating two million acres of new land); quite apart, too, from the unsolved problem of sharing the stored Nile water with the Sudan—a territory recently "liberated from imperialism" whose inhabitants seem curiously reluctant to let Egypt get control of their economic destinies.

International experts are now busy investigating the project, but—and this is perhaps significant—Colonel Nasser is said to want a decision from the World Bank by next April, since he intends to start work on the site at low Nile next June, come hell or high water (almost literally). This suggests that the regime is not merely in earnest but also in a hurry. And indeed when one considers that Egypt's population is now increasing at something like a third of a million annually there is not much time to waste. In the five to seven years that must elapse before any benefit is derived from the dam, the population will have increased by something like two million, or about one-tenth; while by the time the project is completed and the associated land reclamation work finished, the expansion of the irrigated farm area will just have caught up with the increased number of mouths to feed. At the end of this period —currently estimated at about twenty years— the rural population would once more begin to outstrip farm production, but it is hoped that by that time an industrial revolution will be in full swing with the help of cheap electric power generated by the High Dam.*

It is hardly surprising that this project has gripped the imagination of countless Egyptians for whom the "national revolution" so far has meant little beyond flag-waving, stirring speeches, and compulsory parades. Unlike Mussolini's much touted swamp-draining operations—so dear to tourists and propagandists during the 30's—it does have genuine import for the country's economy. That it should have come to be regarded as a matter of life and death for the present generation of Egyptians is, of course, another matter: Egypt is now paying for past sins of neglect. These also help to account for the explosive character of Egyptian nationalism.

SO FAR as Egyptian nationalism is concerned, the story of modern Egypt begins not in 1798, when the short-lived Napoleonic conquest upset the medieval pattern, but in 1882, when the British occupied the country and implanted a modern administration. Because this familiar theme is usually treated in purely political terms, there is a tendency to overlook that what modern Egyptians resent most about this period is the legacy of structural maladjustments it left behind. The matter has been succinctly put in the authoritative work on the subject, Charles Issawi's *Egypt at Mid-Century* (Oxford University Press, 1954), a scholarly study by the only contemporary Egyptian economist of note, and doubly important because written from a liberal and pro-Western standpoint:

> It may be said that Egypt lost her opportunity in the second half of the nineteenth century. If

*The principle of the High Dam is that Egypt would store flood waters for several years, as against annual storage at present, so that the good years would cover the lean ones, making possible a more accurate calculation of irrigable land. The project would increase the cultivated area by about one-third, and bring the basin irrigation of Upper Egypt into line with the perennial irrigation of the lower regions of the Nile Valley. The inland sea formed by the dam will incidentally flood a 100-mile stretch of Sudanese territory, thus obliging Egypt to obtain Sudanese consent to the whole scheme.

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during that time she had had a government which was both national and enlightened, and which could have laid the foundations of a modern educational system, carried out some measure of industrialization, and established the groundwork of a Westernized administration without incurring such a large foreign debt as to jeopardize the country's independence, her economic and social structure might have been very different from what it is today. It is even possible that a rise in the standard of living, and more widely diffused education, might have checked the population growth. Egypt might have emerged into the twentieth century as a small-scale Japan.

Leaving aside the question whether such a development was in fact possible, and whether an Egypt modeled on contemporary Japan might not have been an even bigger curse to its neighbors than the country now administered by a military regime of which Mr. Issawi thinks highly, it is undeniable that from a national viewpoint the British period cannot be called a success. The country is indeed not favored by nature (apart from the Nile). Ninety-seven per cent of it is desert, the cultivated area is too small to feed the swollen population, rural density is ten times the European average, and living standards are among the lowest in the world. It is also arguable that adverse natural conditions could not have been affected by different policies. (Ecologically, the Middle East is not, and never will be, a good grain-growing region, nor does irrigation really alter the situation, since the cost of growing grain on irrigated land is uneconomical). But the colonial regime, with its emphasis on cotton crops and its indifference to the needs of a rapidly growing population, certainly did not help Egypt to make the kind of adjustment of which Japan showed itself capable.

Perennial irrigation did indeed remove the danger of famine, increase the cultivated area, and make it possible to sow two or three crops annually (it had a bad effect, however, on the climate, and on the health of the rural inhabitants). But from about 1920 the advance of the cropped area failed to keep step with the growth of population, productivity rose too slowly, and output per head began to fall. There was a decline in real incomes between 1920 and 1938, as pointed out by Doreen Warriner in *Land and Poverty in the Middle East* (Royal Institute of International Affairs, 1948), and from all the available evidence, matters have since then tended to get worse. The striking fact is that Egypt now has the most productive agriculture in the world (in terms of output per unit area) *and* the most wretched peasantry, with a tendency for real incomes to fall, though wheat, maize, and cotton yields per acre are among the highest recorded anywhere. The rural population surplus (which the towns cannot absorb for lack of industry) aggravates a situation which would be shocking even if the land were not as overcrowded as it is. Miss Warriner, in the volume just cited, gives this description:

> Thus though it is fashionable to praise the Egyptian fellah for his industry and frugality, in fact the conditions of his life are an unrelieved horror. The fellaheen are physically wretched, and judging by the statistics of rural crime—the extraordinarily high murder rate—they are morally degenerate also; this is hardly surprising, since they are almost a slave population. Conditions are particularly bad in the provinces of Qena and Aswan, where the greater part of the land is in the hands of large companies. Here the rise in the cost of living during the war had tragic results. A malaria epidemic . . . caused the death of 100,000 in these provinces in 1941-3 as a result of their half-starved condition. Nahas Pasha, in a speech in the Egyptian Parliament in 1944, admitted that the cause of starvation in Aswan was poverty due to unequal distribution of land.

Since this was written, the "national revolution" has made a modest beginning with land reform, and a somewhat less modest attempt to convince the world that the problem has been substantially solved. From the propaganda material issued by the present Egyptian government, one might suppose that the face of the countryside had changed. In their soberer moments, the members of the Junta are more likely to stress that they are conducting a race against time, and that the High Dam must be built to take the worst pressure off the land. The emphasis

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now tends to be on greater production, it having been discovered that there is not really much scope for land redistribution. At the same time the regime carries on wordy warfare against the big landowners, hitherto a favored class, since they were the mainstay of the British and the monarchy. Yet the Nasser government has also inherited some of their worst political traditions, notably the technique of converting social pressures into anti-foreign campaigns. The oligarchy in its day monopolized the fruits of British capital investment and engineering, and at the same time directed popular hatred against Britain and the West generally. The Junta would plainly like to repeat this maneuver on a bigger scale, with Israel as an additional scapegoat, and half of Africa as a potential field of expansion. When even a liberal economist like Mr. Issawi thinks that but for foreign intervention Egypt might have become a replica of Japan, it is not surprising that the ignorant military rulers in Cairo are persuaded that under their leadership the country can become a beacon for Africa and large tracts of Asia.

To a large extent the unreal quality of Egyptian nationalist propaganda stems from the spurious character of the "revolution" itself. The land reform hoax is a case in point. In the first flush of enthusiasm, the new rulers announced that they were going to distrbute about three to four million *feddan* (a *feddan* is 1.03 acres) of land among peasants and landless agricultural workers. Subsequently the figure went down to one million, then to three-quarters. On the first anniversary of the "revolution," Gamal Salem, the Junta member in charge of the reform project, declared that 500,000 *feddan* would be distributed among 150,000 families. Two years later, an official government handout had this to say: "The Government has already laid hands upon requisitioned land which amounts to 656,139 *feddan*, of which some 199,987 *feddan* belonged to the Mohamed Aly family alone. Thanks to this reform the standard of living of one and one-quarter million fellaheen was raised as their income increased."

This double-talk conceals the fact that the great reform has boiled down to the registration of land belonging to the former king and his family, plus a modest proportion of the property held by some of the largest landowners. Early in 1954 it was reliably estimated that some 50,000 *feddan* had been distributed among a few thousand families in some two score villages, and the Commission for Agrarian Reform thought that a further 55,000 *feddan* might be parceled up in the course of the year. And this after so much fanfare, and after Nasser himself had proclaimed that for the first time in five thousand years "the fellah rules Egypt!" The 1955 government handbook makes fewer claims. It contents itself with remarking that "the Agrarian Reform has helped towards the standardization of the annual per capita income amongst all fellaheen," although immediately afterwards it adds the wild assertion that in consequence of land reform "the national income has increased by 30 per cent." If this were true it would be the biggest sensation in economic history. (The area affected by the land reform law, on the most generous computation, is about 10 per cent of the total cultivated land.) This nonsense is paralleled by some characteristic eyewash on the socio-political side:

> On September 9th, 1952, a law was promulgated limiting landownership to 200 *feddan*, with a view to abolishing feudalism and redistributing the land justly. It permitted the big landowners to keep 50 *feddan* for each of their children, provided the number of *feddan* thus retained did not exceed 100 in all. The original proprietor, as stipulated by the law, should receive adequate compensation for his requisitioned land. This compensation is given in the form of State bonds redeemable in 30 years with an annual interest of three per cent.

The reference to "feudalism" is apparently meant to impress people in the West who are unaware that no such thing existed before the "revolution." The size of land-holdings is another matter. In 1940, according

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to Miss Warriner, 12,232 large landowners held 2,168,514 *feddan* out of a total 5,841,011. These were the people who owned more than 50 *feddan*, and the majority of them have held on to the bulk of their holdings, notwithstanding the "revolution." On the other hand, there were some 150,000 medium-sized properties of between five and fifty *feddan*, almost two and a half million small holdings under five *feddan*, and an unstated but considerable number of landless laborers who owned nothing at all. Looked at another way, there were three million people out of four million "actively occupied in agriculture" who owned nothing, or less than one acre. Since two acres is regarded as the minimum capable of supporting a peasant family at a subsistence level, the picture can be imagined. So far the "revolution" has made no impact on the lot of the great majority. How can it? Short of taking every inch of land over two acres away from the larger landowners and distributing the total equally among the four million peasant families, there is no way of providing the average household with an adequate income. Since this is not to be thought of, the government now concentrates on schemes for increasing the crop area, leaving the social structure more or less as it is.

AGAINST this background the growth of opposition movements is not difficult to understand. The dictatorship now depends for effective support on the officers' corps, that part of the urban middle class which still believes in its program, and the minority of medium-sized landowners who have been the chief beneficiaries of its policies. It has won the grudging acquiescence of part of the intelligentsia, but is unpopular among teachers, high school professors, and students, who resent the growing militarism, the absence of political liberties, and the clumsy police regimentation of intellectual life. It has to compete both with the Communists and the extreme right, represented by the demagogic Moslem Brotherhood and by a whole host of extremist splinter groups, not to mention the old parliamentary parties. The regime is not even internally united. Some of its leading members, having graduated through various totalitarian schools, have now developed a considerable admiration for the Soviet Union, not unmixed with traces of their former fascist attitude. The intellectual level at which these various strands combine is well represented by effusions like the following over the Cairo radio on October 11, 1955:

> U.S. democracy leaves the capitalist free to rule the country, while the masses chase dollars and watch baseball. The USSR is a true democracy, with rulers taken from the country through the Communist party.

This is the kind of thing that "left-wing" Nazis like Goebbels used to turn out in the 1920's, though the Egyptian product lacks the relative sophistication of the earlier German model. The odd thing is that the Junta can let this sort of talk go out over its official radio station, and yet maintain in all seriousness that it is buying only arms, not ideas, from the Soviet bloc. The fact is that its spokesmen are so conditioned to anti-Western talk (some of them were active Axis propagandists in the 30's and early 40's) that they are able to switch to the Communist line with a minimum of effort, and still persuade themselves that they are being true to their own tradition—and in a sense they are.

There has never been much of a secret about the checkered political career of the men now composing the military regime. Nasser himself at one stage adhered briefly to Ahmed Hussein's fascist Greenshirt organization—known before the war as the "Young Egypt" movement and subsequently dissolved for working with the Axis powers.

Among the more prominent of Nasser's colleagues one encounters both former Axis collaborators and present Soviet enthusiasts. Some of them even manage to be on both sides of the ideological fence simultaneously: Fathi Radwan, prominent in ministerial posts since the 1952 army coup, had been deputy leader of a fascist group, thereafter

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represented Egypt at the 1951 Communist Peace Congress in Vienna, and a year later joined the Naguib-Nasser government in a prominent capacity, without ceasing to head a small but virulent extreme-right nationalist splinter group. His successor as "Minister of Popular Guidance," Salah Salem, combined extreme chauvinism with flattery of the Soviet bloc.

The Junta leaders themselves are so divided on tactics, and at the same time so alike in political makeup, that during the abortive military putsch of February 1954—ostensibly a movement to remove Nasser and give effective power to the "moderate" Naguib—it was possible for Nasser and his faction to claim, with every appearance of reasonableness, that their opponents included Communists as well as the "old guard." The Mohieddin brothers, both members of the Junta, who at that time joined the opposition, and even brought the tank corps out to overawe Nasser's faction, have since been described as Communist sympathizers—on what evidence is not known. What one does know is that on the occasion of the putsch, Nasser and Salah Salem, momentarily driven into a corner, drew public attention to Communist influence in the armored division, and complained loudly about "the unholy alliance between the CP and some of the other parties." This is the division which is now going to be armed with Soviet tanks and staffed with Czech technicians!

THE political mechanism which makes such confusions possible has now been described countless times. Nationalist leaders in backward countries experience what appear to be insurmountable difficulties in modernizing their countries democratically; they also experience resistance from the landed oligarchy, and cannot count on strong middle-class backing, there being no capitalist stratum in the Western sense. Instead they have to lean on officers, technicians, and bureaucrats who differ among themselves, mainly over the respective advantages of Stalinist or fascist forms of dictatorship. It is nonetheless surprising that the Junta has shown so little inclination to model itself on the Kemalist regime in Turkey, which in its day effected a genuine Westernization (now threatened in some respects by a revival of former attitudes). The "Kemalist" strain is not altogether absent in Egypt's present government, but it is far weaker than uncritical European and American admirers of the regime had supposed. Instead of its effected triumph, there has been a constant tug between chauvinist pan-Arab and crypto-Communist tendencies, with a growing emphasis on military and political expansion into surrounding territories.

At this point one enters the realm of fantasy which plays so great a role in nationalist movements:

> Egypt was the first country in the world to have a regular army. When Mena, the first Pharaoh of Egypt, desired to unite Upper and Lower Egypt he organized the first regular army known to the world and in this manner achieved his end.
>
> The army has suffered a great deal under the corruption of previous regimes, but in spite of these persecutions [*sic*] and the limitations imposed on it by British imperialism, it has preserved its glorious traditions. When matters came to a crisis the army was able to lead the fight for freedom and to emancipate the country with the Revolution of July 23, 1952.
>
> The army has played its role in the past and will continue to play it successfully. The importance of the role played by the armed forces in the rebuilding of a nation need [*sic*] not be overemphasized. The political position of Egypt among world powers, its economic importance or its moral cohesion will be of no avail if they are not supported by an armed military force.

These trumpetings are taken from the official Egyptian government handbook, *The Egyptian Revolution 1952-1955*, published last summer to commemorate the armed uprising which put the Junta in power. On the face of it they are neither more nor less absurd than similar proclamations customarily issued by dictatorial regimes. They begin to look alarming only when read against the background of actual

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Egyptian policies since the military coup. Egyptian nationalism, as a conscious political movement, begins with Arabi's rebellion in 1882, which was put down by the British and led to the country's loss of independence. Ever since then the army—i.e. for practical purposes the officers' corps—has been the focus of hopes which appeared to reach fulfillment when its leaders actually got rid of the hated dynasty, and then capped this triumph by forcing the British to relinquish their hold on the Suez base. Unfortunately the army's only campaign in modern times—the Palestine war of 1948—resulted in a humiliation which has not ceased to rankle. The current explanation that defeat was due to governmental incompetence and corruption is only half believed by the new rulers who came in on the wave of national resentment against the 1948 *débâcle*, but it has become part of the unofficial mythology, as has the claim that the British intervention of 1882 cut short a promising national development. There is thus a powerful incentive to military adventure at the first opportunity if an opponent can be found who does not look too dangerous; and Israel, with its tiny area and its population of less than two millions, is just about the right size—or seems to be. It is more than likely that this calculation will turn out to be unsound, no matter how many arms the Czechs pour into Egypt, but by then it will be too late.

THAT the actual arms deal last fall came as a surprise to the Western governments is no more to be believed than that they were seriously alarmed over the chance of Colonel Nasser's "going Communist." The position is more complex than that. Washington and London had known for months that a military deal was in the offing, and were inclined to be philosophical about it, partly because they underrated its effect on the political complexion of the Junta, in part perhaps also because they saw less reason to worry about Egypt at a time when they had decided to build on Turkey and Iraq. Basically, it was and is the official view in the West that Nasser and his colleagues tend to some form of fascism, and that their temporary political maneuvers in the international field will have no effect on their determination to stamp on the Communist party. How far is this assessment correct?

That the majority of the Junta is anti-Communist may still be assumed, though this majority is perhaps not as large as was supposed until a few months ago. There is likewise no doubt that Nasser's own political ideas and those of his closest colleagues represent an amalgam of fascism and ordinary pan-Arab chauvinism. (Nasser himself admitted as much in an unpublished conversation with a responsible British correspondent, when he extolled the corporate state as a model for Egypt, and frankly accepted the term "fascist" as an adequate description of what he had in mind.) The mistake lies in thinking that this kind of orientation is a guarantee against policies which, from the long-range Communist viewpoint, would fit into the pattern of Soviet strategy. In a country like Egypt the distinction between the various brands of modern totalitarianism is often difficult to perceive. Nationalism shades off into fascism, which in turn sprouts semi-Stalinist tendencies. Some members of the Junta who are now rated as pro-Communist were extreme right-wingers in the past; one was an active Nazi sympathizer. All have in common with the Communists a violent phobia against the West and a readiness to believe that the Soviet bloc is likely to win the cold war (and perhaps the hot war too). And none of them are bothered by concern for democracy. To that extent they are thoroughly modern. It would be reassuring if one could say the same of the Western diplomats who have to deal with them.

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PHILIP PHILLIPS: SOUTHERN UNIONIST

A Memoir

I WAS born in the city of Charleston [South Carolina], on 17 Dec., 1807. I had the benefit of the best schools then existing in that city, first that of Mr. Gates and then that of Isaac Harby, a gentleman distinguished in his day for his literary attainments. [Harby was the founder of the Jewish Reform Movement in the United States.] With the family of this gentleman I also boarded for several years, and I now look back upon this period with pleasurable recollections of the kindness received from its individual members.

My mother died when I was very young. I do not now recollect the year, but the impression of her appearance is very strongly engraved on my memory. She was very tall, and consumption had worn her to the bone. Her saint-like smile, as I recall that dismal chamber in which she breathed her last, is

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OUR readers may recall two earlier selections (in our issues of last June and July) from *Memoirs of American Jews,* a three-volume collection put out by the Jewish Publication Society of America under the editorship of Dr. Jacob R. Marcus. The present selection is drawn from the final volume, scheduled to appear shortly. Again it is with permission of the JPS that we reprint this memoir.

"Philip Phillips," writes Dr. Marcus, "has been called the greatest native-born American of Jewish origin in the Ante-Bellum period. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1807, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. In 1832 he was elected to the South Carolina Nullification Convention on the Unionist ticket, and although his attachment to the South was beyond cavil, he remained a confirmed though not particularly vocal anti-Secessionist throughout the period leading up to the Civil War.

"After serving a term in the state legislature, Colonel Phillips—he had headed a South Carolina militia regiment—pulled up stakes and went west to the new cotton lands and opportunities of Alabama. In Mobile, where he settled, he was soon recognized as an outstanding legal practitioner. He published a volume of digests of Alabama Supreme Court opinions, was commissioned a judge of the criminal court (but did not serve), and finally, in 1853, was elected to Congress.

"Phillips liked Washington, where he had the opportunity to appear before the Supreme Court, to whose bar he had been admitted in 1850. His very promising career in Washington was interrupted by the Civil War, however, and the political indiscretions of his pro-Secessionist wife, Eugenia, forced him to move to the South for the duration. With peace, he returned to Washington, where he became the most successful Supreme Court lawyer of his generation. His appearance before that august body in more than four hundred cases amply qualified him to write his treatise, *The Statutory Jurisdiction and Practice of the Supreme Court of the United States* (1872). Eulogizing him after his death, his colleagues of the bar said of him that he was a "model for citizens, for statesmen, for lawyers, and for judges." He was "by common consent among the greatest."

"In 1876, at a time when the Supreme Court was not in session, Phillips wrote a short review of his life for his children, *A Summary of the Principal Events of My Life,* a typescript copy of which is in the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress.

". . . Phillips was not active in Jewish life. However, in 1857 he headed the Jewish delegation that asked President Buchanan to redress the injustice imposed on Jews by the American-Swiss Treaty of 1855; and on at least one occasion he spoke at a Jewish celebration, the dedication of a synagogue in New Orleans after the War. When he was twenty-one he accepted the secretaryship of the Reformed Society of Israelites, a liberal religious group in Charleston, S. C. . . . A cultured South Carolinian, with strong assimilationist tendencies, he would hardly have been at home among the German Jewish immigrants of the Washington Hebrew Congregation; their service in Hebrew would have had no appeal for him.

"Phillips died in Washington in 1884, and was buried in Laurel Hill Cemetery in Savannah, Georgia."

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as fixed and lasting as memory itself. It was her death that caused my transfer to a boarding school.

My father [Aaron Phillips], an emigrant from Germany, was a man of industry and sterling integrity. He fancied I possessed talent, and had so great a pride in me that he subjected himself to the friendly criticism of members of my mother's family. To afford me the best opportunity for instruction his limited means afforded, he sent me, when I was about fifteen, to the Military Academy of Capt. Partridge, which had been removed from Norwich, its original location, to Middletown, Connecticut.

This was a very popular institution, especially at the South. When I joined it there were upwards of 300 cadets in attendance. As the means of developing the physical attributes, the system pursued was an excellent one, but it failed in the exercise of that strict supervision over those studies which enlarge and strengthen the intellectual faculties. As to these, the young cadets were left very much to their own course, provided they maintained in their recitations a decent mediocrity.

I must now confess that, in the three years of my cadetship, I could never persuade myself to be a student. I disliked the gloom of the closet [study room]; I delighted in the sunshine of outdoors. Full of health and of great bodily strength and vigor, exercise of all kinds was my delight. One of my roommates, the late Gov. [Thomas Hart] Seymour of Connecticut (cousin to the distinguished Gov. [Horatio] Seymour of New York, who was also a fellow cadet), and myself passed several hours daily playing at swords. We were the two experts of the academy.

To illustrate the high degree of physical training to which we were subjected, I may mention that on one occasion a surveying class under Professor Johnson, of which I was one, marched from Middletown to Hartford, a distance of about fifteen miles, in little over three hours. On another occasion a select body of 100 cadets, with knapsacks and U. S. muskets, marched from Middletown to New Haven, thirty miles, in seven hours. While I regret that my time for study was too much neglected, I recognize the advantage gained by the strengthening of a constitution naturally vigorous, and which has carried me through a long life with unbroken health.

AT THE AGE of eighteen I returned to Charleston and determined to adopt the law as a profession. I then called to mind an incident that occurred while at Mr. Gates's school. I was always very fond of reciting select speeches from Shakespeare, and at one of our annual examinations, though very young, I was put forward for this purpose. After I had concluded my speech, Mr. John Gadsden, one of the visitors, rose from his seat and, putting his hand on my head, said: "My son, you must become a lawyer."

So flattering a testimonial from so distinguished a man, as may be supposed, made an indelible impression on my memory. Mr. Gadsden was the District Attorney of the United States, and though not a pleasant speaker, owing to an unfortunate impediment of speech, recommended himself to all by the accuracy of his learning and the sterling integrity of his character.

Meeting Mr. Gadsden in the street, I stopped him and gave him my name. He had forgotten me, but I recalled to his mind the incident at the Gates examination. "Now," said he, "I remember you well." Then I said: "I have determined to follow your advice and 'become a lawyer,' and for this purpose," I added, "I desire to pursue my studies in your office." To this he readily and kindly consented, and on the next day I was seated in his office with other novitiates, Blackstone in hand.

Here again I have to confess that my love for bodily exercise and the open air mastered my desire for close study, and the three years of preparation, though not entirely misspent, were not utilized by me with the real energy which should have been applied.

It was the day after I had reached my majority, and on a Friday, I appeared before the court with some fear and trembling for a public examination. I went through the ordeal (fortunately not a severe one) with some credit and received my parchment of admission.

I immediately determined to locate temporarily in the town of Cheraw [South Carolina], situate at the head of navigation of the Pee Dee River, one inducement being that a bachelor uncle [Joshua Lazarus] resided there who kindly had extended

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an invitation to share his home with him.

Before leaving Charleston, I called to pay my respects to Mr. Gadsden, and on taking leave of him I said: "Mr. Gadsden, I feel that should I see anyone approaching my office to ask advice, I would be strongly impelled to make my exit through the back door."

He replied: "Oh, no! stand your ground firmly. When a client states the character of his case, do not resort to the books, but give such opinions as, in your judgment, the principles of equity and justice dictate. When he is gone, go to the book, and all the chances are that you will find adjudications to sustain you." . . .

The year 1828 found me located in Cheraw, South Carloina, living first with my bachelor uncle, and when he took to himself a wife, a Miss Yates of Liverpool, at the hotel kept by Mr. Stinemetz, whose two pretty daughters proved excellent as attendants and most agreeable as companions.

My pecuniary means were very limited, but little was required. Board was supplied at $2.50 per week, and the keep of horse at $60 per annum. This will serve to mark the change in the value of money from 1828 to this centennial year of 1876. My practice soon afforded enough to carry me along without embarrassment.

The riding of the circuit was a source of enjoyment. Kindness and good humor prevailed among the brethren, and we traveled together from courthouse to courthouse, resting at midday to take our luncheon of broiled chicken (known as spread eagle), baked potatoes, broiled ham, and the inevitable Madeira which was the general solvent of that day. . . .

IN 1830 political excitement in South Carolina, consequent upon the tariff of 1832 [1828], was stimulated to the highest pitch. The right was asserted to nullify this obnoxious law of Congress by an ordinance of a convention of the people. This was claimed not as a revolutionary measure to be resorted to by a people in resisting oppressions, but as a constitutional move of redress, which necessitated the call of a convention of all the states to determine the question thus made.

The people of the state in this matter were divided by lines sharply drawn, and to combine the force of the state, clubs were formed by the party in favor of Nullification. Constitutions for this purpose were sent from Charleston, the seat of the parent club presided over by Gen'l James Hamilton [the governor], to the several districts. One of those was received in Chesterfield, the district in which Cheraw is located. This district was divided for military purposes into the upper and lower battalion. Cheraw was in the latter.

My sympathies and opinions were with the Union men, and finding Col. Ervin, an elderly and influential man, to be in accord with me, we agreed to meet the danger at once, and try to save the district for the Union cause. We immediately visited the precincts of the upper battalion, and when we could collect the people, we rallied them for the Union cause. As we both resided in the lower battalion we neglected to use the same means there, thinking them unnecessary. When the elections came on it was found that the upper battalion was nearly unanimous for the Union, while a large majority in the lower was for Nullification, but in the aggregate the vote was largely for Union.

My popularity in the district was thus firmly established. This was shown by my repeated elections, first to the convention [1832], which by a very large vote was carried by the Nullifiers, then, as colonel of the regiment, and soon after to the state legislature [1834]. . . .

I may now say, writing only for the eyes of my family who will not misjudge my motives, I have never sought political promotion. I have never gone out to seek it, but when I have received it, it has come unbidden to my door, and *sought* me. How I came to be elected a colonel, a title which has ever since been attached to my name, I should explain, as it connects itself with the political question referred to.

By an ordinance of the convention, it was declared that *allegiance* was due only to the state, and subject to this allegiance, and through it, *obedience* to the general government. To carry out this doctrine, the legislature, under the instructions of the convention, passed an act vacating all the military concessions and providing for a new election. The newly elected, before receiving their commissions, were to take the new oath

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of allegiance. The purpose of this act was, of course, to put the whole military force of the state in the hands of the Nullification party. My political associates insisted I should become a candidate for the colonelcy of the Chesterfield Regiment for the purpose of raising the question as to the constitutionality of the new oath thus imposed. I was elected, but before my application a test case was made by a gentleman elected major in Lancaster District.

It was thus I was elevated to an office for which I had little taste and less capacity, and the object of my election accomplished nothing, as the major's case produced the judgment of the Supreme Court declaring the oath to be unconstitutional. The judgment was rendered by [Judges] Johnston [David Johnson] and O'Neale [Belton Oneall], [William] Harper dissenting. . . .

The convention assembled in 1832 at Columbia [South Carolina], and on the 24th December adopted the ordinance which declared null and void the Tariff Acts of 1828 and July, 1832, with the further declaration that if any species of coercion was attempted by the federal government, "the people of this state will thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain their political connexion with the people of the other states, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and to do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent states may of right do." . . .

In 1833 Benjamin Watkins Leigh was appointed by Virginia a commissioner to intercede, for the purpose of having the ordinance rescinded. He urged upon Governor Haynes [Robert Young Hayne] the fact that Congress had materially modified the Tariff Laws of 1828 and 1832. His request for again assembling the convention was complied with, and on 15 March an ordinance was passed declaring of no force and effect the ordinance of 24 November, 1832.

The excitement produced by this attempt to nullify an act of Congress was so great as to produce complete nonintercourse socially, and this extended itself to members of the same family. The ties of blood were dissolved in the furnace of political agitation.

The Union party in the convention did not number thirty delegates, but it was a compact and determined minority, backed by a constituency resolved, if the final struggle came, to stand by their principles at whatever cost. It was a happy fortune that saved the state from the horrors of a civil war. . . .

The legislature assembled in 1834, and immediately several acts were introduced, intended to brand the Union men as unworthy the confidence of the state. They were made the special order for a day fixed. It was difficult to reconcile men who had been for years denouncing each other as traitors to the best interests of society and the state. But the effort was initiated by wise leaders on either side.

All the Union men boarded together at Hunt's, near the Capitol. Negotiations looking to the restoration of harmony were then considered, which resulted in this resolve: that the Union men, in refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the state, were influenced only by the ordinance of the convention, which [however] decreed that allegiance was due to the Federal government, and were willing to take the oath to the state fixed by this definition. It was agreed by the leaders that the substance of this should be embodied in a report to be made by David I. McCord, chairman of the appropriate committee, and that on its adoption the odious acts should be indefinitely postponed. This being agreed on, it remained to be seen whether the leaders of the Nullifiers could procure the consent of the rank and file of the party.

For the purpose of a conference they met in caucus on the day fixed for the consideration of these acts. All the Union men were in their seats in the legislature hall at eleven o'clock, the hour of meeting. The Nullifiers were all absent. The galleries were filled to overflowing by men and women, active participators in the excitement, and expecting to witness what is called a "field day" in legislation.

It was one o'clock when the opposite body appeared. Turning my eyes to the door of entrance, I distinguished Gen'l Hamilton. He beckoned to me, and when we met, he took me by the arm and we descended to the governor's room in the basement. Closing the door after us, he said: "My young friend, we have had a difficult and boisterous

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time in caucus. We have carried a majority for our compromise, but against the violent dissent of the minority. Now, what I wish is that in the debate which will occur in the House to carry out the measure, you do not interfere. Leave the matter wholly to us, and when we succeed, then I wish you to address the House, accepting the measure as a peace offering and congratulating the country on its restoration to harmony."

This I readily agreed to, although I suggested that an older and more influential man should be selected for the office. He said: "No, there are reasons why this would come best from you."

The debate that took place was indeed a violent one, but the measures according to the program were all carried out. When the final vote was announced, I spoke as I had promised. I was brief but impassioned, and when I concluded, the hall rang with the wildest cheers, in which the galleries participated, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the men their hats. An informal adjournment then took place; the members rushed from side to side in the hands of those who had but lately been regarded as bitter foes; tears of gratitude from many who now saw that the sacred family unity, which had been so rudely broken, would again arise to bless the land. Of course, as the organ of this peace proclamation, I came in for my full share of congratulations. This scene was fully described by Mr. [Thomas] Ritchie in the Richmond *Enquirer,* who paid the people of South Carolina the high compliment by saying that he did not believe that such a transaction could have taken place in any other state of the union. . . .

WHILE serving in the second session of the legislature I was induced by Col. Thomas Williams, a member from York district, to form a partnership with him for the practice of law at Mobile [Alabama], to which city I removed in 1835.

The colonel, a man of splendid physique, was reputed the ablest advocate in the upper portion of the state, and I relied much upon this for future success, as Alabama was fast being populated by emigration from our native state. It will hereafter be seen that in this I was disappointed. . . .

Previous to my removal from the state I had written to Mr. Duke Goodman, formerly a factor in the city of Charleston, to rent an office for us. He met me on my arrival at Mobile, and pointed out the office he had engaged, which was on Royal Street, and to my inquiry as to the rent he astonished me by stating it at $1,500!

Mobile was then attracting great attention in all parts of the country. I was more than astonished—I was staggered by what seemed to me an unheard-of price for a lawyer's office. I was making an experiment in a strange land; my means were very limited; all I possessed was $5,000, my share of my father's estate.

I entered, however, on my duties with a determined will, dividing the room by a curtain; and occupying one portion of it as a chamber. It was not many months before my fears as to the rent vanished, and I became satisfied that, notwithstanding extravagant prices, and the self-indulgent habits of those occupying my rank in life, I should easily get along.

In 1836 I returned to Charleston, and on 7 September fulfilled by marriage my previous engagement. My wife [Eugenia Levy] was not then seventeen years of age, and I was anxious as to her ability to endure the fatigues of the homeward journey. The railroad from Charleston to Hamburg [South Carolina] was then completed, 136 miles, the largest road of the kind then in existence. From Hamburg to Montgomery [Alabama] we had to stage it. This occupied seven days and nights over some very rough and hilly country in Georgia. This long journey, however, she accomplished apparently without fatigue, making merry of the upsets and other annoyances which sorely tried the endurance of the other passengers.

Arriving at Montgomery, we took a little steamer, called the "Fox," and were seven days more in reaching Mobile. The beauty of the Alabama River was at that time very striking. The banks in their native verdure were studded with a variety of flowers; the water was blue and so translucent that you could see every object on its bed. The trees were heavy with flocks of paraqueets whose twittering filled the air. I am describing the upper portion of the river as it existed in 1836.

I continued to reside in Mobile until 1853, and I propose only a brief notice of the chief events of my life during that period. As to

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my professional success, it was greater than my diligence deserved. I suppose that my average annual income was about $8,000. This was easily made and still more easily expended. During this time I was successively associated in business with Gov. John Nayle, Judge [Edmund Strother] Dargan, afterwards chief justice of the state, and R. B. Sewall. For many years, and up to 1853, I was the attorney of the Bank of Mobile at a salary of $2,000. The partnership with Mr. Williams was dissolved very soon after it was made, as he was not willing to risk the summer climate of Mobile.

For the greater portion of this period we resided at Somerville, in the western suburbs of the city, and then on the [Mobile] Bay, where the house I built was consumed by fire. By that disaster I lost almost everything I possessed. The picture of my two oldest children, Clavius and Fanny, was rescued from the flames by their faithful colored nurse, and now adorns our parlor at Washington. . . .

In 1840 I prepared and published a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court of the state, and in 1846 a new edition thereof. This was the first publication of the kind. In 1844 I was elected to the legislature, then convened at Tuscaloosa, and was made chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations. In 1846 a separate court for the city of Mobile was established and, much to my surprise, I received from the governor, Benj. Fitzpatrick, my commission as judge. I qualified by taking the necessary oath, but having come to the conclusion that it would disqualify me from practising in the other courts, I subsequently resigned. . . .

In 1852 I was again elected to the legislature, then held at Montgomery and was made chairman of the Committee on Internal Improvements. In this capacity I introduced and had passed a memorial to Congress, praying [for] an appropriation for the survey of a ship channel across the Isthmus of Florida. This was granted, and the survey has been made. This great, national work has not yet been undertaken, but my children may live to see it executed.

I also introduced a bill for a system of railroads. It was the cause of great excitement; the people were not prepared for the large appropriations necessary for the purpose. It was defeated by a small majority. It, however, aroused public attention. Since then several of these roads have been constructed, and in time all will be.

My local attachments are very strong, stronger than those which are personal. I devoted much time to matters relative to the improvement of the city and state. It could have been more profitably employed in my profession. My exertions in this direction produced some fruit, but more barren blossoms.

In 1852 I was elected to the Democratic convention held at Baltimore for the nomination of [a] presidential candidate. I was appointed to the Committee on Resolutions, and made a speech in support of Mr. [Franklin] Pierce, who was subsequently elected.

During the same year [the Hungarian liberator, Lajos] Kossuth and suite visited Mobile. Mesdames Kossuth and [Ferencz Pulszky] Pulsky [the wife of Kossuth's companion] became our guests for several days. After they left I chanced upon some Hungarian bonds in my wife's drawer. I suppose their *full value* was paid for them. Kossuth made a public address, and his command of our language, his thorough acquaintance with our affairs, and his eloquence excited my highest admiration. As an orator I have never heard his equal. . . .

I COME now to the year 1853, when a convention was held at Mobile for the nomination of a member of Congress for that district. This nomination was presided over by Col. Wm. R. Hallett, president of the Bank of Mobile, of which I was then attorney.

Col. Hallett had befriended me in many ways, especially in aiding me to get through an unfortunate speculation made in [the panic year] 1837 in orange grove lots, whereby I lost $25,000, a large sum for those days. One of my sons bears his name in token of this friendship.

When the convention assembled I had not been mentioned in connection with the nomination. I had, as it was well-known to my friends, refused on prior occasions to consider an offer of such promotion, as my limited means would not warrant the loss absence from the state would bring upon me.

After several days' balloting without result for the gentlemen in nomination, my name was suddenly proposed. Col. Hallett

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protested against it in my behalf and threatened to resign his position if persisted in. It was, however, insisted upon, and I was unanimously nominated. On my way to dinner that day, I was met by a committee who surprised me by announcing the action of the convention and that it was waiting for my presence. I had a brief consultation with Col. Hallett, and the conclusion arrived at was that under the circumstances of this nomination an acceptance was proper.

The election took place in August. My opponent was Elihu Lockwood, a Northern man by birth, but an old resident of the state, who had gained great popularity by his integrity of character but, more particularly, by the investment of his means in establishing a line of ocean steamers, with Mobile as the home port. The "Black Warrior" was one, then commanded by Lieut. Schufeldt [Robert Wilson Shufeldt] now a distinguished officer of the Navy.

The election was severely contested, and I succeeded by a majority of a few hundred votes whereas the party majority, as shown by the preceding election, was very much larger.

This dissemination was thus produced. In the last legislature preceding my election . . . a joint committee [had been appointed] to report what should be done with the codification of the laws of the state, then in manuscript, which had been prepared and laid before the House by the codifiers.

The report made by me for the committee in effect recommended the printing and adoption of the code, leaving the succeeding legislature to remedy any errors or deficiencies which might be discovered, and this was adopted.

It happened that the amanuensis employed by the codifiers, in copying the list of articles exempt from execution, omitted by accident the item of 100 bushels of corn.

This was during the canvass carefully concealed, until I reached the county of Butler, on our way to Mobile. There the mine was exploded. I was charged with being the author of the code, and an enemy of the poor man. Handbills had been set up throughout the country[side] to this effect. Everywhere the judgements recovered before magistrates for small sums were executed by the seizure of corn, and "Corn for Sale" was posted at all the crossroads.

It was in vain that the codifiers telegraphed that this omission was a mere clerical mistake. It was in vain I stated my true relation to the code. I tried ridicule, I tried argument; both were ineffectual. At many of the precincts I did not receive a single vote, and in this country [county] where the usual democratic majority was about 600 I was beaten by about the same number.

Full returns of the election were received late at night on [a day in] . . . August. I had retired to rest in a philosophical temper. As I had made the contest I desired victory but, on the other hand, I was consoled by the reflection that defeat would be to my pecuniary advantage. About midnight I was aroused by my wife to answer a violent ringing of the doorbell. I hastened down in robe and slippers and, in opening the door, was greeted with cheers by a crowd of my political supporters. My rooms were soon filled, and, after a very brief address, I proceeded to the sideboard, where I made a vain search for the usual treat. In this embarrassment I remembered that my friend Isaac Bell, formerly of Mobile and now residing in his native city of New York, had some months previously presented me with a demijohn of old gin of a superior quality, which for safekeeping had been stored in the closet of my chamber. This I called for. To my great surprise I found it answered to the demand of one "grand round" only, and with this my friends departed soberly.

This month of August ushered in one of the most fatal epidemics (yellow fever) that ever afflicted the south. The description of the plague given in the *Decameron* was fully realized in all its cruel incidents. I determined at once to avail myself of the proffered hospitality of my wife's parents, who then resided in Savannah.

Before starting, my friend and family physician, Dr. Josiah C. Nott, one of the authors of *Types of Mankind,* supplied me with a basket of drugs and a letter of instruction as to their use, in case they were needed on the journey.

We took the steamboat for Montgomery, with eight children and nurses. The second day out, Phebe Dunlap, our seamstress and devoted friend, now living at New Orleans, was taken with the fever, but with the means provided by our good doctor, and with the

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arduous nursing of my wife, she was carried safely through the shadow of death. . . .

In November, 1853, we located in Washington, occupying the house of Mr. Gideon on F Street, a few doors east of Seventh, then a fashionable quarter.

I served through the long and short sessions of the Thirty-third Congress. My compensation averaged $2,500 a year. How I discharged my duties as representative, I leave to the judgment of others, on the evidence exhibited by the record of the [*Congressional*] *Globe* [precursor of the *Congressional Record*]. My principal speeches related to the act prescribing the manner of appointing the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (23 Dec., 1853); the act organizing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas (24 April, 1854); the Mexican Treaty, and power of the House of Representatives in relation thereto (27 June, 1854); the act for payment of French spoliations (25 Jan., 1855). . . .

When my congressional term expired [in 1855], I was again unanimously designated for re-election, but my determination was fixed against any further political employment. I had lost largely in a pecuniary way, as the cost of living greatly exceeded my pay as a member. Besides this, I had lost my clientele in Mobile. Mr. [Joseph G.] Baldwin, my partner, [author of *The Flush Times of Alabama, etc.*] very shortly after my arrival in Washington, had removed to San Francisco, where he was soon elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of that state [California].

Under these circumstances I determined to fix myself permanently in Washington and to devote myself exclusively to my profession. . . .

When engaged in my profession at Washington, my practice in the Supreme Court being yet limited, I published in one of the journals of the city a series of articles for organizing the Court of Claims so as to vest it with judicial power and give conclusiveness to its judgments. I have the satisfaction of believing that these efforts contributed to a great degree in creating the present court, and thus establishing a reform needful to the pure administration of justice. . . .

On the 24 August, 1861, we were living on I Street, and my office was kept upstairs, in the wing of the house. While engaged at my desk, an officer entered and told me to consider myself under arrest. He then demanded my papers and especially my letters, which he hurriedly overhauled. He then told me the orders were I was not to leave the house. It seems that at the same time detectives were in the front chambers searching for papers. When this was over, my wife, two daughters [Fanny and Caroline], and my wife's sister [Martha Levy] were taken away and imprisoned in the attic story of Mrs. Greenhaugh's [Rose O. Greenhow] residence in this city, on 16th St., near K St. . . .

Beyond all doubt, the sympathies of my wife and daughters were strongly on the Southern side, and they were doubtless openly expressed and, considering the times, indiscreetly so. Rebellion, or revolution, developed a new chapter in our history, and as the right of secession was openly advocated in the Senate chamber, women could not be made to understand that it would be treated as treasonable to proclaim adherence to it in their parlors. I was confined to my room one week, and my wife and daughters until the 18 September.

During my confinement I was visited one night by Mr. Edwin M. Stanton, afterwards so celebrated as Secretary of War. He was a friend and at this time a *stronger sympathizer with the South* than I was. It appears that subsequent events carried him over to the other side. His motives for the change I have no right to question. I am indebted to him for his zeal in aiding the liberation of my family. . . .

My wife and daughters were released; the officials, notwithstanding my arrest, had confidence in me and entrusted them to my sole guidance and custody. . . . But a brief time was allowed us to prepare for our exodus and, as a consequence, our household furniture was sold at a great sacrifice.

I had previously spoken to Mr. Seward, then Secretary of State, as to the propriety of allowing me to take my family South, as the policy of the government was to change the tone of public sentiment at Washington, which was then strongly Southern. I had my extensive law library packed in boxes, and entrusted it for safekeeping to Mr. McGuire, the auctioneer, and it is now in my possession.

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Preparatory to my departure I applied to the provost marshal for the return of papers taken from the possession of my wife and daughters. He returned me a large bundle. Whether any letters were retained by him I know not.

I find among them two letters: one addressed by my daughter Fanny, written at New Orleans, to her mother under date 30 April, 1861; the other written by my daughter Lina [Caroline] to her sister in New Orleans, and of same date. These two letters, I presume, were not intended to be delivered up, for they . . . had been endorsed for the purpose of being retained.

It has afforded me amusement to look over the letters of my daughters as I prepare this. These two young girls of amiable disposition wrote under the excitement, which then pervaded the public mind, like two viragos. If they could read them now, they would themselves laugh heartily at their extravagant expressions. It is no less amusing to note the extravagant excitement of the provost marshal, who gravely endorses the tattle of these two children as "rank treason."

My departure from Washington was facilitated by the friendly offices of Gen'l Winfield Scott, who gave me written permission to carry out $5,000 in gold. He directed the officer in command at Fortress Monroe to furnish a steamboat to convey us to Cran[e]y Island [Virginia], then the highest point where the Confederates held sway. Col. [General Benjamin] Huger was then in command at that post. . . .

After a brief sojourn, I took the family to New Orleans, trusting that there I would be freed from the complications of the war. I opened a law office, but found a literal interpretation of the maxim *inter arma leges silent* ["In time of war the laws are silent"].

New Orleans relied upon her forts for her protection, but after a severe and prolonged bombardment they were passed by [Commodore David G.] Farragut's fleet. I was on the levee and witnessed its arrival at the city on 25 April, 1862. As soon as the telegraph announced that the fleet had passed Fort St. Philip, a general conflagration of the produce lying on the levee, at least so much of it as could not be taken away, enveloped the city with its smoke. The Union flag was hoisted over the Mint, but was torn down, as alleged, by a man named [William B.] Mumford, who was hung on the arrival of Gen'l [Benjamin F.] Butler, commanding the land forces of the United States. . . .

[After the occupation of New Orleans, Mrs. Phillips was arrested by order of General Butler and confined on Ship Island.]

The suffering induced by this confinement during the summer heat was very great, but it was very much allocated [alleviated?] by the companionship and attendance of [Mrs. Phillips' maid] Phebe Dunlap, who was permitted to accompany the prisoner. For three months neither my wife nor her attendant were permitted to leave the small room in which they were confined. During this period I was allowed on two occasions to visit them. All correspondence had to be passed through the office of the provost marshal, and the letters were, I presume, all read before delivery.

If the imprudence of my wife brought on her these difficulties, she endured the consequences of them with a heroic spirit that could not be excelled. It was this only which enabled her to go through her sufferings and preserve her health.

Her letters were written during this imprisonment in the most cheerful temper. In many of them she forbids any application to be made for her release, either by myself or friends. In one of them she says: "If the boys behave badly, send them to [General] Butler to be corrected." No application for her release was ever made by anyone to my knowledge.

She returned home early one morning, greatly to our surprise and joy, but the meeting with the children overcame her and produced a nervous fit. Her screams were heard by the crowd that assembled at the door and gave rise to the wildest rumors of her insanity. . . .

Immediately after her release, I made an effort to get my family out of the Federal lines, and on 29 October [1862] I succeeded in procuring from Gen'l Sheply [George Foster Shepley], military governor, a passport for the purpose. I took with me my sister's family and left the lake end in a small schooner filled with refugees.

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Our next location was in the pleasant village of La Grange, situated in the heart of Georgia. There I purchased, in conjunction with Mr. Levy, my brother-in-law, a charming cottage house, with beautiful surroundings. Several other families, refugees like ourselves, located in this village, and formed a pleasant social circle which served to while away the time. The gentlemen had their Boston [card] club, and the ladies, musical parties. Several hours each day I devoted myself to hard labor in the cultivation of the vegetable and flower garden.

I visited Mobile whenever I had a professional call. The first occasion was to defend the interests of certain persons in the steamer "Fox." The circumstances of the case deserve mention. The steamer was lying at the mouth of the Mississippi while New Orleans was in possession of the Federal forces. A Capt. Andrews, with a few daring companions, fitted out a little schooner for her capture. The enterprise was eminently successful, and the steamer was brought into [the] port of Mobile, and then libelled as *prize of war*. I defended for the citizen owners on the ground that all captures accrued to the benefit of the government, as representative of its citizens, and that the title of citizens was not divested by such a capture, [and] that the captors were not libelled under prize law, but only to compensation for salvage services. This was sustained by the decree. The boat was sold for $500,000, one half awarded to [the] captors, the other half to the owners. My fee was $15,000 in Confederate money. This I invested in fifty bales of cotton and twenty-five shares of stock in a coal mine. On the former I realized at the close of the War as much in Treasury notes as I had invested in Confederate money. The stock I still retain, but is of little value.

On another occasion I visited the city and argued before Judge [William G.] Jones, formerly district judge of the United States, the question as to the power of the Confederate government to tax the bonds of the Confederate states. The negative was maintained by me, and sustained by the court.

One case may be worth mentioning. Three English steamers, the "Virgin," the "Mary," and the "Red Gauntlet," eluded the blockade and made their way into the [Mobile] Bay. Gen'l [Dabney Herndon] Maury, then commanding, seized these boats for harbor use. I was employed to appear before the board of appraisement. They were valued at £20,000 each. I was paid for this service $1,000, and was then employed to go to Richmond [Virginia], to collect the money. For this service I received £300 sterling. This was near the close of the war, and the value in Confederate currency was about $75,000. My fees during my four years' residence in La Grange enabled me to support the family abundantly and furnished the means to begin a new life with the expenses incident to the changed condition from the economy of war to the extravagances of peace.

I was accompanied on my visit to Richmond by Mr. [Andrew J.] Ingersoll of Mobile, the agent of the foreign owners of the steamers. We succeeded in getting from the government £10,000. A second visit to Richmond in the last months of the Confederacy proved unavailing. The treasury was empty, the army worn out, the [Confederate] commissioners had returned from their interview with President Lincoln at [the Hampton Roads Conference, February 3, 1865, near] Fortress Monroe, dispirited.

I saw the end approaching with rapidity, as I had long anticipated. I did not, therefore, tarry. My journey homeward was embarrassed by the movements of the armies. [Confederate Vice President] Alexander H. Stephens travelled with me, and, owing to his ill health, we only journeyed in the daytime. Waggons and mules were furnished us, when needful, to flank the military forces, or when railroads failed us. We finally arrived at Washington, Georgia, where I left Mr. Stephens at the residence of Mr. [Robert A.] Toombs.

Our afternoon amusement while at La Grange for those who, like ourselves, were without fixed employment, was to assemble at the depot when the cars to and fro[m] Atlanta made a landing. On the 10 May, 1865, we were at the depot, and on the arrival of the cars a gentleman stepped out with a newspaper in his hand. When he was about resuming his position in the car I asked him, if he had read it, to let us have it. He complied, and the first thing that arrested my attention was a proclamation offering a reward of $100,000 for the

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apprehension of [Confederate President] Jefferson Davis, C.[lement] C.[laiborne] Clay [sometime Confederate agent in Canada], and others, charged with being accomplices to the assassination of President Lincoln.

Mr. Clay and wife had recently arrived at La Grange, and Mrs. Clay was then present at the depot. I took her aside, pointed to the horrible accusation, and advised her to immediately communicate it to her husband. The distress of this good woman was painful to behold. In a few minutes a messenger on horseback summoned me to Mr. Clay, who was staying at the fine mansion of Mr. Ben Hill, now a representative in Congress. Mr. Clay earnestly protested his innocence. My advice was asked. I said: "Mr. Clay, in a matter which so seriously concerns you, I prefer you should first state the result of your own judgement." "It is," said he, "I should deliver myself to Gen'l Wilson." "I am happy," I replied, "to concur in your proposal instead of having myself suggested it."

A letter was at once written to Gen'l [James Harrison] Wilson, then in command at Macon [Georgia]. . . .

It was then, on the morning of the eleventh, that I started for Macon with Mr. Clay in my custody. Mrs. Clay accompanied us. We were compelled to stop the night at Atlanta, en route to Macon. I there reported to the Federal general, who at my request detailed an officer to remain with us until our departure, to protect us from any molestation. Arriving at Macon, I left Mr. and Mrs. C. at the house of one of their friends living in the suburbs, and immediately visited Gen'l Wilson's headquarters to report to him that Mr. Clay was then in the city and had come voluntarily to surrender himself.

In my intercourse with the general I found him in every way worthy of his rank. He expressed great astonishment that Mr. Clay should be thus accused, but said: "I am bound to suppose that my government had good grounds to rest on in making the accusation." On asking him for his orders, he said that he had none other to give except that Mr. Clay was to hold intercourse while in Macon with no one but the family whose hospitality he was enjoying. He then agreed to my request to allow Mr. Clay to remain for several days, while his wife made a visit to friends in south Georgia to collect funds for their further journey.

The day after our arrival (Saturday), as I entered the town from our suburban residence, I was accosted by Gen'l Wilson's aide, who told me he was just then in search of me, as Gen'l Wilson wished to see me immediately. The general said, when we met, he had sent for me to say that he was obliged to withdraw the permission given to Mr. Clay to remain some days at Macon; that a telegram had just been receivd announcing the arrest of Mr. Davis and party, who would be in Macon about twelve o'clock that day; that another telegram had given him the information that a steamer was lying at Beaufort, and he had determined to send the prisoners overland that evening to Beaufort, to be thence transported by steamer to Fortress Monroe. He added: "As Mrs. Clay is determined to accompany her husband, this is the best arrangement that could be made."

The new order, therefore, directed Mr. Clay to be at the depot at seven o'clock, for the purpose of taking the train that evening. As Atlanta was on the way to La Grange, I obtained permission to accompany the party to that point. When we arrived at the depot we found it environed by a cordon of troops. Within these lines was a carriage containing Mr. Davis' wife and children. As we entered the car allotted to us, our names were taken down by an officer stationed at the car steps.

On each alternate bench within the car sat two soldiers fully armed, and on the rear seat the officer in command. With Mr. Davis was Mr. [John Henninger] Reagan, postmaster general of the Confederacy, now a representative at Congress; Mr. Harrison, his private secretary, and some others whose names are now not recalled. There was attached to our car another, containing a full company armed and equipped.

A common misfortune, which thus brought Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay together, seemed to produce a reconciliation of difficulties which had severed their association for many years, and without any explanation they at once embraced and kissed.

History will tell of the imprisonment of these gentlemen, and show how groundless was the accusation for which they so long suffered.

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Very shortly after my arrival home the quiet of the little town, which during the whole period of the war had been undisturbed, was now rudely broken by the entrance of a body of troops, singularly enough commanded by an officer bearing the name of the town. The depot and tannery were burnt, and the body of troops passed on, leaving behind the straggling bummers who robbed the people of their watches and other portables. On complaint made, Col. LaGrange ordered their restoration.

These troops were part of Gen'l Wilson's command. They crossed at West Point [near La Grange, Georgia], and were assailed by a small body of boys and old men who had improvised a little breastwork on a hill commanding the bridge [April 16, 1865]. Two of their officers were killed, and the remainder of the party was bagged. LaGrange's force was about 5,000 men.

Among the captives was my son John, then about fifteen. We were relieved by a message sent by the Col., as he passed through, that he was safe and sound, but that under new regulations no parole could be granted until the elapse of ten days. He added that the boys had displayed the utmost gallantry. At the expiration of ten days John reached home, a richer if not a wiser youth, for he was the owner of the mule on which he returned.

A few days subsequently we learned the surrender of Lee's Army. This terminated a struggle in which the South lost all but honor. So far as the loss of property in slaves was involved, I regard it as the greatest blessing. Out of the nettle danger, we pluck the flower safety. *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.* A new generation with self-reliant spirit will create a new South, and crown it by their energy and industry, with all that enriches and enobles a land. . . .

The War having closed, I determined to locate again at Washington, leaving for the present my family at La Grange. My sojourn was brief. I found a wonderful change in the population. New faces met me at every step; the few old acquaintances I encountered extended to me a hesitating courtesy. I found my admission to practice in the courts was barred by the odious test oath, commonly known as the Iron Clad Oath of 2 July, 1862. This required all *officers* to swear that they had given *"no aid, countenance, counsel,* or *encouragement* to *any person"* in armed hostility to the government.

The Act 24 Jan'y, 1865, directed this oath to be taken by attornies as a prerequisite to an appearance in the courts of the United States. In this condition of things, though I had been opposed to secession and had committed no overt act of hostility to the government, I determined that I could not conscientiously subscribe to this far-reaching test of loyalty.

I would have remained in Washington until the dawn of a better day, but my pecuniary means were limited and, to confess it, my courage, not to say my manhood, was shattered by the past and by forebodings of the future. I gave away the furniture of my new office and returned to La Grange, much to the surprise and mortification of my wife, whose hopeful disposition always sees the silver lining in the cloud. Still leaving my family, I located at New Orleans, where I remained two winters.

I think it was Napoleon who said that to constitute a well-poised man, forethought and energy should be equally balanced. A preponderance of the former prevents action, and [a preponderance] of the latter leads to enterprises too large for the judgment. If I am a correct judge of myself, my forethought overpowers my motive power.

A final return to Washington, however, was ever lingering in my mind, and this feeling was quickened by the unwillingness of my wife to live in New Orleans, and by the advice of Judge Campbell, who insisted that Washington was my proper theater of action. . . .

The test oath, as applied to attornies, had at the December term, 1866, been declared void by the Supreme Court in the case of *Ex parte Garland.* The field being thus opened to me, on 7 July, 1867, again leaving my family behind, I once more established my office in this city, in the building still occupied by me at the corner of C St. and Louisiana Avenue.

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WEST GERMANY'S DEMOCRATIC FUTURE

After Adenauer What?

F. R. ALLEMANN

BONN

KONRAD ADENAUER stands on the threshold of a Biblical four-score years, an age at which most politicians retire, and the speculation as to who will succeed him to the Chancellorship has by now become a kind of parlor game in West Germany. The big question, however, is not *who* but *what* will come after Adenauer.

To be sure, *what* the West German republic stands for, both at home and abroad, cannot be divorced from the *who* of Adenauer. He has established himself so solidly as an institution that one feels a certain reluctance even to look ahead to the time when he will not be bestriding the German scene.

Adenauer is known to regard himself as the guarantor against any German relapse into rabid nationalism, a kind of faithful shepherd seeing to it that the German people never again go astray. A man harboring so high a conception of his mission does not willingly, even in jest, set a time limit for its accomplishment. And if he feels himself to be irreplaceable, he must experience a tightening at the heart to think that some day power must slip from his hands.

Possibly not unrelated to this intense feeling of his irreplaceability is the Chancellor's own reluctance to consider seriously the problem of his successor. There are good enough reasons for this attitude. Adenauer is wise and experienced enough to know the limits of his authority. He knows that it cannot be passed on, either by yielding his place to a successor right now or by naming a political heir for the future. Only a politician of real stature who struck the public as a "natural" candidate could effectively claim Adenauer's legacy—and such a politician is nowhere in sight at present in Bonn. And if he were, he would not need to deck himself in the mantle of an authority handed down from the present incumbent of the Chancellorship.

EMERGING from the rubble of the Third Reich as the creation of foreign occupying powers, and dividing the German territory with a rival to the East enjoying even less legitimacy, the West German state could at first claim only the feeblest of authority for its institutions. How little prestige it enjoyed in the eyes of its subjects when it was founded cannot be overemphasized, and ought not to be forgotten. It was a state that floated as it were in air, without a history or any clear connection with the past, a synthetic product. Everything depended on whether it would have time to stabilize itself. Nor could stability be achieved simply through the working of its impersonal institutions. The rudimentary postwar political consciousness of the Germans needed a leading personality to incarnate and personify their new state for them. Adenauer became that personality—one all the more effective because it embodied what the Germans most keenly felt the lack of: continuity.

Of course, Adenauer's present influence is grounded primarily in the success of his policies. But beyond this, there are other,

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CAN democracy in Germany survive Adenauer's departure from the scene? F. R. ALLEMANN here discusses the dangers as well as advantages of Adenauer's extraordinary prestige and personal power, and attempts to cast some light into the obscure future of the post-Adenauer Bonn Republic. Foreign correspondent of the Zurich *Tat* and contributor to *Der Monat* of West Berlin, Mr. Allemann made his first appearance in COMMENTARY last March with "Will History Repeat Itself in Germany?"

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deeper reasons that are not to be grasped so rationally. One of these is that Adenauer is rooted in the German past, however much he may seem to hold himself aloof from many aspects of it. During a period of restoration following upon convulsion and collapse, the politician whose person seems to extend back from the uncertain present, overleaping the immediate revolutionary past, to an earlier period of stability and legitimacy has his great chance. Even Adenauer's enemies cannot deny that he has known how to exploit this chance—without having to rely too much upon outmoded ideas.

By 1949 the consolidation of the Federal Republic was beginning to be a fact; the Bonn regime was able to guarantee well-being, security, and stability. At the same time it seemed able to satisfy the German need for authority and obedience without doing harm to democratic forms and institutions. That democracy and authority are not mutually exclusive is a new discovery for Germans, and they have Adenauer to thank for it. The Weimar Republic never produced anything like it. Just because Weimar was unable to clothe its democratic forms with any real authority, a man like Hindenburg, who was completely estranged from the state he was called on to head, could satisfy the need for a national father-image. Adenauer has been called a Hindenburg in civilian clothes but, unlike the latter, he is inseparably identified with a democratic state, which is one moreover that he himself helped create. The strengthening of his personal authority has not signified the weakening of the state's; rather has the one redounded to and enhanced the other.

That was a piece of good luck. But if ill fortune can breed good fortune, the reverse is also true. Wrapped up in that gift package to Germany which is Adenauer are certain serious dangers.

THAT West Germany's public life, governmental organization, and political will are cut to the measure of one, and only one, person represents the first of these dangers. As absurd as most parallels between Adenauer and Bismarck are, there is a single deadly one. As the Prusso-German empire of 1871 was Bismarck's creation, so the Federal Republic of 1949 is Adenauer's. The latter has been formed in a way that allows a single individual to manipulate it almost at will. To be sure, the Bonn constitution, unlike Bismarck, did not intend this, and is doubtless susceptible of different interpretations among which "Adenauer democracy" is but one. But the living constitution of a state is not just a matter of text, it is also shaped by practical politics. And the practical politics of the Bonn Republic's first, formative years have been completely dominated by Adenauer as the center around which all federal institutions turn and the reference point for every activity. Thanks to his will power, tenacity of purpose, and a clear-cut political line, power, both constitutional and extra-constitutional, became concentrated in his hands. And not only did he get control of the executive machinery of the state, he also came to dominate West Germany's largest political party and, in great measure, parliament itself. This arrangement works well enough, no doubt, and may even offer considerable advantages, but only as long as the hand at the controls is strong and steady. A weaker hand than Adenauer's might be unable to make the machine respond, and then everything would grind to a standstill.

A second danger of the present Bonn system need only be briefly hinted at. Even the ablest statesman cannot personally master all the complicated machinery of a modern state. He needs helpers. In the normal democratic state, the prime minister's or president's cabinet performs these auxiliary functions. At Bonn, however, there has arisen what arises under every personal regime: a non-responsible, shadow cabinet alongside the official one that is staffed by intimates of the Chancellor—in other words, a "kitchen cabinet" that exercises power not directly, but through the official and unofficial delegation of some of the Chancellor's plenary powers, and whose operations, though very difficult to grasp in detail, radi-

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ate far beyond the precincts of the Schaumberg Palace. One man, State Secretary Globke,* whom Adenauer apparently trusts unreservedly, today exercises an influence not only greater than that of any single cabinet minister (who theoretically enjoys a higher rank), but one that insinuates itself by devious means into the sphere of competence of every cabinet minister.

More serious still is the atrophy of other, more crucial democratic institutions under Adenauer's personal regime. The Bonn constitution, which intentionally gives the executive broad authority, also presupposes a strong parliament to balance it. Instead of gradually loosening his personal rule, as the necessity of it has become less urgent, instead of giving the developing republic room in which to breathe, Adenauer continues to maintain the power of this rule to the point where the organs of democratic autonomy threaten to become stunted. The utter subjection of the majority in the Bundestag to his will has been the most alarming symptom of this. Something similar has happened in the executive branch itself, where the collective responsibility of the cabinet is noticeably diminished. Elections to the provincial parliaments as well as those to the Bundestag have taken on the character of plebiscites in which the sole issue is Adenauer. And Bonn's systematic meddling in the make-up of the provincial cabinets—done by the leaders of a party that has "federalism" and "provincial autonomy" inscribed on its banners—has led to a policy of *Gleichschaltung* which, while respecting democratic forms, treats the individual states of the federation as mere appendages of the central government. It is true that the crisis of German federalism is traceable to more fundamental causes than this, but it is also true that such methods have reduced rather than increased the already diminished vitality of the provincial governments.

Seen in this light, it is possible to appreciate the full meaning of the question of Adenauer's successor. Clearly, it is not just a question of personalities. No state can count on having a never failing succession of outstanding personalities to guide it. Statesmen of average ability, too, are capable of solid achievement, as I think the case of Truman in the United States shows. But this presupposes healthy political institutions, whereas a system of government based on a personal regime and oriented toward a single center is liable to break down in the absence of a man big enough and strong enough to play an overwhelmingly dominant role.

It is here that Adenauer's real responsibility in the matter of the succession lies. He himself could by now have encouraged initiative and resourcefulness in the lower echelons of government, fostered democratic responsibility and self-reliance, and involved a wider circle of people and governmental institutions in the formulation of policy. His failure to do so is perhaps the most glaring sin of omission in his record. Blame it on his temperament. There is not only his needlessly bad relations with the opposition in the Bundestag. A system of checks and balances like that so carefully set forth in the American Constitution is regarded by him as a nuisance and a hindrance. Instead of exploiting the clash of policies and interests among the different branches of the government, he tries to eliminate it entirely. This same suppression of differences of opinion goes on in the governing coalition of parties that he heads.

Everything now depends on whether West Germany's democratic institutions will be able to gain in self-reliance and vitality to the point where they can function as mature and responsible agencies of government. This holds for the cabinet, which in the future will undoubtedly be called upon to function on a joint basis much more than on a personal one as now under Adenauer. It also holds for the Bundestag, which will have more room for action with some one else as Chancellor, and will be able to intervene more positively in the formulation of policy. But whether the transition to a less

*Globke drafted the Nuremberg Laws in 1938.

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personal regime in Bonn will be made successfully depends, above all, on the ability of the political parties to shoulder their tasks of leadership. The West German political system assigns a very important place to political parties; but up to now their internal constitutions and their connection with the more politically developed sections of the people have not been such as to enable them to play the important role envisaged for them.

Nonetheless, the situation is by no means hopeless. There are many forces working against this concentration of responsibility in one center, all sorts of tendencies and aspirations towards self-reliance and the exercise of independent initiative. A critical period of adjustment will be unavoidable after Adenauer's departure from the scene; whether the Federal Republic emerges from it unscathed depends on how far these forces will be able to develop while he is still Chancellor.

Such tendencies and aspirations are least in evidence in the cabinet. Coalition politics dictated a considerable increase in the number of ministries in 1953, which turned the cabinet into a swollen and unwieldy instrument. Of course, the ministerial structures of other countries suffer similarly; almost everywhere there has been a proliferation of portfolios, and a marked tendency for increasingly autonomous federal agencies to pre-empt control over large areas of government. In West Germany this has had the effect of weighting the scales of power even more heavily towards the Chancellor and his personal bureaucracy. Yet even here counter-forces are not lacking. Inter-ministerial coordination committees like the "economic cabinet" under Vice-Chancellor Bluecher and the new Defense Council set up on its pattern, are loosening the structure a bit. The Defense Council is presided over by Adenauer, it is true, but the moving spirit in formulating its military and political policies has been the ambitious and energetic Franz Josef Strauss. Even more important, perhaps, was Heinrich von Brentano's appointment in June as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Adenauer's relinquishing of this post reduces some of the top-heaviness of the ministerial structure and indicates a tendency to "normalization."

The weakest thing about the Federal cabinet is its lack of any means to train new ministers. Great Britain has its Parliamentary Under Secretary, France its Under Secretary (also recruited from the legislative chamber); both posts have proved themselves excellent schools of leadership. In Bonn, however, just as under the Hohenzollerns, the second-in-command in every ministry is a civil servant, a state secretary, who is theoretically non-political. It is characteristic of Adenauer that he should have clung tenaciously to this inheritance from the old Prussian administrative system. Such an arrangement not only makes it difficult to train young talents in important if subordinate tasks; it gives the permanent bureaucracy, which survives changes of government, a decisive influence on ministerial policies and tends to split the executive and the legislative branches from each other.

The signs of regeneration in the Bundestag are much more positive. The postponement voted, before the long summer recess, of the Military Volunteer Law (intended as a preliminary to future legislation providing West Germany with an army) was generally regarded in Bonn as a turning point. It was the first real test of strength between the second Bundestag and the Chancellor on a question of high policy in which the former —thanks to the cooperation of both government and opposition parties—carried the day. And it did so by a remarkable display of energy and initiative. Despite many handicaps which have to do in great part with the unjustifiable increase in number of its members, the second Bundestag has on the whole shown greater stature than the first. The near future ought to show whether its victory in the matter of the Military Volunteer Law was more than a flash in the pan. At least the West German public seems to have sat up and taken notice. And in the last several months, public opinion surveys have

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revealed a steady rise in public approval of the Bundestag.

Those who know how alien a parliamentary system is to the average German, and the strength of the popular conception, even after 1945, of a parliament as nothing but a "talk shop," will not underestimate the West German citizen's growing appreciation of his parliament. Since the Bundestag will occupy the center of the stage when Adenauer is gone, it is all to the good that it has begun to develop a prestige and power of its own, and that it is showing a readiness to stand fast in its differences with the Chancellor.

THE most interesting, and also the most difficult, of all the questions Adenauer's departure will pose for German politics concerns its effect on the German party system. Since the founding of the Federal Republic, a very marked process of consolidation has been going on among the political parties. One splinter party after another has faded into oblivion. Now even the Refugee party, which seemed for a time to have a real political role to play, has succumbed to this trend. And since the German party, which once seemed to offer the nucleus for a new force on the right, has been reduced—at least on the national level—to a mere appendage of the Christian Democratic Union, a three-party system (the CDU, the Social Democrats, and the Free German Party) now prevails in West Germany.

This development is inseparable from the personal influence of Adenauer. He is the magnet that has attracted the overwhelming majority of non-Socialist voters to the CDU. The CDU knows very well why it has waged all its campaigns in his name. With its magic, it has been able to draw adherents from milieux far removed from the devoutly Christian sections of the population to whom its program is formally directed. The 1953 elections, in which the CDU won over 50 per cent of the votes and more than one half of the Bundestag seats, was an exceptional occurrence and isn't likely to be repeated, but any decline of the CDU from its present eminence as Bonn's leading conservative party is highly unlikely while Adenauer is still around.

Will the CDU be able to maintain its supremacy after the luster of his name is lost to it? Or, putting the question more broadly: will the process of consolidation taking place among the parties of the present coalition—a process fostered by the plebiscitary simplicity of elections fought solely in terms of for Adenauer or against him—be halted by his exit, and perhaps even reversed? Would not his departure mean a return to the old political fragmentation that proved so fatal to the Weimar republic?

I don't think so. To expect the CDU to fall apart when no longer under Adenauer's tutelage is to underestimate its cohesiveness. The danger of a split would arise only if the tendencies within it to revert to the type of simon-pure clerical-Catholic confessional party should come to the surface. For the time being, however, the overwhelming majority of Christian Democratic politicians show no public inclination to abandon the broad extra-confessional line. On the other hand, the division into right and left inside the CDU has been eliminated to an astonishing degree, quite apart from the influence of Adenauer, who has been rather indifferent to social and economic issues. Only an economic depression could revive it.

And it is equally improbable that the CDU will split over the issue of foreign policy. Though the dream of European Union is fading and, along with it, a good portion of the foreign-policy platform that did so much to hold the CDU together during the first five years of the Federal Republic, it is scarcely thinkable that any tendencies toward a rapprochement with the East and an estrangement from the West will make enough headway to disrupt the CDU. Its foreign policy might become more elastic, more prone to compromise, perhaps even more wavering, when no longer steered by Adenauer, but any such wavering will hardly involve the party as a whole. Neutralist illusions are not one of the CDU's most pressing problems.

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The likelihood is, therefore, that the CDU will preserve its present unity even without Adenauer. But the likelihood is not the same that it will keep its present hold on the West German electorate. Political tendencies now suppressed or imprisoned will then inevitably try to find organizational expression outside the present line-up of parties. Among such tendencies is a "new right," for years a subject of discussion in West Germany and the goal of many plans that never came to fruition. A conservative "national" party patterned on the old German National party could become a possibility very soon, once Adenauer's prestige no longer barred the way. Then the CDU, now a mass party, might find itself compelled to change back into a Center party that—like its prototype under Weimar, though more broadly based—would not be able to rule without finding allies either on the right or left.

Such a development, however, would really mean a regrouping of present political forces rather than their splintering. The three-party system itself would not be fundamentally altered if a new rightist party were to replace the ambiguous, dissension-ridden Free Democratic party. The tendency making for a few large, relatively broad-based political groups, though encouraged by Adenauer's catalytic influence, also reflects the general growth in West Germany of a relatively non-ideological, opportunistic, pragmatic kind of politics based on combinations of special interests rather than on doctrinaire positions. If this tendency persists—and it seems to run deeper than it gave any appearance of doing in the first years of the Federal Republic—Adenauer's departure might lead to a shift in West German party alignments, but not to a disruption of the present party system itself.

A regrouping of this sort would in any event prove dangerous only if it came during an economic crisis, when new and revolutionary forces might pick up the kind of dynamism that gave such impetus to the Nazis. But even in the face of this danger, the Federal Republic is not without resources. There is the Social Democratic party standing by. Just because it has been in opposition all along, it would be in a position to attract the votes of the dissatisfied and malcontent and keep their resentment within democratic channels. And there would also be the possibility, completely untried so far, of a regime based on cooperation between Christian Democrats and Social Democrats. Of course, as long as Adenauer remains the embodiment of the Federal Republic there is little likelihood of this; too much bitterness has been built up on both sides.

The force of Adenauer's personality and achievements has undoubtedly stamped West Germany's democratic institutions with a legitimacy and authority that have immensely benefited the country, but it has also meant a certain political polarization and the practical exclusion of a very important contingent of West Germany's democratic forces—the Social Democratic—from the work of shaping the country's destiny. Adenauer's successor will have an incomparably better chance to overcome this estrangement of the socialist working classes from the West German government. And he will be in a better position to call upon these democratic reserves, now in opposition, for help in case of crisis. From this point of view, one can even envisage a political situation in which a less dominating and more conciliatory personality than Adenauer at the head of the government (or of the ruling party of the government) would be better for West German stability in the long run.

It may sound cynical to say so, yet it is a truth often confirmed by history that great ruling personalities can be burdens as well as godsends to a nation. All the greater, therefore, is the responsibility of their heirs.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

92ND STREET Y: UNOFFICIAL CITY CENTER

Poetry Pays

JACOB KORG

THE Young Men's and Women's Hebrew Association on 92nd Street and Lexington Avenue in New York City, commonly called the "92nd Street Y," is an improbable collection of enterprises embracing, in addition to the famous Poetry Center and its chamber and concert music recitals, the usual community center program, an extensive social and club program for high school boys and girls, the Dance Center, a dance school, a music school, a troupe of children's entertainers called "The Merry-Go-Rounders," a neighborhood old folks' club, classes in Americanization for immigrants, and an adult education center. In one month the Kaufmann Auditorium, one of the Y's public halls, offered Stephen Spender reading from his poems; Nora Kaye as part of the Dance Laboratory conducted by Walter Terry; Vera Zorina the ballerina, reading Ronsard's poetry in the original with the Pro Musica Antiqua ensemble; Professor Sidney Hook and Rabbi Leo Jung discussing "Is There a Secular Jew?"; *The Dybbuk,* a film; an exhibition of paintings by the Manhattan Gallery Group; the Dance Drama Company; Rosalyn Tureck, the pianist, in an all-Bach recital; a concert reading of *Death of a Salesman,* introduced and directed by Arthur Miller; and three plays for children.

The range of activities of the largest and oldest Jewish community center in the United States has reflected the changing needs and tastes of New York's Jews over the past eighty years. The Y opened its first modest quarters, consisting of club rooms and a library, in a rented apartment at 112 West 21st Street in September 1874. Every few years it moved from one three- or four-room apartment over a bakery or dry-cleaning establishment to another, but always keeping to the center of Manhattan. The Y's first location of any permanence was a three-story house at 65th Street and Lexington Avenue. A photograph shows a plain, narrow, weathered front with the letters "YMHA" shakily whitewashed on the wall to the left of the entry. In the 80's, with the influx of East European Jews, it opened a branch on East Broadway for teaching English and "Americanization." In 1889 this branch expanded into an independent center calling itself the Educational Alliance—destined to become a famous East Side institution. The Y, however, continued to maintain its own orientation program for immigrants, and does so to this day.

The Y came to its present corner in 1900, when Jacob H. Schiff donated the site and the four-story structure then on it. The building that stands there now owes its existence largely to the efforts of a former president, Judge Joseph M. Proskauer (also a former president of the American Jewish Committee), who in 1929 rounded up two

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THE 92nd Street "Y" is one of the liveliest Jewish community centers in America; it is also at the same time a kind of city center for all of New York, as JACOB KORG's description of the multifarious activities of this unique institution indicates. Mr. Korg, who holds a doctorate in English from Columbia, has taught at Bard College and CCNY, and is now a member of the English department at the University of Washington. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

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million dollars in a matter of weeks, began construction that same year, and saw the new building opened in 1930.

The institution had all along been a center for men. During the last war, however, the YMHA played host to the YWHA, whose building on 110th Street was taken over by the army. The merger, originally temporary, worked so well that it was made permanent in 1945, at which time the 92nd Street Y was renamed the "Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association." Now even the pool and gyms are run on a co-ed basis.

The Y in all its branching activities is presided over by Jack Nadel, executive director since 1922. Mr. Nadel came to work fifty years ago as a pin-boy at the institution he now directs, and has held every post, from dramatics instructor to club director, in Y administration. (Incidentally, he founded and directed an employment service—now the Federation Employment Service—but, understandably enough, has never been able to find time to take advantage of his membership in the bar.) In a year or two he intends to retire and devote himself to writing the story of his long association with the Y.

I was introduced to the Y by Mr. Carl Urbont, its assistant director, whose broad shoulders and benevolent manner give him the aspect of an athletic cherub. Mr. Urbont, who is in his thirties, served in Morocco during World War II; he traces his interest in social work to a wartime effort to obtain medical supplies and clothing from America for the forty babies born every month in the *mellah* of Marrakech. A graduate of the New York School of Social Work after the war, he worked in an East Side settlement house, then overseas for the Joint Distribution Committee, and came to the Y in 1950.

Mr. Urbont guided me through the Y, beginning with the five dormitory floors at the top of the building, where rooms are rented to foreign students, newcomers to the city looking for jobs, and other such individuals. Unlike most Y's, however, the 92nd Street center does not provide transient accommodations. The athletic facilities occupy the two floors immediately below. Here are two gyms, locker-rooms with showers, and a row of four-wall handball courts with galleries for spectators. The Y is a member of the American Amateur Athletic Union, competes with other organizations in all sports, and enters its athletes in the Olympic tryouts. On weekdays, when most of the younger membership is in school, the gyms are used by adults and neighborhood children. The nearby Lycée Française sends its physical-training classes to them—one often meets crowds of French-speaking schoolboys in the corridors. The rest contain classrooms, offices, an auditorium, a gallery, and several lounges.

On the ground floor, the big lobby giving on Lexington Avenue is painted a dull cream, its high oak-beamed ceiling fading to a baronial (or perhaps institutional) dimness. A brass Star of David frames the clock over the elevator doors, and brass plaques stud the walls, one honoring Judge Proskauer, another listing Y members who died in the war. To the left as one enters, glass-paneled doors open on the much frequented Warburg Lounge, full of sofas, easy chairs, a television set, and a case of athletic trophies. To the right is the administration counter, looking like a hotel desk with its files and pigeon-holes. On Sundays it is besieged by teen-agers with dues to pay or forms to fill out. Sunday is the Y's busiest day, with four to five thousand visitors and members descending on the 92nd Street building from every part of the city, by subway, bus, taxi, and car. The lobby fills up with a dense crowd of chattering and laughing youngsters, who after a while drift away to meetings and activities.

The younger generation dominates the Y's program. Reaching far out of its own neighborhood to gather together young people from every section and area, the Y has long since taken on many of the aspects of a city center. The Sunday program for adolescents consists of athletics in the gym or pool, club meetings, and, late in the day, dances for the different age groups. In between, the members drift through the lounges, lobbies, cafeteria, bowling alley, game rooms, and library. Although the purpose of these activities is austerely stated in the Y's constitution as "the improvement of the mental, moral, spiritual, cultural, social and physical condition of young men and young women and the fostering of Judaism," the atmosphere is warm, sociable, and relaxed, and there are few external signs of control or restriction.

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During the hours from five to seven the Y gradually changes from a youth center, a hive of adolescent noise and callow horseplay, to a semi-educational haunt for artists, music lovers, and students—a center for the ever-growing host of those in dogged pursuit of culture. Knots of people gather to inspect the long row of posters announcing cultural events. Young men in their twenties, books under their arms, slip through the crowd to wait for the evening's concert in the seclusion of the Kaufmann Art Gallery. The Saidenberg Little Symphony plays Bach in the auditorium on the main floor while the jukebox in the basement cafeteria grinds out "Dim, Dim the Lights" and "Papa Loves Mambo," for a leftover group of teen-agers.

ONE Sunday I visited one of the Y's youth clubs, a group of fifteen-year-old boys called the Warriors. They met in one of the classrooms under the supervision of their adult leader, Mr. Murray Sollender. The Warriors had been organized about a year before. Dues were fifty cents a week; most of the boys paid under protest. When the collection was announced one boy left the room, indifferent to the boos and jeers that followed him. The main item of business was planning a party for the Junior Exotics, a girls' club. The soft drinks presented a problem. Should they be got in large or small bottles? What would they cost? How would they be transported? How could they be kept cool? Every time the meeting tied itself up, Mr. Sollender intervened, changed the subject for a while, and then returned to it.

He suggested to the boys that they get potato chips, candy, and even party decorations. The Warriors didn't seem to want to bother that much, but when it was pointed out to them that the Junior Exotics might reciprocate if the Warriors' party was successful, the boys agreed. "After all," one said, "this is our first social and we want to make a good impression." The choice of dance records was another problem. Harry, clearly the expert, offered his collection of records, and recommended numbers that would encourage slow, close dancing. However, the vote was for variety and Harry was asked to bring lindies, mambos, and tangos as well.

Most of the clubs have fanciful names: Panthers, Dynamos, Irresistibles, Intellects, Exotics, Charms, Epicureans, Jolies, Loreleis, Imperial Aces, Samsons, and Athenas. Also: Live Y'ers, Confuseds, Innocence, Pending, Vixens, and Canadian Club. Still others contain apparently local allusions: Usacs, Loracs, Warocs, Protons, Nonemes, Alspays.

THE Y's new members are received by Mrs. Florence Arginteanu, or one of her assistants, in the forbiddingly named Intake Department. In 1953-54 Mrs. Arginteanu's department interviewed 2,700 applicants, who checked their interests and hobbies on form cards that ranged from cartooning through bicycling to mountain climbing. Often whole youth clubs transplant themselves from their own neighborhoods to the Y. Recently a boys' club from the Parkchester section of the Bronx came to the Y, following the advice of a father who was an alumnus of the institution. Often scouts from youth clubs come in to "case" the place and report back to their organizations. The task of fitting a new member of the Y into one of the clubs is delicate, for he must be voted in by the club members. The usual strategy is to turn the prospective member loose in the gym and classrooms until he makes friends and is asked to join a club. He usually does not have to wait more than a few weeks.

According to the staff, the young people's reasons for joining have mostly to do with needing "wholesome Jewish companionship." The teen-agers themselves put this with a somewhat different emphasis: girls say they are interested in boys; boys say they are interested in girls and sports. Marriages between members are frequent, as everybody tells you.

The triumph of this side of the Y's activities is the Sunday night dance, the great occasion of the week for teen-agers. The lights are dimmed in the immense auditorium and recorded dance music is piped through a loudspeaker. Boys and girls pour in until the place becomes a vast mass of couples scarcely able to move, much less dance. A few jitterbuggers go into an adjoining room kept clear for them.

The girls have a standard uniform for these dances: sweater, skirt, and flat-heeled shoes. The variations are small: fur collars on the sweaters, or little necklaces of pearls or gold chain. The boys are costumed more variously. Those with duck-tail haircuts

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favor pegged trousers and leather jackets. Many boys wear sports shirts in peach, orange, or blue pastels. A few appear in conventional suits, white shirts, and ties. A handful have even adopted the Madison Avenue look, narrow-lapeled gray or blue suit, short haircut, and even, in extreme cases, a pipe, generally unlit.

The official purpose of the youth program, to help members become "valuable Jewish citizens," is not strongly insisted on. Opportunities to absorb Judaism are offered but, as a fifteen-year-old member of several years' standing told me, "They don't bother you with religion." Club meetings rank far behind basketball, pool, and dancing in popularity. On the whole, the Y offers young people a chance to do the things they like. Sam Levenson put it this way in reminiscing about his own Y days: "Playing baseball on the streets was for bums, but playing baseball at the Y was Jewish."

IN THE somewhat dingy basement cafeteria, the diner is confronted with two trays for silverware, one marked "Meat" and the other "Dairy." The meat counter serves delicatessen sandwiches certified as absolutely kosher; there is a separate counter for dairy. Signs ask patrons to sit on the side of the cafeteria facing the counter where they have bought their meals. In spite of that, however, people often share meat and dairy meals at the same table.

Jewish holidays are observed on the traditional two-day schedule. Like the kosher kitchen, this may be a matter of little importance to many Y members who are Reform or secularist Jews. But, as one director explained, as a community institution the Y operates on the principle of inclusion.

Y officials estimate that attendance in the adult education classes is about 88 per cent Jewish; in children's classes, about 95 per cent; in the teen-age clubs, 98 per cent; at concerts, 75 per cent; at dance and poetry events, only 50 per cent. The old folks' club, since the Y is close to the heart of Yorkville, a German section, happens to be about 50 per cent non-Jewish. Shouts of *"Achtung"* generally ring out during their surprisingly lively dancing sessions.

About a third of the Y's budget is contributed by the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies. The rest comes from fees, and almost none of the activities is free. "When a member pays for an activity," explained Mr. Urbont, "it forms a psychological bond that links the person and the program in which he participates. Also, like any other contribution, the fee is a fulfillment of the member's responsibility to support communal activities." The Board of Directors will occasionally make up a deficit or subsidize a particular program.

THE Y's Cultural and Educational Department is a realm of its own. It is easily the most active center of the arts in New York City, offering classes in literature, public performances in music, dance, and drama, and art exhibitions. Almost unique among such programs, it pays its way. The program is entirely professional. The performers in the Kaufmann Auditorium are usually well-known and often great figures. The various concert series offered in the Kaufmann auditorium—incidentally, acoustically one of the finest chambers in the country—has been rated by many serious music lovers to be far superior fare to that offered by Carnegie Hall or Town Hall. In each of the arts the Y draws a small but devoted audience such as will attend a subscription series of Beethoven piano sonatas; concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque music; or a reading of *Moby Dick*. During the great blizzard of 1947, when neither subway trains nor street traffic were moving in New York, a standing-room audience appeared for a recital by the Budapest String Quartet, and three hundred people came to hear Stephen Spender read his poems.

The Cultural and Educational Department's offerings are not limited to the arts. Classes in philosophy, psychology, and Jewish subjects, as well as lectures on social and political problems, are a staple part of its program. In this respect, the Y resembles closely such projects as the New School and the evening and extension classes of the city colleges. During World War II there was an exceptionally large number of pupils for the citizenship and Americanization classes, many of them European doctors being coached for American medical boards.

About a fifth of the educational program is devoted to specifically Jewish studies: like Yiddish, Hebrew, Jewish history, Jewish music, and Jewish folk dancing. The prob-

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lems besetting Jews in the contemporary world are favorite subjects for evening lectures. Typical titles are: "The American Character and Anti-Semitism," "Should Jews Assimilate Through Intermarriage?" "Are the Jews Still in Exile?" and "Sexual Problems in the Light of Jewish Tradition."

The Y's most ambitious Jewish course is a two-year history of Jewish civilization, described in the Bulletin of Educational Activities as follows: "The aim of this course is to give an over-all picture of the development of Jewish Civilization from its earliest beginnings to the present day, with particular attention to original sources." In celebration of the American Jewish Tercentenary, the Educational Department sponsored a "Jewish Omnibus Series" including readings, films, programs of folk music, and lectures.

THE Y's classes (which are to be distinguished from its lecture series) meet for two hours once a week, twelve to fifteen times a semester; they cost from ten to forty dollars. There are special rates for husbands and wives attending the same class. Of the 1,823 students registered in 1952-53, 1,100 were between twenty and forty. There were about two and a half times as many women as men. The largest single group described themselves as "office workers." Other well-represented occupations were "housewife," "teacher," "salesman," and "writer." There were thirty-one physicians, twenty-seven engineers, nine lawyers, and one policewoman. About a third had had some college education, the majority of these being graduates, and 136 had had a year or more of graduate work.

The motives that bring people to the Y's classes are extremely varied. A young woman who had been an English major at Vassar, and now works as an editor for a woman's magazine, regarded the poetry course as a continuation of her college work. One undergraduate found in the poetry class the recognition he could not gain at New York University for his favorite writer, Gertrude Stein. Few of the students, it is safe to say, attend the classes for purely social reasons.

In his history of the Educational Department, Dr. William Kolodney, the director, explains the aims of the courses. "The story of modern man's attempt to fill his free time is familiar," he says. "Unlike other fields, the arts give every person the opportunity for creative experience, and no joy is greater than the joy of the creator. The child who makes a rag doll and the adult who makes a simple vase, paints a familiar landscape, or writes a lyric poem—all share this creative experience."

As part of its program of offering "every person the opportunity for creative experience," the Y runs the busiest children's school of dancing in the city, and an important national dance center. In the school are four hundred children, from three upward. On weekday afternoons, tiny, barefoot, pony-tailed girls in leotards scamper through the halls. In the evening, about one hundred and fifty adults take courses in ballroom and modern dancing. Mr. Fred Berk, a specialist in Jewish folk dance, teaches Arabic, Yemenite, Eastern European, and Israeli dances. There are fifteen hundred dance students, and forty instructors.

The Y has a special standing among followers of modern dance. Dr. Kolodney became interested in modern dance for the Y in 1935 when he became aware of the special devotion of its fans and their loyalty as an audience. Most of the leaders of modern dance, including Martha Graham, Janet Collins, Pearl Primus, Valerie Bettis, Charles Weidman, José Limon, Hanya Holm, and Doris Humphrey, present director of the Dance Center, have taught or performed at the Y. Dr. Kolodney has firmly defended the "recreational" character of the dance program. He allows only two classes for professionals. One, in advanced choreography, is given in the afternoon, when classroom space is not at a premium. The other is a seminar and workshop for settlement house dance teachers, a concession which Dr. Kolodney feels is justified in terms of its ultimate recreational results.

THE Poetry Center is an outgrowth of Dr. Kolodney's own interest in poetry. After coming to the Y he taught a poetry class for a short while himself, and then in 1935 established the Poetry Center with Mr. Norman MacLeod as first director. "The Poetry Center," he wrote, "was started to meet the needs of the very few persons in New York to whom poetry offers the theological, the ethical, and the aesthetic equivalents of traditional religion."

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In its first phase, the Poetry Center conducted small classes in the writing and interpretation of poetry and staged readings in the Kaufmann Art Gallery, which was at that time a lounge with a capacity of about one hundred fifty. Then Mr. MacLeod introduced the practice of bringing poets to the Y to read from their own works. Experiments combining poetry with film, music, and dance were attempted with varying success. One, a Poet's Theater for presentation of verse plays, was inaugurated as a two-year experimental venture, but was abandoned after a single performance.

The Poetry Center began its rapid growth in 1949, when a series of readings by some of the world's foremost poets was announced. Two hundred and fifty subscribers paid ten dollars for admission to the entire series, and attendance at individual events jumped from seventy-five to between four hundred and eight hundred and fifty. Next year, when the number of subscribers rose to seven hundred and ten, the readings were moved from the lounge to the Kaufmann Auditorium, which holds more than eight hundred. Today this auditorium is often filled, and some of the events are held to standing room. In 1953-54, the Center showed a profit of $5,000—from poetry!

The Poetry Center has had nearly all the important poets of England and America, including T. S. Eliot, the late Wallace Stevens, Osbert and Edith Sitwell, Robert Frost, Stephen Spender, Herbert Read, Marianne Moore, the late Dylan Thomas, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Mark Van Doren, Richard Eberhart, Karl Jay Shapiro, William Carlos Williams, Randall Jarrell, and Ogden Nash. The three most popular, in order, are Eliot, the Sitwells, and Robert Frost. Eliot's trips to the United States always include two public stops: Harvard and the 92nd Street Y. The poets are protected from intellectual bobby-soxers seeking autographs by an arrangement which permits them, after their stint is done, to sign copies of their works and exchange remarks with buyers from behind a large table in the lounge. The Center's original scope is often stretched to include prose writers like Joyce Cary, Truman Capote, and Arthur Miller, and representatives of other media like Maya Deren and Charles Laughton. Jacques Maritain appeared to a jammed audience.

There is no doubt that one of the special attractions of the Poetry Center for the young men and women devoted to it is the chance it affords them to be in the living presence of the great. In the lobby of the auditorium, before a reading program, one hears them talk about the poets they will be seeing in a few minutes with high, almost breathless anticipation. Inside, they may often be seen quite literally on the edges of their seats, in a sort of unconscious straining to make contact with Eliot or the Sitwells or Capote. As one boy put it, "This is a wonderful way to meet the immortals of our time, to see them as human beings. Where else could you do this?" A young lady compared the Poetry Center with some of the adult education classes in poetry appreciation given throughout the city. "Here we don't just read the poetry or talk about it endlessly. We actually are listening to, looking at, the artists."

Reading poetry aloud was undoubtedly revived in our time by the Y. Norman MacLeod, the Y's first Poetry Center director, now conducts a poetry center in San Francisco. The Museum of Modern Art has staged poetry readings modeled on those at the Y. The Y itself sponsors a radio program of poetry readings, "Anthology," which is heard over NBC on Sunday afternoons. Miss Elizabeth Kray, the Center's assistant director, told me that universities and community centers all over the country often write to the Y to ask how they can attract poets and organize reading programs of their own. When Dr. Kolodney joined the Y the cultural program was judged by attendance and was specifically Jewish. The new program he inaugurated in 1935, on the other hand, ". . . set out to meet the intellectual and spiritual needs of that element of the population which found its recreation primarily in the world of ideas and in the practice and appreciation of the arts beyond the folk level."

DR. KOLODNEY'S reorganization met considerable opposition from the Y's Board of Directors. Many felt that the Y should not support non-sectarian activities; this is a point that is still hotly contested nationally today, and has been the subject of a number of serious controversies. But Dr. Kolodney argued that if the Y limited its scope to Jew-

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ish material, it would fail to reach the large number of Jews who were interested in culture generally rather than in Jewish culture alone. Furthermore, he pointed out that learning and intellectual discussion in themselves have been traditional forms of recreation among Jews. "A program of recreation through the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake and particularly through the arts as a means of appreciation is," he argued, "in a sense a continuation of the Jewish religious tradition."

He offered the example of a typical poetry class conducted by Kimon Friar, a former director of the Poetry Center. The class would meet at 8:40 in the evening, carry on a heated discussion about T. S. Eliot, Gertrude Stein, and kindred subjects until the Y closed at 11:30, and then adjourn to a nearby restaurant where the conversation usually ended at about one in the morning. This sort of activity, said Dr. Kolodney, is typically Jewish, even though Mr. Friar and the restaurant were both Greek.

The Board of Directors also feared the establishment of a "little college" at the Y, the kind of thing that had developed at the Chicago YMCA, whose program of accredited courses became Roosevelt College. Dr. Kolodney assured the Board that he did not intend to establish a school, but to use education as a means of recreation only—perhaps the present-day equivalent of *Torah l'shma.*

Because he wants to keep the courses recreational, giving everyone a chance to talk up, Dr. Kolodney has consistently tried to turn lectures into seminars; seminars involve the whole student in a recreational experience, he feels. The group of seminars inaugurated in his first year at the Y marked for Dr. Kolodney the "golden age" of the educational program. (It lasted only three years, ending when it lost the subsidy it required.) Dr. Kolodney gathered a group of scholars in various fields, including Sidney Hook, Ernest Nagel, Alfred Tarski (philosophers), Alexander Lesser (anthropologist), Meyer Schapiro (professor of fine arts), Otto Klineberg (psychologist), and Davis S. Nathan (mathematician), and matched them with a selected group of adult students who had studied liberal arts in college. The latter were chosen by interview and had to agree to spend six hours a week reading for the course, and to write a paper every two weeks. The classes, which had twelve students each, were conducted, says Dr. Kolodney, by a method "more Socratic than Socrates." He regards these seminars as valuable examples of intellectual activity for recreation. "As a rule," Professor Hook once wrote, "the seminars were so exciting intellectually that the individuals enrolled in them often claimed that it was the high point of the week, and all their free time during the week was spent in preparation for those two hours. I am confident that those who gave the seminars learned as much from them as those who took the seminars. At least I did."

THE education department's office on the second floor of the Y has a row of desks, set end to end, on which are signs reading "Information," "Registration," "Tickets," and "Tuition Fees." The staff works busily but casually amid a clutter of telephones, thermos bottles, staplers, postal scales, typewriters, schedules, and other articles more or less necessary to the complicated operation of this department. One corner has a large and busy switchboard. The bulletin board listing current events, the day I was there, displayed the names of Max Lerner, Wallace Stevens, Henry Raphael Gold, Amedée Ozenfant, Louis MacNeice, Dimitri Mitropoulis, Andre Eglevsky, Mieczyalaw Horszowski, E. E. Cummings, the New York Woodwind Orchestra, and the Budapest String Quartet. Photographs of T. S. Eliot, the Sitwells, Frost, and MacNeice were on the wall.

Dr. Kolodney's walnut-paneled office, with its soft carpeting, bookshelves, comfortable couch, recessed lighting, and massive glass-topped walnut desk, is spacious and pleasant. The prosperous atmosphere of the office is not misleading. The department has an annual budget of about $200,000, enough to run a small college, almost all of which comes from fees.

Dr. Kolodney is a small, relaxed man in his fifties whose white hair, rimless glasses, and the tweed suit he usually wears give him a gentle professorial air. It is as if he were an academic visitor in his own glamorous office. On his desk I noticed a copy of the *Shakespeare Newsletter* and an edition of Randall Jarrell's *Poetry and the Age.*

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Dr. Kolodney was born in Mottele, a town near Minsk, and is proud of being a fellow townsman of Chaim Weizmann. He came to the United States at the age of four, grew up in New York City, and was graduated from the Teachers' Institute of the Jewish Theological Seminary. After teaching Hebrew for a time, he served in an extension program in New York City supervised by Dr. Samson Benderly, whom he and others call the father of American Jewish education. It was the aim of this program to interest Jewish children in the public schools in Judaism. Working with the students during after-school hours, Dr. Kolodney organized plays, poetry readings, and holiday celebrations with some sort of Jewish content. Here, he told me, he first learned how the secular arts might be used to bring one into an affiliation with Jewish life. After this work he joined the Pittsburgh Y, then the largest in the country, as Educational Director, and after organizing a cultural-educational program there which is still flourishing, came to the 92nd Street Y in 1934.

A recent visitor heard him explain the rationale of the Y's cultural and educational program thus: "The path we tread," he said, "is a very narrow and special one. We should like very much to offer more and more courses of specifically Jewish content, and every time we get the opportunity we do so, even when we have to subsidize these from our other offerings. Of course, we are criticized for being too secular, too *parevdik,* by the ultra-Orthodox; the whole community center movement is so criticized and we bear the brunt because we're the largest center. But many of our critics would like us simply to remain dark, untenanted, except for what they would call 'positively' Jewish classes, lectures, or concerts. Actually, we offer a richer Jewish program as part of our total program than we would be able to if we limited ourselves to Jewish material. Compare our classes in Yiddish, Hebrew, Jewish history, religious thought, Jewish philosophy, current Jewish issues with those offered in any similar institution, the largest synagogue center, say.

"As for our general offerings, they must all be on the highest possible level and broadly within the stream of Jewish tradition. We will, for example, not offer a course in how to play bridge, but we might offer one in chess. We stress recreation through the arts, the liberal arts too. And there is also a religious aspect here. The mood that prevails during a poetry reading, for instance, when many people come simply to sit in the presence of a poet, is almost religious in its reverence. This is true even when the poet doesn't read well.

"Actually we try hard to get away from the academic notion of courses. There is a control and a compulsion in formal course work not conducive to recreation. We like our students to be inspired. We want them to be doing something—dancing, painting, writing, talking—using their bodies in some way, enjoying themselves while doing all this. We're not here to give them what we happen to think might be good for them; we give them what they want now, or what we think they will come to want once given a sample. And always we try to present everything on the highest level, in the most dignified way, and in the best tradition of quality and seriousness. We insist in our contracts that no public performance may start later than five minutes after the announced time, and late-comers to a musical performance are seated only during the intermission. We're always ready to try out something new, like two series we've been talking about lately, one presenting younger poets, the other younger musicians, artists who are on the way to achieving wider recognition."

He paused reflectively. "I think we're doing well, all things considered. Perhaps there should be more solid achievement required in some of our classes, and Auden is going to ask his students in a course on Shakespeare's sonnets next fall to do more than merely come to class—they'll have to memorize some of the poems. But we are bringing ideas and art to the general community, we do not pander to vulgarity in any of our undertakings for any reason, and even though some of our artists or teachers or lecturers may not be Jewish, and regardless of who is in the audience, all this strikes me as essentially Jewish."

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

THE TANYA AND THE GAON

A Dispute

THE following is an excerpt from a letter written in 1789 by Rabbi Shneur Zalman of Ladi—the "Tanya," as he came to be called—to his congregation. The "Tanya" was a leader of the Hasidic sect founded by the Baal Shem Tov (and, incidentally, the first Rabbi of the Lubovitcher dynasty which is currently established in New York). Hasidism was spreading rapidly and had aroused passionate opposition, particularly in Lithuania, a country dominated by the spiritual leadership of the great Gaon of Vilna. The Gaon was the most important scholar of his time—the title Gaon had been used for the heads of Babylonian academies—and was venerated by many as the ultimate religious authority. His uncompromising hatred of the Hasidim seems to have been based on his view that the Baal Shem Tov had propagated a pantheistic heresy in the book *Gathering of Sayings* by interpreting such Biblical phrases as "Who fills all the worlds" and "There is no place empty of Him" too literally. The Baal Shem's book was burned in the streets of Vilna shortly before this letter was written.

The "Tanya" was in a particularly good position to answer the Gaon's charges since he was not only a disciple of the Baal Shem but a great Talmudist in his own right. He took it upon himself to try to heal the breach between Hasidim and "Misnagdim" ("opponents").

The letter, which describes the unsuccessful efforts made by the "Tanya" to engage the Gaon or his followers in a public dispute, gives some indication of the bitterness that rent Jewry for many years. In it the "Tanya" mentions that he met with violence in the community of Shklav—a violence, he implies, indirectly inspired by the Gaon. This was a serious charge, but the Gaon had declared in a public proclamation that "anyone touched by the fear of God is obligated to drive and pursue the Hasidim with all manner of persecution, wherever the hand of Israel reaches, for their iniquity is hidden in their sin, and they are more noxious to Israel than a boil. . . ."

The letter was translated from the original Hebrew, and somewhat condensed, by HERBERT WEINER.

MY BELOVED brothers and friends, Hasidim of Vilna, whose foundation is the Torah and the worship of God: may God give you eternal life.

There is indeed no greater commandment than that which enjoins us to establish peace in Israel. But what can we do that we have not yet done [to reach an agreement with our opponents]? All our efforts have come to nothing. Before God and Israel, we are guiltless.

I went to the house of the Gaon, the light of Israel, in the company of the late Rabbi Mendel Horasner. . . . We had sent word that we were coming to discuss his complaints against us, hoping to persuade him that they were unjustified. But when we arrived at the Gaon's house, twice he shut the door in our face. The leading men of the city begged him to see us: "Rabbi," they said, "their most famous Rabbi has come to debate with Your Honor. Defeat him and there will be harmony in Israel." Yet he put them off. When they persisted, he left the city, nor did he return until we ourselves departed. To this the elders of Vilna can testify.

Soon after this incident, we made a journey to the community of Shklav, again hoping to engage in a discussion—and again we failed. Moreover, there were things done to us in Shklav that should not have been done: they broke their promise not to harm

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us. For when they realized there was no valid reply to our arguments, they were forced to resort to violence—and they justified their conduct by citing the words of the "great tree"—the pious Gaon—may God keep him.

In all fairness, we must not be too harsh in our judgment of the Gaon. The matter had been settled in his mind beyond any doubt: evidently, he based himself on the reports of witnesses whom he took to be reliable. A witness, however, "sees only with his eyes." There is still not a single indication that the Gaon has changed his mind, or that he now suspects he may have been mistaken in his condemnation of us. If this is the case, why should I continue to make these vain efforts? . . .

You tell me that the book *Gathering of Sayings* was burned because it interprets the phrases, "Who fills all the worlds" and "There is no place empty of Him," as literal descriptions. According to the Gaon, it is utter heresy to suggest that God actually exists in lower and unworthy things. But there is an inner, deeper meaning to such passages which the Gaon refuses to see. For example, the phrase "the whole world is full of His glory" affirms the existence of a Providence. Would that I were able to explain and present our opinions before the Gaon, to refute once and for all these complaints and philosophical charges, which, according to his pupils, he accepts—attempting to know God through the mind of man.

But if he should find it difficult to change the ways in which he has been raised from childhood, and if my words offend him, then let him at least have the humility (which must surely be an element of his greatness) to bring his indictment against us clearly and in writing. Let him sign the bill of grievances himself, and I shall come afterwards and express my thoughts, and reply to his charges and also sign it with my hand. Let these two letters be printed and sent to every qualified scholar throughout the world, and let them decide between us. Israel is still not widowed from her God, and there are still to be found many of sound judgment who are steeped in Torah and can reach a wise decision. Let us agree to submit our dispute to them and to accept the majority view. This is the only possible way to end the warfare in Israel, it is the only path to peace among us.

As for the burning of the above-mentioned book, let me caution you against arousing further controversy. It is not for you to fight the battle of the Baal Shem Tov. This is not the place, and this is not the way which God desires. Remember that though this burning may seem a new thing to you, it is really old. Who was greater in his generation than the Rambam [Maimonides], a man whose glory and holiness and piety were recognized in his native Spain while he still lived. Yet in distant lands where they did not know of him, and where they were blind to his greatness, they condemned him as a heretic and a desecrator of the holy Torah. They burned his books in the streets of the city on the authority of certain sages who, because of their limited learning and unsure grasp, were unable to understand what the Rambam had written on the laws of repentance. However, just as those days passed and along with them their hatred—"so truth shall spring up from the earth and all Israel shall know that Moses was with truth." May it be soon and in our own days. Amen.

SHNEUR ZALMAN

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ON THE HORIZON

THE STRANGE WORLD OF THE DRUZES

Portrait of a People

RAY ALAN

THE Druzes rarely leap into the headlines more often than twice or three times a century; but when they do bestir themselves it is usually history they make as well as news.

In 1860 they massacred about 15,000 Maronites and set in motion a train of events that resulted successively in the dispatch of a French expeditionary force to the Levant, an important expansion of French political and educational activities there, and finally the establishment of a French mandate over Syria and Lebanon. Their 1925-26 revolt against the reforms a well-intentioned but unimaginative French governor tried to force upon them gave an impetus to Levantine nationalism that was to transform the whole Eastern Mediterranean within a generation.

In the summer of 1949 the head of one of their leading families told me that they were boiling up to a revolt against the Syrian dictator of the day, Colonel Husni Zaim; but within a week another colonel, Sami Hinnawi, had beaten them to that headline and removed Zaim for them. Obscurity swallowed them up again for four more years. Then, early this year, they rose against Hinnawi's successor, Brigadier Abid Shishakli.

The Syrian army's French-supplied Sherman tanks and artillery took a heavy toll of life in undefended Druze villages. Sultan Pasha el-Atrash—for forty years uncrowned king of the Jebel ed-Duruz, the "Druze Mountain" of southern Syria—was forced to flee into British-protected Jordan. But in the extreme north of Syria a small group of senior officers, one of whom was a Druze, seized the Aleppo radio station and incited the army to revolt. Within forty-eight hours Dictator Shishakli in his turn was streaking over the border and Sultan Pasha was on his way back to his mountain.

DESPITE their predilection for spectacular uprisings, the Druzes bear little resemblance to the conventional historian's portrait of them as a grim, fanatical, humorless people. About ten years ago Beirut, Damascus, and Haifa began buzzing with rumors of an impending Druze invasion of the Huleh Valley, the beautiful lowland extension of Eastern Galilee that projects northwards between the forbidding uplands of South Lebanon and the Syrian Hauran. A few Arabic papers gave the story houseroom beneath enthusiastic headlines. It appeared that the son of a Druze notable had been kidnapped by Jewish farmers and was being held prisoner in a Huleh settlement. Druze bands were accordingly gathering at the foot of Mt. Hermon and along the edge of the Hauran plateau ready to sweep down upon the Zionists and liberate their kinsman.

It so happened that I knew the Druze notable in question very slightly, and I was asked by a British official in Palestine to go and talk to him. I found him presiding over

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IN THIS portrait of the Druzes, a little known exotic Middle Eastern people, some 18,000 of whom live in Israel, RAY ALAN suggests that there may be more to the problem of East-West "communication" than statesmen have supposed. Mr. Alan, a British journalist, has written for COMMENTARY on the Arab countries; his most recent article was "Frenchman, Go Home!" (October 1954).

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a feast in a village on the southeastern flank of Mt. Hermon, two miles or so inside Syria. Among the guests were four or five Moslem townees who had been sent along by Syrian and Palestinian political leaders to bring their fraternal greetings and pour kerosene on the flames. One by one they delivered themselves of their speeches—inwardly uncertain, one could sense, despite their self-intoxicating oratory, as to how to interpret the Druzes' almost mockingly lighthearted attitude—and at last there was a cavalcade of growling taxis lurching away along the hideous track to an accompaniment of what seemed to be slightly ironical cheers, and I was able to see the father of the missing youth alone.

The British, I told him, were very unhappy about all this fuss over his son, particularly since they knew he was normally on fairly friendly terms with the Jewish settlers. If his son were indeed spending some time in one of the Huleh settlements, might it not be because he had a girl friend there? (The young man had had a city education and had "Western" ideas about a number of things.) Might he not even be negotiating the sale of some Arab land to the Jews? The old man adopted an appropriately indignant expression. If he insisted that his son had been kidnapped, I went on, there would be a search and an inquiry—and one or two embarrassing facts of this nature might then be made public.

He was suddenly laughing and shaking his head. One reason why he liked the English so much, he said, was that they were so clever: they knew the secrets in even a Druze's heart—and that was the most difficult heart in the world to penetrate. This secret was, however, as my friend the Palestine official had guessed, a disarmingly simple one. The son had indeed gone quite voluntarily to a Huleh settlement to discuss a business matter. Some Syrian Moslems, also in the area on business, had seen him in the company of a settlement guard and, partly out of malice, had told the story in such a way as to suggest he was the guard's prisoner. The father could not admit that this was a business visit; at the same time he was not ungrateful to the Moslems for enabling him to take a stand that would discredit the rumor-mongers who had recently alleged that he was collaborating with the Huleh settlers in some mysterious way.

"There is no cause for your friend in Palestine to be unhappy," he said. "My son will be home soon. There is no danger of our attacking a people that worships the One God. If we wished to attack anyone we should choose enemies nearer home."

The son returned the next day, a half-hearted story was put out to explain his "escape" from the Zionists' clutches, and after more feasting everyone went home. During the next few months there were frequent reports of Jewish "illegal immigrants" passing over the Druze notable's land and crossing into Palestine under the guidance of his men. The reports were probably exaggerated and, anyhow, there was nothing to connect this unconfirmed immigration with his son's business trip to the Huleh. The son later entered the Syrian diplomatic service and when I last heard of him was in Latin America. I have often felt it was a pity no Western foreign office offered the father a senior appointment.

THE Druzes believe themselves to number something near 200 millions. Their actual total is nearer 200,000. About half of them live in Syria, and most of the remainder in Lebanon, while some 18,000 are citizens of Israel, represented by two deputies in the Jerusalem parliament. There are also a few thousand Druzes—emigrants from Lebanon—in the United States of America, where they pose as Christians.

Their center of gravity, religious and political, is a tiny group of low buildings half-hidden in trees on the main western slope of Mt. Hermon. Here, at Khalweht el-Bayada, live the sheikhs who watch over the mysteries of a religion whose rites and doctrines have for nearly a thousand years been the Near East's most closely guarded secret. They also hold the strands of a fantastic network of political intelligence—intelligence no other body of men could utilize or even fully understand, so distorted, so beclouded with haze and rumor, so utterly insubstantial does the dim, distant, workaday world beyond sight of their great mountain appear through the prism of Druze cosmology.

Khalweht el-Bayada lies a short distance on the Lebanese side of the point at which the frontiers of Lebanon, Syria, and Israel

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meet. The spine of Mt. Hermon, blotting out the sky to the east, marks the frontier with Syria. A few miles to the south is the cave, dedicated by the Greeks to Pan, from which the main stream of the Jordan issues, and beneath it the lands of Dan—northernmost limit, Biblical and actual, of Israel. Up and down these great silent slopes, along the chaotic little valleys, round the very shoulders of Hermon's snow-capped summit (the Arabs call Hermon the Jebel esh-Sheikh because of its imposing white turban of snow, visible in the desert sixty miles away) runs a trellis of trails no frontier authority has ever been able to control. A dozen or more Moslem villages in the area live by smuggling—food into Israel and manufactured goods out, and hashish from Lebanon to Syria en route for Egypt—and the local Lebanese and Syrian gendarmes and customs men grow rich on their share of the proceeds.

It is unusual for Druzes to smuggle, merely for financial gain at least, but they have their uses for the frontier trails. A modest amount of gun-running, from sources as distant and diverse as Baghdad and Haifa, keeps their mountain caches of arms in a healthy condition. Small groups of Oriental Jews, seeking refuge in Israel, are occasionally escorted there by Druze guides. And those trails which converge on Khalweht el-Bayada carry the primitive courier traffic that maintains the cohesion of the Druze community.

THE fulcrum of Druze life at village level is the *khalweh*—an austere one-room building, sometimes possessing a second chamber underground, which serves simultaneously as chapel and lodge. Here a "service" is held, in secret, every Thursday evening, and, since religion and politics are inextricably intertwined in the Levant, as much time is devoted to political discussion as to the reading of Druze scriptures, the chief religious exercise. Periodically, a leading member of the *khalweh* will be dispatched to consult the Bayada sheikhs, taking them information about local affairs and bringing back their advice. In times of crisis, as at present, the intermittent trickle of visitors to Khalweht el-Bayada becomes a purposeful flow as Druzes everywhere, no matter what the obstacles in the way of their envoys, seek an authoritative version of the facts and inquire what is expected of them.

Druze society is not, however, uniformly theocratic. On matters affecting the political interests of the community, the Bayada sheikhs take the advice of the heads of the chief Druze families and other outstanding personalities whose purely religious significance may be negligible. But once a formal edict is issued from Khalweht el-Bayada, it is theoretically binding on all initiated Druzes.

On one visit I paid to the Bayada sheikhs while the British Labor government was in office, I was asked if there were any truth in reports that it was supporting a rather unpleasant fascist-type party founded in the Levant by a hopeful imitator of Mussolini and currently gaining popularity. I had no more information on the subject than they, but not wishing to disappoint them—since they tend to take it for granted that every Westerner they see has come, freshly clued up, straight from their opposite numbers in London, Washington, or Paris—I ventured an emphatic "No." They seemed relieved but, afraid I was telling them only what they wanted to hear, sought to pin me down. Did I think it a good idea to advise Druzes not to join the party? I said I thought it an excellent idea—but since the fascist-type party's sudden disappearance from the local political scene might leave its sympathizers prey to Communism, which appealed to the same type of mentality, would it not, I suggested, be wise to issue similar advice concerning the Communist party?

We were sitting in a circle, in the open air, on the curious stone bench, shaped like a rounded horseshoe, that stands in the center of Khalweht el-Bayada. The reaction to my suggestion rippled excitedly away from me on both sides and closed in again on the opposite side of the circle. Yes, I was told, this seemed a sound precaution, and would be considered.

Later I learned that the sheikhs had indeed let it be known that the two parties in question were not to be flirted with by good Druzes. How compulsive their advice was made I have, of course, no means of knowing. For really serious misdemeanors and disregard of important edicts, a Druze may be cut off from the community and even dropped by his own family, but I doubt if

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such action would be taken to back up a purely political pronouncement of this sort. In any event, Bayada edicts affect uninitiated Druzes—who make up about a third of the community—only so far as initiated relatives and friends are able to influence them.

THE initiated—*aqel*, "enlightened"—alone have access to the secrets of the Druze religion and to the Thursday evening meetings which shape the life of the community. The uninitiated—*jahel*, "ignorant"—know no more about their kinsmen's beliefs and religious practices than complete outsiders do, though unlike the latter they can apply to the imam of their local *khalweh* at any time for initiation and undergo a period of probation.

An *aqel* may conceal the fact of his initiation from the "ignorant" if he wishes, but in all-Druze areas at least most proclaim the fact by sporting a white turban and a thigh-length red cloak. (There is one hanging on the wall opposite me as I write this, presented to me by one of the Bayada sheikhs about ten years ago. The sleeves, which are only eight inches long, and the whole of the front are minutely embroidered in a vertical zigzag pattern in white, green, orange, and gold.) The average *aqel* sets his Christian and Moslem neighbors a useful example of honesty, sobriety, incorruptibility and—though only in his relations with other Druzes—truthfulness: his religion exalts veracity above all other virtues but permits him to lie to non-Druzes if this is necessary to safeguard the secrets of the faith or the interests of the community.

An *aqel* is permitted to adopt the outward conventions and rites of other religions in times of persecution or when traveling among non-Druzes. Under the Ottomans, except during the glorious century that followed the conquest of Syria by Selim the Grim in 1516, the Druzes generally found it advisable to camouflage themselves as Moslems. When Ibrahim Pasha tried to conscript them, they fled in large numbers to the bosoms of the French-protected Maronite and Latin churches. One bishop who baptized them excitedly informed Rome and Paris of this miraculous tide of conversions. But when the danger had passed he was soon deploring the loss of his converts.

In a Druze village one day I met an old man who had been taken as an infant to America and later lived in Egypt. In America, he said, he had been a revivalist preacher —"Hell-fire and all," he declared proudly— and in upper Egypt the imam of a mosque.

In politics, an even more subtle device is sometimes adopted. When two outsiders are engaged in a dispute whose outcome may affect Druze well-being, the Druzes generally manage to have a foot in each camp. Once it is clear which way the issue is going to be decided, the two feet are speedily brought together. During the Arab League invasion of Israel, Druzes in Syria and Lebanon acted like loyal citizens of these two states—which meant that, like all other Syrans and Lebanese, they made the routine speeches and declarations expected of them but did nothing of any military consequence. Palestinian Druzes joined forces with the Jews and helped chase the Albanian adventurer Fawzi Kawukji and his Arab Liberation Army out of Galilee.

During the Anglo-French quarrel in the Levant three years previously, where there were no clear-cut territorial boundaries to help, members of the same family sometimes put on a most brilliant pretense of being at loggerheads. Kamel would pay frequent visits to the British political officer to denounce his brother or cousin Bahij and deliver a discourse on local affairs calculated to heighten British self-esteem; simultaneously Bahij would call on the French political officer to complain about Kamel and allow himself to be milked of information that confirmed French preconceptions. This duty accomplished, they would meet for coffee and then go up the hill to Khalweht el-Bayada. The strategem broke down when the two political officers got together, too, as often happened, to deplore the lunacy of their respective Foreign Offices and compare notes.

The Druze religion is one of the youngest of the world's faiths. It was touched off early in the 11th century by the half-Russian Fatimid Caliph el-Hakim bi-Amrillahi, whose reign is remembered by non-Druzes for his destruction of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, his extermination of the whole canine population of Cairo because a dog barked at him one day, and his proclamation at the age of thirty-one of his own divinity. His vizier, a Persian mystic named Hamza

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ibn Ali, succeeded in convincing many thousands of Egyptians of the justice of the Caliph's claims, but after el-Hakim's disappeared in 1021 these converts soon lost interest. In the Levant, however, the movement had taken root thanks to the efforts of another Persian, dispatched there by Hamza, Mohamed ibn Ismail ed-Dorazi, who gave the Druzes—the "followers of ed-Dorazi," as they were now called—their name.

THE scriptures of the Druzes are for the most part the writings of Hamza augmented by the output of ed-Dorazi and a third evangelist named Baha ed-Din. None of their works has ever been published or even printed by the Druzes. A few manuscripts have, however, been seized in raids on *khalwehs* from time to time, particularly during the disturbances of 1860 and 1925-26, or obtained in other ways, and although some have since been discovered to be bogus —compiled in most such cases by Druze scribes to mislead the inquisitive—enough is now known of Hamza's teachings to permit one to outline their essential points. The direct quotations which follow are from a Druze catechism which came into my possession by means there is no space here to detail: the English version is, of course, my own.

Like the Jews, whom they greatly respect, the Druzes are strict and unswerving monotheists. An alternate Arabic name they give themselves means "unitarians" and they are convinced that Western Unitarians are secretly Druzes in Occidental dress. But they have grafted onto their borrowings from Judaism variations on the theme of reincarnation common to other Syrian and Arab religions and, of course, to some of the great faiths of Central Asia.

They believe God to have made ten appearances on earth in places ranging from India to Morocco. His last was in the flesh of el-Hakim in Cairo. His next will be on Yom ed-Din—the "Day of Religion"—which will come about when all kings are dethroned, Christianity has prevailed over Islam, Mecca has been destroyed by fire, and a vast army of reincarnated Druzes has arisen to dominate the world. "Our Lord, the Creator-Governor, will then annihilate all religious communities except four: the Unitarians, the Jews, the Christians, and those who have once been Moslems but have since turned their backs on Islam." The Moslems will then be reborn to act as the servants of the favored four communities while all who have been faithful Druzes will be appointed "princes, sultans, and pashas."

The Druzes are outstanding in the Near East—indeed, in the world—for their tolerance. Their willingness to share their paradise with three other religious groups shows a degree of enlightenment centuries ahead of even some highly respected Western sects. And far from wishing to stuff their doctrines down other people's throats, they do everything possible to discourage proselytism. Even those of their own kinsfolk who wish to be initiated must submit to a minute investigation and pass stringent tests: it is easier to join a Pall Mall club than to become a Druze.

Those who have already been "born into" another religion have been ineligible for initiation since the middle of the 11th century, though persistent outsiders have occasionally been put through bogus ceremonies to get rid of them. Their catechism replies to a question that has obviously been formulated by more than one sensitive Druze:

"Q: Are we not selfish in not wanting to save those who are not Unitarians?

"A: This is not selfishness. The call has been given and the door has been closed."

And the inevitable question is raised:

"Q: Why are we ordered to keep the Wisdom secret?

"A: Because it contains the secrets of the Lord and is the means whereby our souls will be saved."

A more accurate answer to the last question might be that outraged Moslems would have massacred the Druzes long ago had they ever revealed their true opinions of Islam, its institutions, and its founder. Christianity, on the other hand, is to be "esteemed and praised" by Druzes, their catechism tells them, and the Christian Evangelists are described as "the carriers of wisdom." The reason given is less satisfying. The Druzes believe that "Jesus the son of Joseph and Mary" failed in his mission (their "revised version" of the Gospel narrative has received a rather curious echo in an erudite and controversial book just published in London:

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The Nazarene Gospel Restored by Graves and Podro), which was redeemed only by the intervention of Hamza, who, as "the True Christ," performed the miracles and preached the Sermon on the Mount. Despite this example, Jesus fell short of perfection and God allowed him to be crucified. Hamza took him down from the cross, however, and allowed him to return to his family.

Hamza is credited with seven incarnations in all—one as Pythagoras, another as Salman the Persian, a companion of Mohammed who appears in other Near Eastern religions—and he is identified also as the Angel Gabriel. He has, of course, no divine or other power in his own right—at all times he is "the slave of the Creator-Governor."

One of the first things a newly initiated *aqel* is told is, naturally, how to identify his fellow Druzes. "After saluting him and saying commonplace things we ask him: 'Do you have farmers in your country who grow the myrobalan (*huleilej*)?' If he answers 'Yes, we grow it in the hearts of the faithful,' then we ask him: 'Do you know the frontiers?' [The frontiers are Hamza, ed-Dorazi, Baha ed-Din, and Abu el-Khair, all nominated by el-Hakim to carry out the mission of the Unitarian religion.] If he answers correctly then he is one of us."

Even at the high tide of feudalism the Druzes were more advanced than the communities around them in their personal relations. Druze women are still the envy of their Moslem neighbors. The society they live in is monogamous, they have the same rights as men, they may be initiated into the Druze religion without consulting their husbands on the matter, and—unheard-of privilege—they may even petition for divorce. Adultery is punished by a seven-year period of penance and an adulterer who fails to atone for his crime "dies as a heretic."

As a result of not being treated as beasts of burden, Druze women age less quickly and are more independent of spirit than is usual in the Moslem world. The men, too, unhampered by the enervating weight of Islamic fatalism, are distinguished by a dignity and self-respect—an irrepressible love of liberty and an air of being masters of their own fate—all too rarely seen in the Near East. Bedouin tribesmen who pride themselves on their warlike past and on the terror they inspire in the Syrian peasantry are content meekly to hire themselves out as servants and laborers in the Jebel ed-Duruz.

There are no beggars in the world of the Druzes. Baha ed-Din declared that it was the duty of every Druze to support himself "without exacting contributions" from anyone; but if, by chance, a Druze were ever in need it would be the duty of those nearest him to supply all necessary aid without being asked.

A good Druze is enjoined to refrain from accepting or even handling money and goods which he has reason to believe have been improperly obtained or are not "rightfully possessed." The catechism lays down: "The property of peasants and other workers is rightfully theirs; the property of rulers and apostates is not rightfully possessed."

Feudalism has decayed in the Jebel ed-Duruz and on the slopes of Hermon and Mt. Lebanon, as in other parts of the Arabic-speaking countries, but the decay has been graceful and marked with a certain melancholy dignity. It has been succeeded not by the corruption, rootlessness, and moral squalor that have supervened so often elsewhere, but by an odd see-saw of mellow paternalism on the part of the old folk and fiery idealism on the part of the young. Scions of the great Druze houses of Atrash, in Syria, and Jumblatt, in Lebanon, are now socialist hotheads. Had not ex-President Shishakli arrested an Atrash among a band of youthful demonstrators last January he would probably still be in power.

THE Druzes are, of course, but one of a whole patchwork of exotic Near Eastern communities whose thoughts and interests are not merely on a different plane from our own, but on a different mental planet. To recall their existence from time to time is salutary. T. E. Lawrence wrote that the peoples of the Near East "had no half-tones in their register of vision. They were a people of primary colors—or, rather, of black and white. . . ." The observation is even more applicable to far too many of the men who have handled Near Eastern affairs in the chancelleries of the West during the last thirty years.

The Druzes are a reminder that the intoxicatingly straightforward-seeming black and white map of the Moslem world is in reality a mosaic of an infinite variety of

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grays; that what may seem an unanswerable argument in Washington or London may well strike Near Easterners as irrelevant rigmarole; and that there are, in fact, vast recesses within the Near Eastern mind as unresponsive to the conventional stimuli of American and European political thought as were the waves to Canute.

To cite a not untypical instance: the Druzes believe their dead to be reborn in China and Tibet, where a vast reserve of Druze souls, already numbering many millions, is being built up. The irresistible army whose advent they await as a sign of the approach of *Yom ed-Din* is to come from these two countries. Druze poets have written epics describing the conquest of the world by this "Eastern Army." Obviously, from a Western point of view, this is all highly undesirable. But what are the appropriate Western authorities to do about it? Pontificate to the Druzes in Whitehallese or Pentagonian? Threaten an agonizing reappraisal? If they are henceforth to be restricted to these narrow-gauge lines of approach to Near Eastern problems, far better proclaim their Secretary of State a reincarnation of Hamza, amend the myth in his name: "For *China* read *Suez Canal Zone*"; and have done with it.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

ECONOMICS FOR EVERYBODY?

Three Books by J. K. Galbraith

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

IF FURTHER evidence is needed that economics remains a difficult subject practiced by men of only moderate literary grace, some examples offered later on in this essay should suffice. All the more praiseworthy, therefore, is the feat of John Kenneth Galbraith, professor of economics at Harvard, in producing in as many years three extraordinarily readable books: *American Capitalism, Economics and the Art of Controversy,* and *The Great Crash.* In the first of these, Mr. Galbraith advanced the challenging notion that free competition only poorly describes American markets for goods, labor services, and money. He found a better clue to the understanding of our economic life in the interaction of large, powerful business and labor organizations which limit each other's power much as the United Automobile Workers narrows General Motors' freedom to act, and Macy's prevents the manufacturers of electrical appliances from charging what they might in the absence of Macy's threat to produce the items itself. The central point which these examples illustrate is simple: the struggle between large units on different sides of the market tends to produce much the same sort of beneficial results as classical competition among hordes of small sellers—low prices, increasing economic efficiency, and wide variety. According to Mr. Galbraith, his colleagues' pious attachment to anachronistic theory left them unable to explain the tremendous postwar boom, any more than the usual laws of aerodynamics can explain how the bumblebee flies (to use Mr. Galbraith's own parallel). Thus provocatively stated, his argument convinced many of the intelligent general readers to whom it was addressed, at the same time as it started a continuing controversy with his professional critics.

Economics and the Art of Controversy, a little volume of lectures, is in every respect a slighter performance. Yet it too states a provocative thesis—that far more agreement between the two political parties in the United States exists on economic issues than the traditions of political rhetoric allow to appear. Politicians talk conflict since conflict is the stuff of election campaigns, but in truth their cries are echoes of the past. The practical experience of the last twenty years has convinced almost everyone, Democrat *and* Republican, that old-age assistance, minimum wages, public health measures, unemployment compensation—even the deliberate variation of taxes and government spending to counteract inflation or unemployment—are elementary procedures in a modern economy. The mock antagonists on both sides of the political fences have after all accepted the basic premise of the welfare state: that there are contingencies in the lives of all human beings and problems special to such groups as the farmers which justify, even demand, state intervention. Certainly the sight of the Congressional Democrats vainly seeking an economic issue with which to divide themselves from the Republicans supports Mr. Galbraith's

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How FAR is it possible to elucidate the complexities of the social sciences for the lay public? In this examination of the work of the economist J. K. Galbraith, ROBERT LEKACHMAN indicates some of the dangers besetting a popular exposition of economic issues. Mr. Lekachman, assistant professor of economics at Barnard College, last appeared in these pages in August 1955 with "Our 'Revolution' in Income Distribution."

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views, and may even suggest that the forensic lag he describes is being shortened.

Mr. Galbraith's most recent performance is a dramatic account of the great crash of 1929, the events which preceded it, and the consequences which flowed from it. In form it is a chronicle of the genre practiced so successfully by the late Frederick Lewis Allen in *Only Yesterday* and *Since Yesterday*. In tone it is ironic, epigrammatic, and faintly monitory. Its author prefers to tell his tale of folly and chicanery as comedy, in which "nothing is being lost but money." He plainly implies that contemporary stock market speculation may be re-enacting the same tired farce. He is probably even now preparing to review it.

American Capitalism and *The Great Crash* have achieved large audiences, at least for works of non-inspirational exposition, and a certain fashion among literary critics. If we judge by the selections of the Readers' Subscription, Mr. Galbraith has joined David Riesman as a favorite social scientist in the opinions of Lionel Trilling, Jacques Barzun, and W. H. Auden. It is not hard to see why. Mr. Galbraith's fastidious English contrasts sharply with the homogenized prose of too many social scientists. His verbs are active and his images are precise. Joined to these attributes are brevity and genuine wit. When economists not rarely communicate their statistical discoveries to each other in a formidable passage of this kind:

"Given the comparisons in Tables 3 and 4 based upon the mean deviations of actual from predicted industry outputs, it appears that projection methods using input-output tables are not very much better than quite elementary "naive" model methods. Indeed, the multiple regression forecasts seem to be somewhat better than those based, in part, upon input-output relations. In situations such as this, where "naive" models have in some sense to be taken seriously (e.g. if asked to forecast output by industry for, say, 1956, I would prefer Barnett's multiple regression forecasts), it is well to keep in mind their purpose and character. They are not intended to be legitimate alternatives to the model or procedure being tested, but rather are designedly crude and inefficient things, almost *reductio ad absurdum* constructions of economic models and forecasting procedures. They represent a level of efficiency so low and so easily attained that any forecasting procedure proposed for operational use which cannot almost uniformly do better than they can must be rejected as unacceptable."

—and share their theoretical insights in narratives like this one:

"If the entrepreneur's elasticity of expectations for commodity X is unity (changes in price are taken to be permanent), a rise in the current price of X will raise all expected prices of X in the same proportion. Now we discovered in statics that when the prices of a set of commodities change all in the same proportion, the set can be treated as a single commodity, and all rules of economic behavior can be applied to it as if it were a single commodity. So here. If the elasticity of expectations in unity, a rise in the price of X currently quoted on the market must raise the planned output of X taken as a whole; there is no opportunity for substitution over time, and so, from one point of view, the time factor can be neglected. The rules for the working of the production plan are exactly the same as the rules for a firm's behavior in static conditions; there must be an increase in the output of X, brought about either by increased inputs of one sort or another, at one time or another, or by substitution at the expense of other products (now other products in the physical sense, not outputs of the same physical product at different dates)."

—it is balm to the soul to read one or two excerpts from Mr. Galbraith:

"As a year, 1929 has always been peculiarly the property of the economists. It was a year of notable economic events; indeed, in that year began the most momentous economic occurrence in the history of the United States, the ordeal of the Great Depression. In many ways this preoccupation with economics is unfortunate, for 1929 was a year of many marvels. In particular, it was one of those years that marvelously illuminate human motives and the very wellsprings of human behavior. Historians and novelists have always known that tragedy wonderfully reveals the nature of man. But, while they have made rich use of war, revolution, and poverty, they have been singularly neglectful of financial panics. And one can relish the varied idiocy of human action during a panic to the full, for, while it is a time of great tragedy, nothing is being lost but money."

"In the autumn of 1929 the mightiest of Amer-

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icans were, for a brief time, revealed as human beings. Like most humans, most of the time, they did some very foolish things. On the whole, the greater the earlier reputation for omniscience, the more serene the previous idiocy, the greater the foolishness now exposed. Things that in other times were concealed by a heavy facade of dignity now stood exposed, for the panic suddenly, almost obscenely, snatched this facade away. We are seldom vouchsafed a glance behind this barrier; in our society the counterpart of the Kremlin walls is the thickly stuffed shirt. The social historian must always be alert to his opportunities, and there have been few like 1929."

ALTHOUGH there have been some other economists of like literary talent, few of them made original contributions to the theory of their subject. Mr. Galbraith can and does popularize not alone other men's ideas, but his own as well. Can we think otherwise than that making difficult ideas accessible and even attractive is a fine thing? Thoughtful readers, untrained in economics but interested in public affairs, badly need an interpreter. Mr. Galbraith seems to be their man. Is it churlish to ask whether he is not too much their man? The two critical questions seem to be these: Is the reader beguiled by Mr. Galbraith's literary gift into the belief that he understands a good deal more than fact or possibility permits? When he discusses his own ideas, does he convince his audience by the additional fact of default—the default of opponents who, though their arguments may be sounder, are less skillful in literary techniques?

I believe that the answers to these questions are affirmative. I propose to support these conclusions with evidence from the first and most important of the three volumes, *American Capitalism*. Let us see first how Mr. Galbraith presents other men's theories. In clearing the decks for his own contribution, he summarizes the doctrine of free competition and also the Keynesian analysis of employment. How does he do it? He devotes just six pages to a description of free competitive markets, "the foundation of the faith," draws not a single diagram, and quotes from just two economists, Adam Smith and Friedrich Hayek, the first outmoded and the second unrepresentative. No doubt these are excellent pages, which many teachers would accept for themselves as an accurate summary of the causes and consequences of competition. But, as the last sentence implies, they are pages of conclusions. Mr. Galbraith's readers don't really understand how a competitive market achieves equilibrium, nor do they as much as glimpse the analytical techniques which are at the heart of modern economics. Let me hasten to add that here is no charge of deception laid to Mr. Galbraith's account; it is simply that the student must endure exercises a good deal more strenuous than the reading of a half-dozen pages of professional prose before he grasps the subtle mechanisms of the market. These remarks apply *a fortiori* to the equally compressed summary of Keynesian policy conclusions (which are by no means the conclusions of all Keynesians). Mr. Galbraith fails, not alone to describe the techniques which Keynes used in moving from premise to conclusion, but also to indicate just how controversial among economists many of these conclusions are. A proper intellectual conviction presupposes precisely the understanding the reader *cannot* derive from reading *American Capitalism*.

Although Mr. Galbraith has scrupulously erected guideposts which warn the unwary that these ideas are knotty ("Keynes' *General Theory* could not normally be read, even by the intelligent layman, unless he was schooled in the language and, even more, in the abstractions of economics"), how can his readers help but believe that they have grasped a part at least of the true inwardness of economics? If what they have read is so clear, can the remainder be so difficult?

Fresh from his attack upon classical competition and his endorsement of Keynesian economics, Mr. Galbraith turns to his own concepts, which are an alternative to the doctrine he condemns and a supplement to the doctrine he approves. It is a good world that Mr. Galbraith describes, a world in which the great power resident in a few hands never persists long unchecked. Supplier limits manufacturer, unions employers, retailers wholesalers, and the Federal government, brooding over all, almost any overweening group. No need to take alarm, therefore, at the million-member union, the ten-billion-dollar corporation, or the clamorous farmers' group, the many-branched food chain, and the reactionary trade association. Evil there may be, but it is evil rendered harmless by the power of countervailing evil. Thus the A & P, itself potent, fights the ordinary consumer's battle against meat packers, the

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labor union the ordinary worker's cause against the large employer, the public service commission the citizen's complaint against the monopolistic utility. Surely these are appealing insights, not the less attractive because they exemplify the economic optimism of most Americans. Judging from the reactions of students, I should guess that they induce quick conviction.

But should they induce quick conviction? There is a strong opposition to Mr. Galbraith's novel notions, but as far as the ordinary reader can guess, it does not exist. Here is a dangerous asymmetry. Mr. Galbraith has written for the general public. He has been answered by his fellow economists in learned journals, particularly in the far from lively pages of the *American Economic Review,* whose public is surely smaller than that of *Women's Wear Daily.* These critics have alleged among much else that Mr. Galbraith has been forced to smuggle free competition back into his model at least in retail markets, that he ignores the possibility of collusion among the great contenders for power, and that his admission of the damaging effects of inflation upon the workings of his theory invalidates it in times like ours. I happen to believe that, on the whole, Mr. Galbraith's critics have the better of the argument, but the rights and wrongs of this controversy are less important than the circumstance that it has occurred at all and that Mr. Galbraith's audience, being innocent of its existence, accepts for want of an accessible alternative his side of the issue.

All of this must seem cold comfort to the non-economist. The news that there is no short cut to genuine economic understanding undoubtedly parallels the word from the physicist that physics is terribly difficult, the warning from the doctor not to read medical journalism, indeed the solemn injunction from the specialist of every variety that his art is arcane and his secrets accessible only after proper rites of initiation. Is my simple message only a hope that Mr. Galbraith will write a textbook? I fear that this is so. There is in economics a legitimate place for the plain exposition, at some length, of generally accepted doctrines, and there are more of these than the professional scoffer at the social studies imagines. But experts should settle their controversies among themselves. The layman had best view with a wary eye the new doctrine addressed first to him, whatever its author's credentials. This is the final, ungracious message I derive from three virtuoso performances by one of the most accomplished economists of his generation.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Jewish First Names

To the Editor of Commentary:

I have just finished reading what, to me, was a truly fascinating article: "Jewish First Names Through the Ages" (November 1955), by Rabbi Benzion C. Kaganoff, an old *cheder* classmate of mine and a fine scholar. . . .

My wife and I are both in the field of Jewish education, and we never know whether to be more exasperated or amused when a pupil in our Hebrew School either has no idea what his Hebrew name is (there are times when the parents don't know, either) or tells us stammeringly that it's Yoche, Feivel, Henya, or Chisha! . . . Believe it or not, the classmates of such children, though knowing nothing, or next to nothing, of Yiddish, invariably sense the phonetic oddness of such names as compared to the genuine Hebraic sound of their own, and do not fail to show their amusement. Things went so far in one of my classes that a boy named Fred, whom a previous teacher had named Pinchas, confessed to me secretly that Feivel was his real name and would I *please* never use it in class? Now I can use Rabbi Kaganoff's information and call him Uri—though I doubt if it's wise to tell him that Feivel goes back to Phoebus! . . .

Another reason for our personal interest in this article is that we finally found out the origin of the name Breindel, which was that of my paternal grandmother. My wife and I, before our daughter's birth, discussed the possibility of translating this into Hebrew. . . . And now that we know it means "Brunette," what are we to do for future possible daughters? . . .

As a last observation, let me point out that a sister of mine, named Edith in English and "Ita" in Yiddish, has followed the trend the Rabbi mentions of eliminating the "foreign" accretions. She has been in Israel over four years and has adopted Yehudit as her Hebrew name. She will be appalled to learn, I know, that her Yiddish given name is related to Yente and Yetta, and intrigued about its coming from Juanita. . . .

Final question to Rabbi Kaganoff: what's the source of Chisha, anyhow?

Morris Springer

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

In his stimulating article concerning "Jewish First Names Through the Ages," Rabbi Benzion C. Kaganoff refers to the assimilation of names by Jews in America. This phenomenon is, perhaps, best illustrated by names like Milton, Sidney, and others which have become "Jewish" names in the United States because Jews have used them so frequently.

In pre-World War I Germany and the Austrian monarchy, a comparable development took place. Siegfried, Siegbert, Sigismund, and similar names also became "Jewish" names and, for that reason, were eventually avoided by non-Jews. In fact, the combination of these names with typically Jewish family names produced strange bedfellows as, for example, Sigmund Freud or Siegfried Moses (a veteran Zionist leader in Germany).

While French and Italian Jews use both Hebraic and non-Hebraic first names, there appears to be no case where a non-Hebraic name has come to be considered a "Jewish" name, probably because of the small number of Jews in either France or Italy.

Ernest Maass

New York, N.Y.

To the Editor of Commentary:

I was very much interested in your publication of "Jewish First Names Through the Ages" by Benzion C. Kaganoff. . . .

Permit me to contradict Rabbi Kaganoff's statement that there is no trace in the Bible for the (incidentally not only American, but universal) Jewish tradition of naming children after deceased relatives.

The Biblical source is Deuteronomy 25:6: a childless widow is required to marry the brother of her deceased husband (*yibbum*); the first son is to be named after the deceased first husband "to prevent his name from becoming extinct in Israel."

With this in mind, Jews for centuries named their newborn boys after deceased grandfathers, etc., thus keeping the name "alive in Israel."

Albert J. Phiebig

White Plains, New York

[Mr. Phiebig is the former secretary of the Jewish Genealogical Society of Berlin.—Ed.]

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To the Editor of Commentary:

I enjoyed reading Benzion C. Kaganoff's article on Jewish first names throughout the ages. I always thought, however, that "poor banal Yente had an exotic origin" in genteel *Gentile* rather than in *Juanita;* also that "the wretched Yachne" is not the Biblical *Yocheved,* but the medieval-romantic *Jacinthe* (Hyacinth).

B. G. Kayfetz

Executive Director
Joint Public Relations Committee
Canadian Jewish Congress and
B'nai B'rith Central Region
Toronto, Canada

To the Editor of Commentary:

May I point out an oversight in Rabbi Kaganoff's interesting account of Jewish first names? "Yigal" is mentioned, among others, as an example of an Israeli name of recent coinage. Actually, this name is quite ancient and seems to have been in use through much of the Biblical period. In Numbers 13:7 we read of "Igal the son of Joseph," one of the twelve spies, in II Samuel 23:36 of "Igal the son of Nathan," one of David's guard, and in Chronicles 3:22 of "Igal" a descendant of David. Unfortunately, the Hebrew "Yigal" was neither consistently nor recognizably rendered by the King James translators.

Myron Robinson

Frederick, Md.

The Stouffer Study

To the Editor of Commentary:

Many of us owe Nathan Glazer a considerable debt for his penetrating critiques of contemporary work in the social sciences which have appeared regularly in Commentary over the past few years. Major research studies are nowhere else subjected to such searchingly critical yet fair-minded examination of their central assumptions.

I read, therefore, Glazer's analysis of Samuel Stouffer's *Communism, Conformity, and Civil Liberties* in your August issue with my usual admiration for his dialectic acumen. Shortly afterwards, however, upon reading Stouffer's book, I discovered that his major criticisms seriously distort it by reading into it implications which the author himself explicitly disavows.

Glazer accuses Stouffer of assuming that because public opinion surveys find certain opinions to be statistically associated with a socially desirable attitude, it is therefore good policy to promote these opinions and to overlook their possible, or even probable, falsity. Since tolerance of non-conformists is associated with a low perception of the Communist threat, Stouffer, according to Glazer, implies that those who cherish civil liberties ought to minimize the threat even though it may in fact be a grave one. Now this sort of reasoning is certainly very common in research studies of problems on which liberals have strong moral or political convictions (Glazer cites ethnic prejudice as an example). The only trouble is that Stouffer does not indulge in it. Glazer has used the wrong argument against the wrong man on the wrong problem.

Twice Glazer quotes Stouffer's statement: "*If* the internal Communist threat is now exaggerated, and *if* the American people were told this and believed it, tolerance of nonconformists would increase." He asserts that this is Stouffer's "conclusion" and goes on to suggest that only scientific caution deters Stouffer from stating outright that the internal Communist threat is indeed exaggerated and that civil liberties would be served by a campaign to minimize it. But Stouffer explicitly rejects this line of argument: he points out that the relationship between tolerance and perception of the Communist threat revealed by his data is by no means a consistent one, he suggests that such a campaign might "lull people into too much complacency about Communism," and he concludes that civil liberties would be better served by a "positive program" stressing their value which would also "be truthful about the internal Communist threat." . . .

Pursuing his effort to convict Stouffer of what might be called the "virtue by association" theory of ideas, Glazer says that "Dr. Stouffer seems to take it for granted that the sensible position of being aware of the threat and yet upholding tolerance cannot be expected to grow," and he charges Stouffer with ignoring the existence even in his own sample of people "who are fully aware of the true dimensions of the Communist problem in this country without being intolerant." Again, Stouffer does nothing of the kind: on page 209 he contends that "there is ample evidence in this survey that knowledge does not breed intolerance. How else explain the *relative tolerance* of so many people, including many of the local community leaders who are fully aware of the internal Communist threat or may even hold exaggerated views of it?" (his italics). Stouffer takes great pains, as Glazer points out, to observe the taboo of social scientists against making "value-judgments" and he even shuns factual statements that cannot be directly supported by opinion poll data. Nevertheless, I think he plainly indicates his preference for a position

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that affirms civil liberties without denying the reality of the Communist problem.

Moreover, by concentrating on the opinion survey's failure to differentiate statistically between those who are "intolerant" of Communists because they realistically see them as a threat and those who are indiscriminately intolerant of all whose views differ from their own, Glazer manages to avoid any admission that the Communist threat is in fact greatly exaggerated and its nature misunderstood by a large part of the public. He neglects entirely the chapters of the book supporting this conclusion.

Glazer states his own conviction that "native Communists exist and have played a considerable role in American government, society, and culture, and still play some role," but he never defines which aspects of internal Communism constitute a danger. A whole section of Stouffer's survey dealt with this. Of those who said that the Communists were at least some danger, 28 per cent feared the conversion of others to Communism and the spread of Communist ideas, whereas only 16 per cent mentioned sabotage or espionage as the main threat (other answers were too general to be classified). On one of the few occasions when Stouffer brings himself to make an assertion about the realities of the Communist problem in contrast to people's opinions about it, he suggests that "the era of making any appreciable number of Communist converts in this country has long since passed." Does Glazer disagree with this manifestly sound judgment? And isn't the question of *how* Communists are dangerous almost as important as the question of *whether* they are dangerous?

Finally, one amazing statement occurs in Glazer's article which brought me up short: he refers to "the two positions on Communism and civil liberties that are politically relevant today—the position of those who feel that *no measures at all* should be taken against native Communists, and the position of those who feel that Smith Acts and McCarran Acts are important and necessary defenses against Communism" (my italics). If by "politically relevant" he means with a real chance of affecting policy, this assertion is fantastic. For what influential political figures or organizations favor taking no action at all against native Communists? The need for some security regulations barring Communists from sensitive posts in government, the army, and some areas of private industry is almost universally recognized, even by the many people who regard the Smith and McCarran Acts as neither important nor necessary and who dislike the present security system.

I hold no special brief for the Stouffer book, which I regard as an important but very limited contribution to the understanding of a complex subject. But I think Nathan Glazer's zeal to correct what he thinks represents naivety about Communism has misled him in this instance.

DENNIS H. WRONG
University of Toronto
Toronto, Canada

MR. GLAZER *writes:*

A good part of the points in controversy between Dennis Wrong and myself may be settled by a reading of pages 208-9 of Dr. Stouffer's book, in which he sums up his analysis of the relation between tolerance and perception of the internal Communist threat. If I quote from these conclusions more fully than I did in the original review, I think it will be possible for the readers of this exchange to grasp Dr. Stouffer's position exactly:

"To sum up, these tabulations converge to demonstrate two facts:

"1. . . . *there is consistency in the relationship between perception of the internal Communist threat and tolerance of non-conformists.* The relationship is high enough and consistent enough to suggest that *if* the internal Communist threat is now exaggerated, and *if* the American people were told this and believed it, tolerance of non-conformists would increase. [Dr. Stouffer then proposes a test for this hypothesis.]

"2. *The relationship between perception of threat and tolerance . . . is far from a 1-to-1 relationship.* This has further important implications. It suggests that merely accenting the negative—merely asserting that the internal threat is exaggerated—would be limited in its effectiveness. For substantial proportions of the American population are intolerant *in spite of the fact* that they perceive relatively little internal Communist threat. Somehow one would have to bring home to them the value of the fundamental liberties. . . . This is difficult—even risky. For such a positive program also would presumably be truthful about the internal Communist threat, even if it attacked exaggerations. Some intolerant people who see little or no threat might be made more aware than they are now of the potential danger of an internal Communist conspiracy. . . . Is there not a danger such a program, based on truth, would boomerang and actually increase the intolerance?

"Such a possibility exists, of course. But against it is the faith that, in the long run, the American people can be trusted with the truth. . . . Knowledge does not breed intolerance. How else explain the *relative tolerance* of so many

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people . . . who are fully aware of the Communist threat. . . ?

". . . a campaign of information might conceivably boomerang in an opposite direction . . . such a campaign might . . . lull people into too much complacency about Communism. This is possible but it seems unlikely."

It is perfectly clear that Dr. Stouffer does not "explicitly reject" the line of argument summed up by the sentence with the two *"ifs"* in conclusion (1) in the quotation above. Note the order of the conclusions: (1) people should be taught that the Communist threat is exaggerated; (2) they should be taught the value of fundamental American liberties. A "tricky" and "dangerous" consequence of the second campaign is to increase awareness of the internal Communist threat. I think I have been fair in giving Dr. Stouffer's position, whereas Dennis Wrong raises minor qualifications to the position of major conclusions.

My review argued that Dr. Stouffer had confused the problem of intolerance, which is endemic in this country, and which is directed at Socialists and atheists and "nonconformists" no less than at Communists, with the specific problems raised by Communism—which involve tolerance of non-conformists only in part. It was in the course of this discussion that I said, "it is impossible in his book to distinguish the two positions on Communism and civil liberties that are practically relevant today." In my effort to formulate the two "practically relevant" political questions I am afraid I used a shorthand open to much misunderstanding. I was referring to political measures against the Communist party, and there the division is between those who wish to outlaw the party, or come close to it, as with the Smith Act and McCarran Act, and those who do not feel special legislation should be passed to limit the Communist party as a political organism. It is of course true that many who hold the latter position (as I myself do) also favor the adoption of security measures against individual members of the Communist party of varying degrees of stringency.

Mr. Wrong finally raises many questions which were outside the limits of a review and are also outside the limits of an exchange of correspondence. In a word, however, I do not very well see how the Communist threat can be exaggerated as long as Russia is one of the two major world military powers. And it is for this reason, too, that though Communists today, I would certainly agree with Dr. Stouffer, make very few converts, this is a matter that could change in a number of years, and under other conditions.

But this has nothing to do with my review, whose main point was that there is no inherent relation between knowledge of and opposition to Communism and intolerance; that rather, there is only an inherent relation between ignorance and intolerance. These are crucial distinctions for the understanding of this problem. On occasion, Dr. Stouffer's data led him to draw these distinctions; but the whole force of the book was to imply the existence of a necessary relation between anti-Communism and intolerance.

NATHAN GLAZER

New York City

". . . to the Nations"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Permit me to congratulate COMMENTARY on the learned and thoughtful article "The Jewish Mission to the Nations" (October 1955) by Rabbi Jakob J. Petuchowski. This is the sort of article that stimulates thought. If it should do no more than help some Jews take cognizance of their spiritual and religious heritage, it is well worth while.

The fact is, however, that the positive, tangible values of the Jewish religion rest on a much firmer foundation and have a broader appeal than its ideological concepts and dogmas. It is regrettable, therefore, that Rabbi Petuchowski almost forgets the former and stresses mainly the latter. The Jewish religion has 613 commandments which a Jew is obligated to observe. It is the practice of the commandments rather than the philosophical concepts that make the Jew.

We must admit that, in practice, there really is hardly any difference between Reform Judaism and Unitarian Christianity. How then can Reform Judaism convert a Liberal Christian? On the other hand, Orthodox Judaism has a great deal to offer to thinking men of all denominations. To name but three commandments: Circumcision, Kashruth, and the sanctity of marital relationships. What these mean in terms of health and clean living! To be sure, the founder of Reform Judaism in America, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, stood firmly for the observance of the *dinim*, but his followers have given up the Shulchan Aruch.

It is paradoxical that Orthodox Judaism, which could offer so much to converts, does not believe in proselytism, whereas Reform Judaism, which has hardly anything tangible to offer, is for conversion. Is it because Orthodoxy is strong and self-sufficient whereas Reform Judaism is deeply conscious of its inherent weakness?

HARRY BRADLEY

New York City

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The Nazarene Gospel

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a non-Jewish historian who has been privileged to "plow with the heifer" of a learned Talmudist, Joshua Podro, I am delighted with Gerson D. Cohen's negative praise of *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*—our answer to an even more difficult riddle than Samson's. Mr. Cohen writes in the November Commentary that the events recorded in our reconstruction of the original oral tradition of the Jerusalem Church "are all quite possible." But why does he add: "There simply is not the slightest shred of evidence to make the Graves-Podro reconstruction a whit more likely than a host of other possible solutions"?

Granted, it is impossible to prove scientifically what this oral tradition was; but can he name a single other solution than ours that makes coherent sense without involving almost as many historical solecisms as the Gospels themselves?

He likens our meticulous argument to a great detective story, the solution of which is just a little too good. But in this context he should recall Sherlock Holmes's apothegm, to the effect that when all other possible theories fail to fit the facts, the remaining one, however improbable, must be correct. Fortunately, our views have become less fantastic, in the light of the Judean Caves discoveries described in the same issue; but I realize that it is almost as difficult for a Jew as for a Christian to accept them. The Christian because he has been conditioned to hold the logically untenable belief that you wicked Jews crucified your God; the Jew because he prefers not to discuss, or even think about, a subject that caused his ancestors such misery and that is still likely to give him undeserved embarrassment in all countries throughout the world but Israel.

However, the book has now been out for nearly two years in England and the United States, and not a single scholar, either Jew or Christian, has yet been able to put his finger on any historical flaw in the argument. Many have tried. The most persistent was an anonymous ecclesiast in London's leading literary journal who (among other things) refused to accept the meaning of a Hebrew word defined by a celebrated Jewish lexicographer, on the ground that his works had not yet been translated into English; and accused us of "unethically camouflaging" the text of Galatians 4:14. A Jewish lawyer got a retraction from the editor before our libel case reached the High Court; it appears that the reviewer had overlooked a well-known papyrus discovered in 1936, on which we based our argument, and which was over a hundred years older than his uncials and cursives!

Paul's being a Greek on both sides, and not (as he claimed) a Benjaminite, should not be regarded by Mr. Cohen as an invention of Joshua Podro and myself. It was the view held by the Ebionites, Jesus' original Jewish followers (not "Christians"), and of course condemned by the Early Fathers as heretical.

I expect Commentary to dissociate itself from the views expressed in this letter, but should be grateful for its publication.

Robert Graves

Palma de Mallorca
Spain

Mr. Cohen *writes:*

Mr. Graves is quite right that any attempt at solving the historical problems of the Gospels of necessity involves conjecture, emendation, and a considerable degree of uncertainty. However, the line which separates the artist from the scholar is a delicate, tenuous one, probably one of taste. My own tastes, and, I submit, those of most historians, will incline to the more temperate speculations of men like Arthur Darby Nock or Yehezkel Kaufman. The latter's chapters on Christianity in his monumental *Gola we-Nekhar* I have found respectful to the sources, while as stimulating as Mr. Graves's solution and far more satisfying intellectually.

I fail to see how the Dead Sea Scrolls buttress Mr. Graves's restoration of the New Testament *narrative,* that is, of the life of Jesus and his disciples. Mr. Graves's contention that Jesus' teachings echo one school of authentic Jewish thought is not new with him, nor did I take any exception to it. I merely maintained that his attempt to footnote his imaginative reconstruction of the events—virgin birth to resurrection—may be brilliant, but not necessarily cogent. Please note that I did not say that Mr. Graves invented Paul's heathen ancestry. I was simply suggesting that Mr. Graves rather promiscuously embraces any material that fits his case. To be sure, this is not an historical "flaw," if by "flaw" he means poor dates or misquotations; but uninhibited eclecticism still is not history as most people in the Western world have hitherto treated that subject.

The Kastner Case

To the Editor of Commentary:

W. Z. Laqueur's "The Kastner Case," in Commentary of December 1955, leaves more questions open than it answers, but I do not think it is his own fault entirely.

One wishes, of course, that Mr. Laqueur had taken into consideration facts that can be found

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in Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution* and Leon Poliakov's *Harvest of Hate,* both of which books he himself mentions. He would, I am sure, have ascertained that the Kastner story did not start with the introductory letter Rabbi Weissmandl gave Wisliczeni, but with the first attempts to rescue Jews in Slovakia. (Rabbi Weissmandl now lives in this country and can be called on for corroboration.)

It was early in 1943 that news began to leak from Bratislava (Pressburg) that Jewish lives could be bought with money. From then on the question of ransoming Jewish lives was discussed again and again, but save for a few exceptions nothing was done about it on a large scale. A second basic omission in Mr. Laqueur's article is his failure to stress the specific Hungarian Jewish situation and the different attitudes prevailing among the Jews of Hungary themselves. The fall of Bela Kun's Red republic in 1919 sent thousands of Jews into baptism, and produced a strong movement for assimilation whose followers were not too happy about their more faithful brethren outside Budapest.

To answer some of the other questions raised by Mr. Laqueur, we have to recall that there was factional strife in the SS leadership, especially in 1944: both Schellenberg and Becher, with the alleged consent of Himmler, tried to use the Jews to provide the SS with an alibi after the defeat of the Third Reich. Kaltenbrunner, Eichmann, Krumey were opposed to this, and Himmler had to conceal his attempts to exploit the plight of the Jews from this group, whose attitude, like Hitler's, was: "After us the deluge."

We have also to realize that Hungary's own leadership was corrupt, and after March 1944 under frequent change. When Horthy dismissed his prime minister, Stojay, the massacre of Jews stopped for a few months.

This brings me to my main point. We have scores of books on the extermination of the Jews, but not one authoritative volume, or even monograph, on the attempts to rescue them. Mr. Kastner certainly did not operate in thin air, but kept in steady contact with Jewish organizations that were, in their turn, in touch with the Allied governments. There is an untapped wealth of material on the rescue work—the trials, the disappointments, and the modest successes it knew—in the files of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, of the World Jewish Congress, of the American Jewish Committee, and, last but not least, of the Jewish Agency for Palestine.

Thus Mr. Laqueur's questions need not go unanswered forever. The "Kastner case" would have remained a "Greenwald case," and not been exploited for purely political ends, had this material been thoroughly studied and the results published. The picture that we get from the Kastner case will remain onesided until the story of the rescue attempts is told in full. Here is a task that has awaited the interest of the many Jewish research institutions far too long.

KURT R. GROSSMAN

New York City

Correction

In our issue of November 1955 the name of the author of the story "The Others" was incorrectly given as Alfred Memmi. Mr. Memmi's first name is Albert.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

A Conservative Theologian

GUIDEPOSTS IN MODERN JUDAISM. By JACOB B. AGUS. Bloch. 444 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by MILTON HIMMELFARB

THIS collection of thoughtful essays about our religious and communal problems is also a revelation of the perplexities and ambiguities in the mind of one of those few of our rabbis who can be called theologians. Some of Dr. Agus's difficulties arise from his painful consciousness of being in a minority, especially within Conservative Judaism; others arise from his siding, whether spontaneously or by an act of the will, with the majority in his profession, his movement, or his society.

As we would expect of the author of *Modern Philosophies of Judaism,* Dr. Agus on Orthodoxy, Reform, and Reconstructionism is able and useful. It is his discussion of Conservative Judaism that raises questions. Our attitude to Conservatism must depend in some measure on our attitude to Ahad Ha'am. Though he does not reject the possibility that Ahad Ha'am was not in any real sense a believing Jew, Dr. Agus tells us that "Ahad Ha'am . . . saw the genesis of every ideal in the 'will to live' of the people. . . . Thus, it is possible to identify oneself with Jewish life for the sake of spiritual self-fulfillment, *even if one does not accept the idea of God* [my italics]. . . . Ahad Ha'am's ideas functioned as powerful centripetal forces for the Jewish community, directing attention to the cultural and spiritual content of the Jewish faith and stimulating a broad loyalty to the total complex of Jewish values. And it was within the hospitable compass of the Conservative movement that the seeds of Ahad Ha'amism found their most fertile soil." Here we can discern no reservations about Ahad Ha'am or Conservatism's hospitality to him, but in the next essay we are told: "Ahad Ha'am did most to introduce this dark dogma of biological nationalism into the thinking of the modern Jew. He went to the extent of suggesting that the whole Jewish religion was inwardly motivated by this impulse of national group survival. . . . In other words, it was not because the Jew believed in Torah and Talmud that he braved all 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune'; on the contrary, he developed the beliefs and customs of Judaism in order to erect a Chinese wall of segregation about the . . . Jewish community, enabling it thus to endure through the ages. . . ."

Condemn the master and you condemn his disciples, but Dr. Agus makes no explicit criticism of Conservatism. Instead American Jewry as a whole is treated harshly: "At the moment the dominant trend [among American Jews] seems to be a kind of spite-racism." Whether or not we think this reproach justified, on his own showing he should have directed it to Conservatism in the first instance; and perhaps he made it all the more bitter because of the struggle of loyalties within him that would not allow him to name the offender convicted by his own logic.

Actually, Dr. Agus observes with satisfaction that American Jewry is moving toward a religious character that is increasingly divesting itself of ethnicity. While it is his branch of Judaism in America that has put most stress on Zionism and the ethnic element in general, Dr. Agus has far less ethnic fervor than the great majority of his Conservative colleagues. This has exposed him to another temptation, more usually associated with the Reform rabbinate, and he has yielded to it.

Traditional Judaism was a synthesis of universalism and particularism. When a complex unity breaks down, its previously unified elements, taking on an independent life of their own, are often perceived as being in conflict. So with universalism and particularism in Jewish religion after Emancipation. Classical Reform accepted the first and rejected the second with equal ardor. Essentially, so does Dr. Agus. The irony is that many universalists among Jewish religious thinkers have unwittingly equated universalism with the set of values and prejudices of the national society—whether

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German or American or any other—with which Emancipation has made us eager to identify ourselves. But while Jews are taught by the Bible and Talmud, and Christians by Jesus and St. Paul, that Jewish particularism is divinely ordained, neither Jews nor Christians can find any warrant for making that claim for American or any other modern national particularism. Our universalists, therefore, tend to substitute, for a particularism sanctified by the tradition, a pseudo-universalism concealing a particularism that is untraditional and idolatrous.

In Dr. Agus's book this shows itself in the unstated but ever present proposition that what is American is good. "The great founder of the American Conservative movement," he says, was Solomon Schechter, whose "conception was . . . typically American." This is supposed to be honorific both for Schechter and for Conservatism. Schechter was in the United States only for the last dozen years of his life, but Dr. Agus seems to reason that since he was an admirable and good man, he must also have been typically American.

Much more serious is this statement, made with every appearance of enthusiastic assent: "In the long run, the enduring tradition of America is liberal humanism, enshrined as it is in the basic documents and heroic saga of the nation . . . the same fundamental bias makes for a steady substitution of psychology and the goals of happiness for philosophy and the abstract ideals of truth and rightness." If this is an accurate description of us, should we be proud of it? Should it delight a philosopher and theologian? Blessing the tribe's follies does not become universalist religion merely because the population of the tribe is 165,000,000.

Why should a learned and scholarly theologian, courageous in opposition to the slogans and prejudices both of the laity and of his colleagues, disappoint us by this ultimate wrongness of thought and feeling? Perhaps it is because most rabbis are "insiders." The best of them, wearied and brought close to disillusion by their frustration with the inside (Jewish) reality, are sometimes inclined to overestimate the virtues of an "outside" that they see at its best, remotely, and with whose different kind of reality they have no intimate experience. This may be why so much of the most impressive thinking and writing in modern Judaism has come from returners. Their illusions about the inside go quickly enough, but their illusions about the outside have already gone.

Nuremberg and Other Trials

A TRAIN OF POWDER. By REBECCA WEST. Viking. 310 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT WECHSLER

THIS book is a collection of six of the best of Miss West's postwar essays. Four of the papers appeared in the *New Yorker*: "Greenhouse with Cyclamens I," a report from Nuremberg on the trial of the Nazi leaders; "Opera in Greenville," an assessment of the trial of the white taxi drivers charged with murder for the lynching of a Negro; "Mr. Setty and Mr. Hume," the story of a British murder trial in which the defendant was proved to have dropped the dismembered body of the victim from an airplane but could not, upon the evidence, have been the perpetrator of the killing as the prosecution charged; "The Better Mousetrap," an account of the trial and conviction of William Marshall, a British Foreign Office employee, for giving secret information to a secretary of the Russian Embassy. The two additions, "Greenhouse with Cyclamens II" and "III," are both concerned with Germany; neither has been published here before. The first is a reexamination of the German situation at the time of the Berlin blockade and air-lift; the second is a reassessment of the Nuremberg trial, as of 1954, provoked by publication of *Sword in the Scales*, a criticism of the trial by Hans Fritzsche, Goebbels' radio chief, who like Von Papen and Schacht was acquitted by the International Tribunal.

THE writing represents some of the best reporting of our time. It is, of course, reporting of a very special kind, concerned less with the narration of events, although the narrative is there, than with the full appraisal of their human meaning. The author's method makes immense demands not only on her sensitivities, but also on her subject matter. Nuremberg, the German recovery, the Greenville trial were great events by any measure. They call for an interpretative chronicle of large dimensions; there is no pretentiousness in dealing with them on such terms. I cannot feel that this is true of Mr. Hume's involvement with the law or even Mr. Marshall's. These stories are well told and are not without their interest, but the accompanying flights of interpretative fancy seem for the most part rather forced.

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For anyone concerned with Nuremberg and Germany, Miss West's three "Greenhouse" papers ought to be required reading. We are indebted for the title of the series to a one-legged gardener in Nuremberg who labored with utter concentration to raise potted cyclamens to sell to the Allied personnel who had so little else to buy. This capacity for single-minded escape into work Miss West submits as central to an understanding of much German history. It played its part in making Hitler and the Nazis possible; it also guaranteed survival in the postwar years, and led to the present recovery. But while it is a quality that can raise much more than flowers, and can even build cathedrals, it is not one that puts a moral harness on power. What is lacking, as the author puts it, is a faith that binds "wealth and power to the service of sanity and life."

Neither Nuremberg nor occupation policy operated in Miss West's opinion to infuse or promote such faith in Germany. The occupation, indeed, often worked precisely in reverse, as in the case of the dismantling program and Allied sanction of the dumping of German minorities, like that of the Sudetenland, into West Germany. Still, German productivity made possible assimilation of the expellees and refugees, relieving "the Allies of so much of their guilt" and illustrating once again "that history takes no care to point a moral." More important, Communist obtuseness and brutality stimulated heroic resistance in Berlin and the Eastern Zone. The Russians by their bad example thus were able to provide the kind of object lesson that can work a moral transformation. "The resistance of Berlin," Miss West wrote in 1949, "began as a soliloquy, but it must end as a dialogue. It would spread into a debate."

The reader will be most impressed, I think, by the ambivalence of Miss West's commentary on the Nuremberg Trial and the variation in her emphases in 1946 and 1954. Writing in 1946, Miss West conveyed as no one else quite did what Germany was like at that time, with thousands of her dead still buried in the stinking ruins; what it was like to be a member of the homesick prosecution, of the defense, of the Tribunal; what human sense one made of the defendants in the dock and of their confrontation with the record of their deeds; how one reacted to the judgment and its miserable execution. That "there had to be a trial," she wrote, "cannot be doubted. It was not only that common sense could predict that if the Nazis were allowed to go free the Germans would not have believed in the genuineness of the Allies' expressed disapproval of them, and that the good Germans would have been cast down in spirit, while the bad Germans would have wondered how long they need wait for the fun and jobbery to start again. It was that, there in Germany, there was a call for punishment. This is something that no one who was not there in 1946 will ever know. . . .

This is I think the central, solid fact in all the controversy about Nuremberg. Public assumption of responsibility for judgment and for punishment was plainly the most civilized of any possible responses to the demand for retribution. If the trial did nothing else, it stayed the hand of private violence against those deemed responsible for all the desolation, conscripting reason to the task of guiding punishment by broad criteria of culpability and justice, making it possible to judge the enemy by standards we would accept for ourselves. Thus when the Tribunal refused to impose a punishment on Doenitz for submarine attacks without warning on merchant vessels because, as Admiral Nimitz deposed, we had followed the same practice ourselves in the Pacific, Miss West rightly says that this "*nostra culpa* of the conquerors might well be considered the most important thing that happened at Nuremberg." But, she adds ruefully, "it evoked no response at the time, and it has been forgotten."

Writing in 1954, Miss West still affirms that "the world was under a necessity to find some way of punishing the Nazi leaders," but she feels that the main value of the trial was the "service rendered to history" in the verification of the largely documentary case offered by the prosecution. "Though the printed record of the truth is hidden from the general reader, its existence preserves him from much mischievous special pleading." Her report serves, indeed, to demonstrate the value of the record, for provoked as she was to write by Fritzsche's book, she turns to the record of the trial to refute his deliberate insinuation that a film showing bags of gold teeth and jewelry snatched from victims of the crematories and deposited in the Reichsbank had been faked by the Allies. The truth was that it never had been claimed that the bags were found in the Reichsbank vaults. They were photographed there after their return to those vaults from the salt mines

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where they had been hidden by the Frankfurt Reichsbank office.

Beyond the uses of the record, however—and such uses surely must be deemed an incidental benefit of the trial rather than a justification for the infliction of punishment—Miss West now thinks that Nuremberg "must be admitted as a betrayal of the hopes that it engendered. Its makers devised it as well as the times allowed. Conducted by officials sick with the weariness left by a great war, attended by only a handful of spectators, inadequately reported, constantly misinterpreted, it was an unshapely event, a defective composition, stamping no clear image on the mind of the people it had been designed to impress. It was one of the events which do not become an experience." More than this, it is "an ugly focus of infection. To discuss it with any knowledge of what actually happened during the case is as sure a way of earning unpopularity as to talk of American affairs in England with an understanding of the American Constitution."

I should be surprised if this were a judicious estimate of public understanding and evaluation of the trial in 1954, though differences of view persist, of course, and do seem capable of generating deep emotion. What is more surprising, however, is that, although Miss West herself rejects the usual attacks upon the legal and moral bases of the trial, she lends a highly sympathetic ear to Fritzsche's criticisms of the trial procedure—which, as she puts it, "did not impress Fritzsche and his fellow prisoners, it revolted them; and, indeed, it revolted many Germans who saw the trial or read the transcripts even when they were strongly anti-Nazi." These are harsh words when one considers what the alleged grounds of this imputed revulsion are.

One ground is that the defendants were perpermitted to testify in their own defense, taking the oath of witnesses, whereas the accused in a German court is not on oath when he is interrogated by the judge. Now whether our system or the German is the fairer to defendants may well be an arguable question. But what is beyond argument is that no defendant at Nuremberg was forced to testify, and that when all but Hess availed themselves of the right to do so, none objected to the oath. Fritzsche himself, on at least two occasions, reiterated his oath to emphasize his statements.

A second ground is that the defendants were imprisoned during trial. But it is surely fanci-

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ful to think that prisoners of war held to answer upon charges of a capital offense could be at large during their trial, not to speak of the fact that their enlargement would have jeopardized their safety. Nor is there any basis for Miss West's suggestion that pre-Nazi German law in any relevant respect "treated detained persons with greater consideration" than does English or American.

The third ground, which Miss West terms "more disquieting," is that the German defense lawyers "were slow in understanding the English and American theory of the function of the prosecutor," failing to realize, as Fritzsche puts it, that an attack on the prosecutor is not an attack on the bench but "was considered perfectly legitimate, since it was aimed only at their opponent in this species of legal duel." As to this, it is quite true that the trial procedure gave more scope to counsel than the German, French, or Russian procedure does. But that the German lawyers did not quickly grasp this scope and use it to the full advantage of their clients is wholly false, as Fritzsche's own superbly handled and successful defense illustrates. Five years before Miss West took up this point, Dr. Helmuth Dix of Frankfurt, writing of some of the later trials, expressed this judgment:

"But of great—and for the defense frequently very favorable—significance before the Tribunal were above all the far-reaching powers of the representatives of the prosecution and the defense in the interrogation of witnesses which under Anglo-Saxon law rests almost totally in their hands. In these trials, in which the judges were confronted with personalities and conditions of a foreign country, the interrogation of the defendants as witnesses of the defense especially formed not only good professional training for the counsel but also a moral and intellectual probation and, for a judicious tribunal, an excellent means of exploring the truth."*

So far as I know, this appraisal comes much closer to expressing both professional and informed German views than Fritzsche's lamentations to which Miss West has given her endorsement. Whatever problems Nuremberg presents—either in retrospect or prospect—one may be confident that they do not inhere in the trial procedure.

If Miss West's Nuremberg interpretations have their doubtful sides, her account of the lynching trial in Greenville, N.C., appears to me without a flaw. It is, moreover, of special interest now when so much sentiment has been aroused by the acquittal of the two defendants charged with murdering young Till in Mississippi. So long as justice is foredoomed to falter in such cases, yielding partly to a tolerance of violence by some of the community, partly to the solidarity that hardens before criticism or intrusion from outside, there is enormous value in obtaining and preserving such a full report of the proceedings.

On this report, the obstacles to a successful prosecution were substantial in the Greenville situation. The taxi drivers charged with the lynching believed that their victim had murdered one among their number who by all accounts had been a worthy man; violent crimes against the drivers had been common in the past and prosecuted ineffectively; and there were weaknesses in the incriminating evidence against the thirty-one defendants, consisting mainly of the unsigned statements some of them had given F.B.I. agents, statements that were admissible only against the person making them and not against the others whom they named. There is a sense, therefore, in which the acquittals are less noteworthy than the fact that indictments were returned, that they were prosecuted fairly and courageously by counsel designated by the state attorney general at the suggestion of the governor, and tried before a court in which the judge made every effort to uphold the law. Less noteworthy, that is, except for two matters which Miss West rightly deems to be of critical importance: one of the few prosecution witnesses, a taxi-driver who declined to join the lynching party, was set upon with violence and threatened; when he failed to obtain the arrest of his alleged assailants he quite understandably left town. Worse than this, in the summations at the trial two of the defense attorneys came as near as one can go to invoking racial and sectional hostility as an overt excuse for murder. It should discourage the simplistic to be told that one of these attorneys was the labor lawyer of the town, regarded as a "liberal" both locally and in the North.

We must be grateful that Miss West does

*Nuremberg: German Views of the War Trials, edited by Wilbourn E. Benton and Georg Grimm; Southern Methodist University Press, 1955, pp. 175-6.

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not attempt to frame a program for surmounting the imposing problem that the Greenville case presents. She is wise enough to understand that trial by jury and local responsibility for law enforcement preclude any easy remedies. She is also wise enough to see that such an effort as this local prosecution has a measure of success despite its failure, for at the trial "wickedness itself had been aware of the slowing of its pulse." The pulse would be still slower if Miss West took on more of these assignments.

Suburbia and Bohemia

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT. By SLOAN WILSON. Simon and Schuster. 304 pp. $3.50.

THE YOUNG LOVERS. By JULIAN HALEVY. Simon and Schuster. 313 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ISA KAPP

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT is about the America of real estate ads and *New Yorker* stories, whose good-looking, poised, casual heroes get along with their bosses and neighbors, but are victims of creeping gripes and numbness at home. *The Young Lovers* is about a more unruly, naive, and erratic America that pitches its hopes and disappointments high, lives on nerve, jokes, and coicidence, and squeezes the most out of each situation. Wilson's language is understated, sporting, fighting to maintain a kind of surface integrity; Halevy's is like the buzz in a college corridor: corny, articulate, palpitating, and heated. If both novelists harp on the tension and insecurity of the modern temper, they are opposite as mercury and glue otherwise.

Tom Rath's small suburban Connecticut house, his weedy garden, his money problems, and his wife Betsy's belated chicken pox must hit the middle-class reader with a shock of recognition. This may help explain why *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* has sped its way up the best-seller list. Tom seems to be a suitable hero for a society of vanishing extremes where minimal comforts are fairly secure and maximal ambitions extend to the next step ahead. Most of Mr. Wilson's readers would like to shed the terrors of the last war and the grievances of the depression years, and give themselves over to domestic pleasures and responsibilities. For them Tom's most applaudable gesture is his insistence, at the risk of losing his job, that he cannot give all his time and energy to his work. He thus takes his stand on the dominant white-collar ideal of a nine-to-five job, with evenings and weekends reserved for the family. It takes a certain kind of courage on the part of a novelist (or perhaps simply an instinct about his reading audience) to create a hero with so little drive or distinction.

HEMMED in by his $7,000 a year, Tom leaves his job with a small philanthropic foundation for a higher-salaried, higher-pressured publicity job at the United Broadcasting Company. The author quite faithfully describes this escalator world unresigned to its commercialism and unsure of its moral or intellectual status, with its loose, self-protecting, sporty jargon—"here's the pitch," "going to kick the speech around," "plans spelled out a little more." There are some candid shots of Rockefeller Plaza types: the bland personnel man who suddenly slides his chair into a reclining position in the middle of an interview; the president who is cheerful, simple, and spontaneous as long as he has another business appointment to look forward to, but gets edgy on his living room sofa. Once accepted into this autonomous domain, Tom finds himself worrying steadily about the coldness of his superiors, their demands upon his time, and his own wavering sincerity.

Certainly there is some pathos in Tom's position as a kind of middleman of the cultural media, ghostwriting someone else's speeches and publicizing someone else's activities. He is one of those college graduates who once thought of themselves as potential writers and artists and, even now, earning a living from an enterprise they regard as fundamentally philistine and corrupt, cherish an image of themselves as uncommitted to their jobs, with principles superior to those of the organization which pays them their salaries. They are always very sensitive on the question of their integrity, and Mr. Wilson quite expectedly makes a big issue of whether or not Tom will give his boss an honest opinion of a speech the latter has presumably written.

Honesty is the ultimate demand that Tom makes of himself. He wants to be sincere in relation to his boss, to confess without regret

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his love affair in Italy, to admit the importance of money—"What we want is a big house and a new car and trips to Florida in the winter and plenty of life insurance." To Tom no sin is uglier than hypocrisy, and he cannot even swallow the mild fiction of his grandmother referring to her dead husband as "the Senator," when he had only served as state senator for one term. Since there is a good deal of pretension in the world about money and ambition, I suppose one should give Tom some credit for his clear and consistent position. But one ends up with the sense that there is something pathetic in the big deal Tom makes of salvaging his small stock of honesty.

That virtue, golden as it may be, can by itself support only a rather limp philosophy. The phrases borrowed from the war—"it really doesn't matter," "here goes nothing," "it will be interesting to see what happens"—which Tom falls back on as moral adrenalin in moments of stress are a measure of his inert anticipations. At one point Betsy, summing up the sorry domestic situation, says that since Tom came home from the war they have both been half-dead, and it seems to me that the book itself—with its earnest factual view, its plaint that people are after all what they are, that the war turned us all into sinners and the only thing we can do is own up or pay for our sins—has a view of the world which is only half-alive.

THE full force of life showers over most of the people in Julian Halevy's fine novel *The Young Lovers,* in spite of their own anxious dispositions. They expose themselves readily to friendly gestures and strange opinions, and take it for granted that they will be as truthful with themselves and each other as they know how to be. While Tom Rath's responsibilities toward his wife and his Italian mistress lie heavily on his conscience, Halevy's friends and lovers throw themselves into knotty bonds which remain elastic enough for scenes of shame, fright, and even bursts of hatred that blow over.

The Young Lovers is a story of college life. A number of its good scenes take place inside the university on Washington Square in New York City, like the interview with the dean from which "the Groper" comes away forgiven for cutting classes, and holding in his palm the dean's inspirational half-dollar piece with its motto "In God We Trust." But the best parts of the book have not so much to do with classrooms as with the traits of a few gawky, sprightly students, their witty insults, and their grumbling but deep tolerance of one another. Doc, "the Groper," and Tarragoo save money by rooming together in a loft, a resilient communal arrangement that permits Tarragoo to listen to African chants and brew coffee, Doc to prepare fastidious meals and worry about the others, and "the Groper" to prowl the streets of New York looking for love and some hint of his proper role in society. Days pass in inconclusive but satisfying discussions. Their simple housekeeping pleasures make us realize how different Halevy's young men are from the Dos Passos and Fitzgerald rebels of the 20's. Though "the Groper" does have some traditional suspicion of politicians and their motives (he asks, for example, how he can be sure the Korean war is not a device to step up production) and a great deal of resentment at being "regimented" into the army, he is moved to his rebellion not so much by the political ideology of the '30's or the aesthetic sensibility of the '20's, as by the feeling that he hasn't had enough time to think things out and make up his own mind.

The novel's general vitality is only one, although the most impressive, of its virtues. Julian Halevy intended his book mainly as the difficult love story of two faltering but responsive young people. His descriptions of lovemaking are naive, ardent, and discriminating. He can distinguish between anxious, curious, tenacious, and companionable lovemaking, and to do this without sounding embarrassed or like Hemingway requires style and a great deal of self-respect. Though I don't feel at ease with the soaring spirituality and ritualism with which Mr. Halevy infuses such scenes, he still has more to say about the quality of young people's desire and affection than I have ever come across in an American novel.

Minorities and Housing

FORBIDDEN NEIGHBORS: A STUDY OF PREJUDICE IN HOUSING. By CHARLES ABRAMS. Harper. 404 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN KAPLAN

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to the nation's real wealth" have been built in this country since V-J day; housing "starts" are at the rate of 1.3 million this year.

On the basis of such an account (which by the way omitted reference to the vast public subsidies that have gone into this increment in "real wealth"), one might suppose that the housing problem will soon be solved. Unhappily such optimism must pale before the facts. In his message of January 1954, President Eisenhower told Congress that "Millions of our people still live in slums. Millions more live in run-down, declining neighborhoods." The deeper trouble was indicated in the President's further statement that "many members of minority groups, regardless of their income or their economic status, have had the least opportunity of all our citizens to acquire good homes." Very large numbers of the worst housed—notably non-whites—live in slums which are also ghettos, with their escape impeded by a wall of prejudice. For them the building booms have been in large measure only a mirage. To be sure, a large volume of building must help these classes in the end, even if the program is not directed toward their needs in the beginning or is indeed hostile to them. But if relief is to come with reasonable speed, we cannot look merely to a prolongation of the present building boom. And very much more must be done if the object is not only to eliminate slums by replacing them with more commodious ghettos, but to eliminate both slum and ghetto. What is needed above all is a recognition that the housing problem is predominantly, not incidentally, one of finding proper shelter in the community for those of colored skin; that this issue is intertwined with the eradication of bigotry; and that it requires for its solution not a succession of nostrums as in the past, but head-on planning of the most comprehensive character.

The connection between the housing problem and race prejudice is apparent to anybody who walks through the least fashionable parts of Detroit, Chicago, or New York. "Homeowners, homebuilders and mortgage lenders," writes Charles Abrams, "seemed convinced that people should live only with their own kind, that the presence of a single minority family destroys property values and undermines social prestige and status. National and local real estate organizations were accepting these assumptions as gospel, as were popular magazines, college texts, and technical journals." Public authority has lent respectability and sanction to this mixture of myth and unreason. Until recently, "even the federal government, now the main influence in homebuilding, was making racial exclusion and neighborhood homo-

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geneity its official position." Bigotry in housing does not stop there but tends to infect the entire position of minorities. For instance, the promise of desegregation in education will go unfulfilled if the segregated neighborhood continues to be maintained.

Mr. Abrams is that rare bird, a housing expert who understands the question in its full range. He has had a lifetime's practical experience in housing as legal specialist and government administrator—he is at present New York State Rent Administrator—and has dug into the variety of studies relevant to his subject. Drawing upon the arts of lawyer, economist, social psychologist, and historian, *Forbidden Neighbors* is an excellent summary of the problem, and proposes a program of education and action. His tone is somber, but Mr. Abrams is not a pessimist; and if he is unsparing with past mistakes of government and industry, he does not omit praise, especially for some sorties into interracial housing by federal authorities.

THE housing problem arises from industrial changes which have encouraged recurrent spasms of labor migration. White migration from abroad was cut off by the discriminatory legislation of the 1920's lately reinforced by the McCarran-Walter Act. The current crisis is compounded of the movement of American Negroes, the Puerto Rican airlift, and the semi-lawless crossing and recrossing of the Rio Grande by Mexican laborers. This background Mr. Abrams sketches in. He then considers, as laboratory cases, several instances in which violence broke out in American communities over competition for housing as minorities sought to expand their living space, with the majority conceiving itself challenged in "pride, prestige, status or property." Mr. Abrams attempts to isolate the causative factors in these explosions, and, most important, the underlying attitudes, symbols, and stereotypes. The institutions by which these attitudes have been propagated are studied in chapters on "Housing and the Suburban Milieu," "The Realty Code," and "Homebuilding and Improvement Associations." Two round-up chapters dissect the fallacies about housing accepted as axiomatic by large numbers of citizens. The false new American dream of the homogeneous neighborhood is described and exposed, as is also that spurious "Gresham's law of neighborhoods" familiar to real-estate handbooks.

The relation of the several agencies of government to discrimination in housing comes in for extended discussion. We are reminded that in civil liberties cases the role of the courts has not often been dynamic. The Supreme Court outlawed local legislation imposing compulsory ghettos in 1917. In 1929 it missed a chance to strike down race-restrictive covenants, an omission for which a very large price in human suffering and indignity is still being paid. The real estate fraternity achieved a doctrinal liaison with the federal agencies coming into the housing picture during the New Deal period; Mr. Abrams finds that the FHA pressed the restrictive covenant upon its clients, and resisted interference with its discriminatory policies even after the Supreme Court held the covenant unenforceable between private parties. Recently, outright discrimination by administrative agencies has declined, but subtle and masked discrimination persists. A Stuyvesant Town decision shows that it has not been easy to get the courts to intervene where government supplies wherewithal but discrimination is worked by private hands. Much evil work is done by government without bad intention. Is it not a fine thing to clear slums? That the displaced minority has no haven may be overlooked or counted as necessary breakage in the march of progress.

There are signs, to which Mr. Abrams has pointed in a later writing, that federal officialdom is foolishly yielding to the idea that with the Supreme Court's school decisions "the absorptive limits of racial progress had been reached if not exceeded," and that housing must mark time. It would nevertheless be a cynical mistake to discount the considerable betterment of government's attitude and performance in housing since 1934. And the fact that no less than thirteen *sub rosa* methods of evading the restrictive covenant decisions are currently being employed in private transactions should not blind us to changes for the better in the outlook and behavior of housing entrepreneurs.

IN THE end the realization of old-fashioned American aspirations to racial equality depends upon creating a heightened public understanding which will actuate both government and private enterprise. The old lesson needs to be taught that slums and ghettos are a kind of morbid luxury which the community cannot afford. Mr. Abrams's proposed program is therefore one of education as well as action.

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It stresses the need for the specific study of local situations. It contains no trick devices, nor does it promise the equivalent of the Biblical vine and fig tree to every man overnight. It does not press beyond practical possibilities, even though it calls for much more than can at this moment be anticipated from a public opinion that acquiesces in the meager housing accomplishments of the last Congress.

It is really not utopian to expect that minorities will increasingly be given fair access to improved housing on a large scale, and will moreover be accorded a certain amount of preferential treatment to compensate for past inequities. In time the demand for housing which is desegregated as well as physically improved will come almost as insistently from that conglomerate of minorities we like to call the majority as from the deprived groups themselves, for the vices of homogeneous neighborhoods will become quite as apparent as the vices of racially segregated education. The day of fulfillment is brought closer by the appearance of Mr. Abrams's fine book.

Music of the Jews

ANTHOLOGY OF JEWISH MUSIC. By CHEMJO VINAVER. Edward B. Marks Music Corp. 282 pp. $10.00.

Reviewed by ALBERT WEISSER

THIS volume is a real joy to the eye—especially for those who have plowed through tons of Jewish music printed in a format that is indifferent, graceless, or even positively depressing. The musical text itself is beautifully lithographed, and there is a charming frontispiece by Marc Chagall depicting a regal and meditative King David against the smaller and rather more jaunty figure of a village *klesmer*.

Vinaver's anthology is a very provocative and very personal one, and must be viewed more as an act of criticism than a stage-by-stage illustration of the historical development of East European Jewish music. The "Sacred Chant and Religious Folk Song of the Eastern European Jews" is the field to which he restricts himself. What he tries to show and tell us is that, generally, three principal influences shaped the religious song of the East European Jews (aside, of course, from the considerable influence exerted, however indirectly, by the Gentile milieu). First there was the noble and ever vital Biblical cantillation, whose origins may be traced to a period somewhat earlier than the destruction of the Second Temple. Second, there were the various synagogal modes, most of which gravitate around cantillatory material, and seem to have crystallized among the Ashkenazic branches of Jewry before or around 1000 C.E.; these modes shaped the vast repository of anonymous communal prayer chants and the more or less freely designed vocal fantasias of the *hazzanim*. Third, Vinaver points to the comparatively recent body of religious song created by the Hasidim, with its unique spiritual fervor, its piquant rhythmical patterns, and its extraordinarily subtle union of musical and mystical attributes.

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VINAVER himself reveals a decided preference for the Hasidic sphere. Not only is the second part of his work devoted to *niggunim* and Sabbath hymns (*zmiros*) that are almost exclusively of Hasidic derivation; the variety of sacred chants in Part I, some of folk heritage, others the expressly "composed" music of *hazzanim* and composers, almost all show definite Hasidic influence—the items, say, of such larger and lesser figures as Yeruchom Hakaton (1798-1885), Reb Moshe Noah "Streimelmacher" of Lodz, Abraham Ber Birnbaum (1865-1925), Zeidel Rovner (1875-1942), Yoel David Levinsohn of Vilna (1816-1850), and Bezalel Schulsinger (*ca.* 1790-1861). And the work of such musically trained cantors as Baruch Schorr (1823-1904) and David Novakowsky (1848-1921), and of the composer, Samuel Alman (1877-1947) likewise exhibits the Hasidic mark either *in toto* or in part.

I do not take issue with Mr. Vinaver about the enormous effect of Hasidism and Hasidic music on *hazzanut* and the general musical life of East European Jewry. But it is clear, I think,

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that there were many more composers in that field than he chose to include in his volume who either played down Hasidic influence or strove to emphasize (and, by the end of the 19th century, to rescue from oblivion) the older and perhaps more universal sacred chants of the synagogue. I mean such an extraordinary cantor as Eliezar Gorovitsch (1844-1913), and that man of genius, Nissie Belzer (1824-1906). The former is represented in Vinaver's volume by his short *"V-Kohanim"*—hardly a representasentative work. And the latter, it truly pains me to say, is not represented at all. Nor do I think it defensible to omit from an anthology of this sort some of the immensely fresh and vital synagogal work of such composers as Lazare Saminsky and Joseph Achron. Obviously, Vinaver has chosen the music that moves him most, but I think this has given an imbalance to his anthology.

The good things in it are plentiful. I am glad to see included Moses Milner's beautiful and expressive *"Un'saneh Tokef,"* which is really inspired Jewish music. We have also one of Lewandowski's finest pieces, *"Ki K'Shimcho,"* with its surprising emotional content, a composition not at all steeped in this composer's usual insufferable static style. Then there is Solomon Rosowsky's exemplary reconstruction of the cantillation of Genesis 43:11-15 as sung by settlers from Lithuania in Israel. A splendid example of Hasidic song at its very best, and at its most ecstatic, is to be found in a wonderful setting of *"Shir Hamaalos Mimaakim"* heard and notated in Poland in 1910 by Mr. Vinaver himself. I would single out for commendation, too, his notation of the *"Sholom Aleichem," "Eyshes Chayil,"* and *"Kiddush"* as chanted by the Hasidim of the Vorker tradition. In fact, all of Vinaver's first-hand notations of the oral tradition are excellent.

THERE is one item in the volume whose presence I would seriously question—more because of its apparent inappropriateness than because of any doubt as to its intrinsic worth. I refer to Arnold Schoenberg's setting of the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm ("Out of the Depths"). It is the work of an original and powerful master and, like so much of Schoenberg's output, at once disturbing and strangely fascinating. Much has been made, of course, of the rigidity of this composer's technique, a charge that may be partly true and yet is very misleading. It seems to me that not enough has been said of the almost overwhelming inner turbulence that Schoenberg had to master. His *De Profundis* demonstrates this clearly, for it is extremely deeply felt music imbedded in a structure that may strike unsympathetic ears as unnecessarily arbitrary. But it is highly probable that without its austere structure the emotion would have become chaotic. However, the relation of this piece of music to the sacred chant of Eastern European Jewry is quite another matter, and at best, I think, a rather tenuous one. In certain motives and their subsequent development, a kind of vague relation to the melodic organization of Biblical cantillation may be recognized, and one may even hear, if one tries hard enough, a kind of idealized representation of a congregation at prayer in the chorus's alternation of song and speech. But, nonetheless, this composition strikes me as being about as far from Eastern European Jewry as Expressionist Vienna was from Hasidic Vitebsk.

IN the second part of his anthology, that devoted to the Hasidic religious folk song, Vinaver makes a very positive contribution to the task of bringing about some sort of definitive edition of Hasidic song. His texts are intelligently annotated, and contain much material in print for the first time. These pages will probably keep Ph.D. candidates busy for a long time to come correlating their content with such standard collections as Idelsohn's *Thesaurus,* Vol. X, and the *Sefer Hanigunim* of the Chabad Hasidim.

To come upon the Hasidic tunes for the first time in print may prove something of a disappointment to those who have no previous grounding in Hasidic lore. The sophisticated musician, for instance, who looks, say, for purely musical values may very well find—especially in the dance tunes—a metrical organization much too regular and unadventurous, and a melodic contour much too restricted and sequential. Vinaver has a good deal to say about how these tunes come to life in performance and how they induce an extraordinary ecstasy in the Hasidim themselves. But I wish he had discussed this music a little more in terms of dramatic-religious rite; I mean by this the very close fusion of music, dance, gesture, and ceremonial. When we can imagine each of these elements acting upon the other, the music takes on a very different hue and profile. It does little good continually to discuss

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This *I Believe*

By Maeterlinck*

"AT EVERY crossway on the road that leads to the future, each progressive spirit is opposed by a thousand men appointed to guard the past. Let us have no fear lest the fair towers of former days be sufficiently defended. The least that the most timid among us can do is not to add to the immense dead weight which nature drags along.

"Let us not say to ourselves that the best truth always lies in moderation, in the decent average. This would perhaps be so if the majority of men did not think on a much lower plane than is needful. That is why it behooves others to think and hope on a higher plane than seems reasonable. The average, the decent moderation of today, will be the least human of things tomorrow. At the time of the Spanish Inquisition, the opinion of good sense and of the good medium was certainly that people ought not to burn too large a number of heretics; extreme and unreasonable opinion obviously demanded that they should burn none at all.

"Let us think of the great invisible ship that carried our human destinies upon eternity. Like the vessels of our confined oceans, she has her sails and her ballast. The fear that she may pitch or roll on leaving the roadstead is no reason for increasing the weight of the ballast by stowing the fair white sails in the depths of the hold. They were not woven to molder sider by side with cobblestones in the dark. Ballast exists everywhere; all the pebbles of the harbor, all the sands of the beach, will serve for that. But sails are rare and precious things; their place is not in the murk of the well, but amid the light of the tall masts, where they will collect the winds of space."

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**Maeterlinck: Our Social Duty*

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the stylistic singularities of Hasidic song in terms of the same old academic platitudes of *"ahavo-rabo* mode," *"mogen-ovos* mode," "Ukrainian influence," "Polish influence," and then end with a flurry about Zoharic symbols. Though Mr. Vinaver does not err in this way, an entirely different sensibility is still required in this area. It's too bad D. H. Lawrence wasn't a musician, and too bad he never visited a Hasidic prayer room.

Abundance and American Character

PEOPLE OF PLENTY. By DAVID POTTER. University of Chicago Press. 219 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS HARTZ

THE author, an American historian whose interests extend well beyond the confines of his field, devotes the first half of his work to the theories of Margaret Mead, Karen Horney, and David Riesman. Piecing together a basic picture of the American personality from their work, he suggests that a theory of history ought to be formulated to give that picture depth. Amid the current enthusiasm for "interdisciplinary" effort, this is one of the best suggestions we have had yet.

Mr. Potter's answer to the question of the sources of the American personality is to insist on the single theme of American abundance. Certainly, we have not been confronted before with quite so elaborate a treatment of this theme. Other people have mentioned it, usually to explain things otherwise apparently inexplicable, but Mr. Potter has pursued the subject of American plenty with a detective's passion and elaborated it with a metaphysician's zeal. He has seen it working not only in the familiar haunts of American democracy and class structure, but also in the way we rear our own children, in our world policy, in our commercial advertising.

FOR Mr. Potter the wealth of America is the decisive clue to American life. It is impossible not to admire the relentless ingenuity with which he develops the abundance theme, but I am not persuaded that it is adequate to so large a job of explanation. The American psyche that Mr. Potter discovers in psychological and anthropological literature—individualistic, competitive, "success"-oriented, and extraverted—is perhaps more the cause of American abundance than its product. I do not mean, of course, to deny that America has been fortunate in the extent of its natural resources. But other countries have also been fortunate, in greater or lesser degree, and yet they have neither exploited their resources with the same intensity, nor have they always produced approximations of the American psychological type. The standard of living in England has been comparatively high, but some of the very

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qualities, such as classlessness, which Mr. Potter attributes to abundance, have been notorious there by their absence. When Germany was rapidly industrialized at the close of the 19th century, did she move in the American direction? Or take the case of a "backward" country like Indonesia, which has great natural resources. What happened there?

I do not think we can solve this problem by saying, as Mr. Potter does, that the social behavior of Americans is also "vital" to American abundance. It is social behavior we are trying to explain, and we fall into an obvious circularity when we include that behavior among the causes of its own creation. It may indeed be that American personality traits, once they appear, keep intensifying themselves. This would seem to be the case with the success drive in the Horatio Alger system; some of David Riesman's most brilliant insights, for example, concern this process of intensification. But our problem still turns on the basic energy that sets this process of character formation going. And here the case of England, Germany, and many other countries up and down the abundance scale, where wealth and behavior do not easily correlate, cannot be dismissed.

One hesitates to criticize Mr. Potter for failure to employ the comparative method, for he refers more than most American historians to foreign situations and events. Yet it seems to me that the lack of rigorous comparative analysis with respect to the abundance factor is the chief deficiency in his argument. We are reminded of the Turner frontier thesis, discussed by Mr. Potter himself, which produced a massive literature by American historians but not one significant comparative study by which the thesis could be actually tested and checked. A study of this sort, I think, would show that the personality traits stressed by Mr. Potter have a complex origin in which ideological factors play a greater part than is provided for by the abundance doctrine. I think it would show, too, that the "American character" described by sociologists, anthropologists, and psychologists is rooted historically in the original flight of settlers from the Old World to the New.

Nor must we accept too slavishly the characterological work of these social scientists, however brilliant some of it is. Historians and political scientists, when they do not dismiss that work with a wave of the hand, are prone to embrace its findings with uncritical enthusi-

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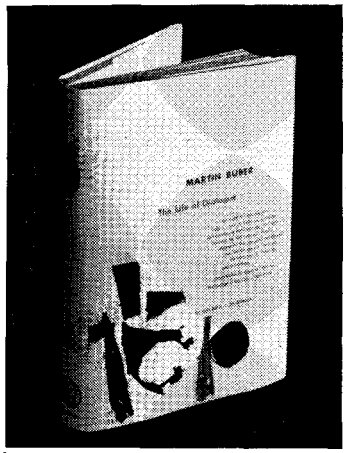

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asm. Historians must keep abreast of the work of psychologists and anthropologists, but the latter must also keep abreast of historians—and there is even now much in the traditional historical literature of nations that would illumine dark areas in the work of the newer social sciences.

But we have to thank Mr. Potter for bringing this whole question before us, in one of the most refreshing works to appear in the field of American history for a long time. Even a person who quarrels with his conclusions cannot but hope that other scholars will follow him along the broad path of inquiry that he has opened up.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

MILTON HIMMELFARB, on the staff of the American Jewish Committee, is a frequent contributor on Jewish thought and scholarship.

HERBERT WECHSLER, a former assistant Attorney General of the United States and Principal Legal Adviser to the American judges at Nuremberg, is professor of law at Columbia University.

ALBERT WEISSER, composer and conductor, is author of the recently published *Modern Renaissance of Jewish Music* (Bloch).

ISA KAPP reviews fiction regularly in this magazine.

BENJAMIN KAPLAN is professor of law at Harvard University.

LOUIS HARTZ is author of *The Liberal Tradition in America,* published last year.

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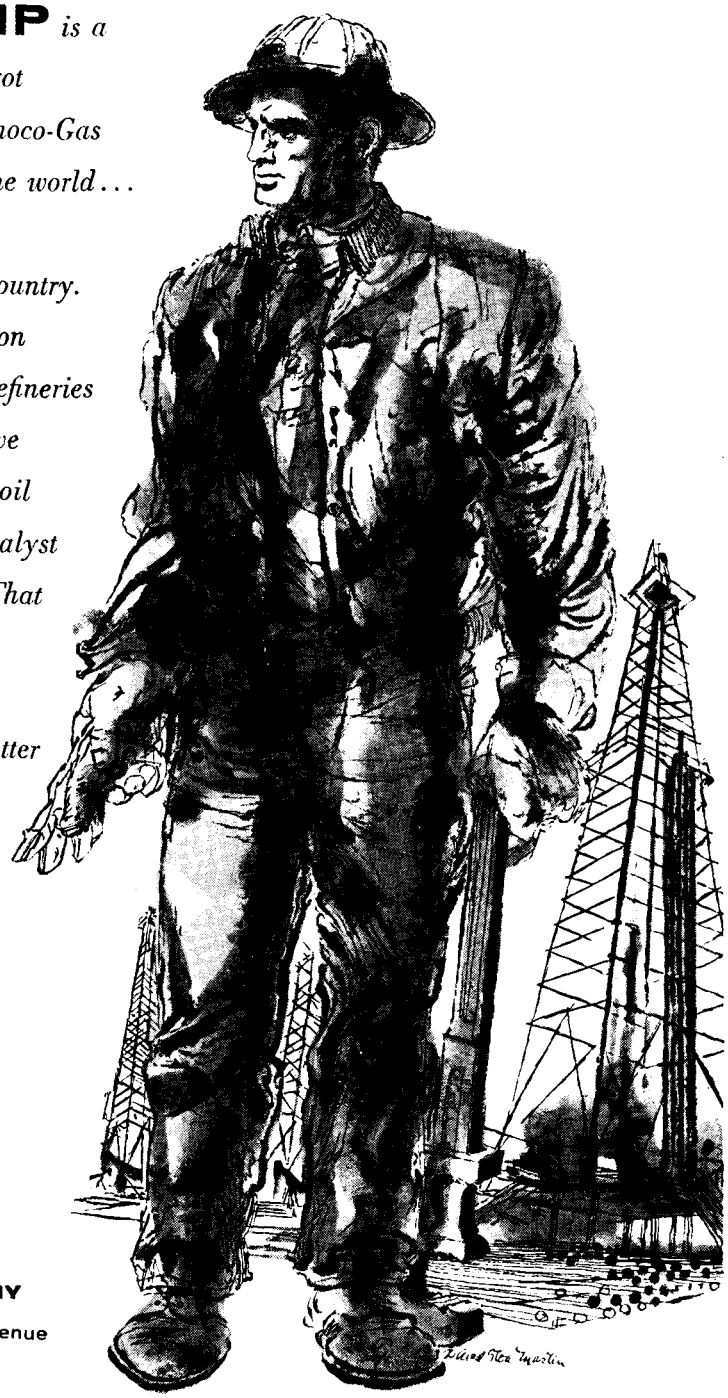

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